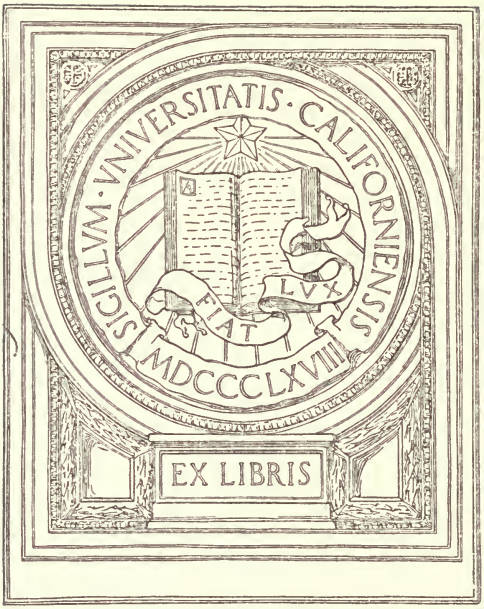
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THE

SOLDIER OF INDIANA

IN THE

WAR FOR THE UNION.

"Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."— SHAKSPEARE.

INDIANAPOLIS:
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PREFACE.

It would be but an act of common courtesy to make public acknowledgement of the kindness of those individuals who have furnished material for the second volume of the "Indiana Soldier"; but, as their name is legion, and the volume has grown to a disproportionate size, the grateful duty must, however unwillingly, be omitted. From Adjutant-General Terrell and the Major-Generals of the State down to the mother or sister of the private who died "in the service," information has been obligingly offered, as well as promptly given in response to inquiry. Thanks the most sincere and cordial are their due.

Apology must be made for the omission of several biographical or memorial sketches, many interesting incidents, valuable letters, and narratives of prison life, also for the compression to which others have been subjected. No doubt, too, notwithstanding the most solicitous care, mistakes have been made in names, dates, and even in the narration of events. Let the following story mitigate the indignation of those who discover errors:

A few years ago Professor J. D. Butler, formerly a member of the faculty of Wabash College, while looking over a file of old Hartford newspapers, discovered in the *Commercial Courant* of September, 1777, the following advertisement:

"Twenty Dollars Reward.

"Stolen from me, the subscriber, at Wallumscoik, in the time of action, the 16th of August last, a brown mare, five years old; had a star in her forehead; also, a doeskin-seated saddle, blue housing trimmed with white, and a curbed bridle.

"It is earnestly requested of all committees of safety, and others in authority, to exert themselves to recover said thief and mare, so that he may be brought to justice, and the mare brought to me; and the person, whoever he be, shall receive the above reward for both, and for the mare alone, over one-half that sum. How scandalous, how disgraceful and ignominious must it appear to all friendly and generous souls to have such sly, artful,

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designing villains enter into the field of battle in order to pillage, pilfer and plunder from their brethren when engaged in battle.

"JOHN STARK,

"*Bennington*, 11th Sept., 1777. "*B. D. G.*"

This old scrap enabled Professor Butler to correct a blunder into which Headley, Everett, Irving, Spencer and other historians had fallen. Headley says: "Stark's horse sank under him." Everett writes: "The General's horse was killed in the action." Irving's words are: "The veteran had a horse shot under him."

The false inference was owing to the postscript of a letter written by General Stark immediately after the battle: "I lost my horse in the action."

It may be added that Mr. Everett paid over to Professor Butler the reward offered for the horse, in the shape of books for the library of what was then the Professor's parish. "Seldom," says the latter, "are debts for 'dead horses' collected so successfully, especially after they have been half a century outlawed."

Surely if such patient and careful students, such excellent and renowned writers as, at least, Everett and Irving, are so easily misled, the inexperienced may be very kindly, very charitably judged.

THE SOLDIER OF INDIANA

IN THE

WAR FOR THE UNION.

CHAPTER I.

NORTH OF THE OHIO.

"O, gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."—*Shakspeare.*

Governor Morton, after having fairly commenced forming military organizations, continued the work throughout the war, without any special reference to Presidential proclamations. There was no time, in consequence, when recruiting was not going on in Indiana, and no exigency for which there was not preparation, although it might be, and frequently was, inadequate.

The demands of the summer of 1862 were enormous. The tramp of armies advancing over Kentucky was a portentous sound to the people of Indiana; and, without any voice from the Executive, was an imperative call to the field. Additional incentives reached the head of affairs.

The following dispatch to Governor Morton from President Lincoln, marked "Private and Confidential," and written the day after the Proclamation for three hundred thousand troops, is of earlier date than the Rebel advance:

"Washington, July 3, 1862.

"My Dear Sir:—I would not want the half of three hundred thousand new troops if I could have them *now*. If I

had fifty thousand additional troops *now*, I believe I could substantially close the war in two weeks; but *time is everything*, and if I get fifty thousand new men in a month I shall have lost twenty thousand old ones during the same month, having gained only thirty thousand, with the difference between old and new troops still against me. The quicker you raise, the fewer you will have to send. *Time* is everything. Please act in view of this. The enemy having given up Corinth, it is not wonderful he is thereby enabled to check us for a time at Richmond.

"Yours truly, A. LINCOLN."

General Boyle, in command at Louisville, from the hour the Rebels crossed the Southern border of Kentucky, until he had hold of the hand of General Buell, did not cease to pour along the telegraph line to Indianapolis vociferous and distressful cries for help.

"Send to-morrow all the troops you can."

"If Indiana and Ohio do not pour in their troops, Kentucky will be overrun, and may be irretrievably lost."

"Any delay will be disastrous."

"We need every man you have at the earliest possible moment."

"I hope the patriot soldiers of Indiana will not wait for bounties. Our State will be overrun if they do, and your own borders desolated."

"Kentucky needs every soldier in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. It is no use to apply to Governor Todd."

"Hurry forward your regiments. I fear the Devil is to pay. Tell Governor Yates to wake up."

General Boyle's solicitations were enforced by both General Halleck and General Buell,—the one requesting, the other ordering Governor Morton to send troops at the earliest possible hour into Kentucky.

Military and civil authorities strained every nerve to meet the emergency. Nevertheless, recruiting was up-hill work. The first ardor of uncalculating enthusiasm was utterly blown away. In its place stood cool reflection, representing the consequences of neglect of business, or loss of opportu-

nity, the horrors of being cast adrift upon society, and the value to an individual of his own life, with its insignificance in the mass, and the littleness of its single results. The tidings that the war was rolling up to the very doors of the State fell like ice upon hearth and heart. The end was pushed back too far to reckon upon. He who enlisted now, with open eyes ventured his all.

In August the new regiments began to move off, many of them previously concentrating in Indianapolis, a large number passing through the city.

Soldiers were now so common a part of the current of activity that their arrival and departure, during the day, made little impression. But who can forget their cheers quivering in the night air, louder as a train appeared, fainter as it steamed down towards "the dark and bloody ground?" What sleeper, roused at dead of night during many weeks by the floating, familiar, pathetic sound, did not breathe, at each awaking, a prayer for the hearts which, whether they shouted to keep their courage up, or with an irrestrainable impulse of enthusiasm, were equally plunging into an unseen and terrible future?

The Seventieth, formed in less than a month, was the first new regiment to take the field. It left Indianapolis a sunny summer day, Wednesday the 13th of August, moving off in silence, or with only a faint effort to cheer, feebly responded to. In its ranks were how many beloved ones!

One whose mother proudly said, when he enlisted: "I could not have felt that he was my son, had he hesitated!" and yet when she left him the first night in his Sibley tent, one of twenty boys from town and country, murmured; "If I could but lie on the ground, all night, on the outside of his tent,—anywhere to be near him!"

One, whose father had refused consent, until an officer gently repeated: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

One, who replied to a remonstrance, based on the future needs of his infant son: "The child that could grow up to

be a bad man, knowing that his father had died for his country, would be bad in spite of any training or care."

"It's a noble duty," cried a mother to one of the color-guard. "My son, you will be faithful."

Poor country-women, with babies in their arms, had no hands to wipe away the drenching tears.

"Be kind to him," plead a young wife of her husband's Captain, "and oh, if—" but her shuddering lips refused to form the words.

"She means," said her mother, leaning against a wall for support, "if it should come to the worst, you must promise us to send him home. We are poor, but he sha'nt be buried—" and her voice too gave way. "Never fear for him," answered the Captain, glancing at the fine young fellow, who was the object of their solicitude. Nevertheless he promised.

The fond women saw their soldier in less than six months.

He came to them stark and cold, in one of the long boxes which traveled daily from Kentucky hospitals to Indianapolis.

Under Colonel Ben. Harrison the Seventieth went to Bowling Green, where not being in the way of Buell, or Bragg, or Smith, or Morgan, or Forrest, it staid.

As fast as they were formed and before they were fully officered, other regiments followed.

General Wallace was at the time stumping Southern Indiana, in favor of enlistments, having had a leave of absence prolonged for that purpose, at Governor Morton's request. He quit speaking and volunteered to lead one of the new regiments into Kentucky. Accordingly he was intrusted with the command of the Sixty-Sixth, then in rendezvous near New Albany. Hastily completing the organization, he marched to Louisville, thence to Lexington, at the request of General Boyle, taking command of all the troops at that point.

The Seventy-First, Colonel Topping; the Sixty-Ninth, Colonel Bickle; with the Twelfth, Colonel Link, and the Sixteenth, Colonel Lucas, lately reorganized, also went to Lexington. The Seventy-Third, Colonel Hathaway, followed. The Sixty-Seventh, Colonel Emerson; the Sixty-Eighth, Lieutenant Colonel King, of the Nineteenth Regu-

lars, and the Eighty-Ninth, Lieutenant Colonel Craven, were thrown forward to Munfordsville.

The Seventy-Second, General Dumont; Seventy-Fourth, Colonel Chapman; Seventy-Fifth, Colonel Petit; Seventy-Ninth, Colonel Kneffler; Eighty-First, Colonel Caldwell; Eighty-Second, Colonel Hunter; Eighty-Seventh, Colonel Shryock, Eighty-Eighth, Colonel Humphrey, with Lilly's battery, the Eighteenth, and Harris' battery, the Nineteenth, swelled the ranks of the army of the Ohio.

Six companies of the Fourth Cavalry, Colonel Gray, were scattered to different points, but chiefly to Madison, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky; while four companies, Major Platter, followed the Sixty-Fifth, Colonel Foster, to Henderson, Kentucky, in the vicinity of which guerrillas were numerous. The Seventy-Sixth, raised and prepared for the field in forty-eight hours by Colonel Gavin and Colonel Wilder, closed an active service of thirty days, near Henderson, just before the arrival of Colonel Foster. The Ninety-First, which consisted of a battalion of seven companies under Lieutenant Colonel Mehringer, also went to Henderson, whence detachments were sent to Smithland and Madisonville.

So promptly and fully did Indiana answer the demand which was made upon her, that she gave twenty regiments to the relief of Kentucky, while Ohio in the same period, and in response to the same call, sent but eight, and Illinois contributed but one.

The troops, thus hastily thrown forward were not only unfit for battle, because entirely undrilled and uninstructed, but many of them were unprovided for the march and the bivouac, being without tents, haversacks, knapsacks, and canteens. It was with the greatest reluctance that they were allowed to depart in so unprepared a condition; and not without many warm expressions of anxiety transmitted by Governor Morton to General Boyle. The gruff Kentuckian replied, that "Kirby Smith's men were without tents and we must stand what these devils do."

It will be remembered, indeed can Indiana ever forget it, that several of our raw regiments, thrown forward, apparently without an object, on the route of an approaching enemy,

and posted at Richmond, with the Kentucky river at their back, suffered a crushing defeat. Why they were so strangely exposed it is necessary to explain, before following the officer at whose command they had advanced, to another part of the field.

After Colonel Scott's easy victory over Colonel Metcalfe at Big Hill, he pushed up about twenty miles, beyond his support, and within four miles of Richmond. It was an audacious venture, and General Wallace determined to take advantage of it, by throwing his whole force by night marches, on the daring Rebel, his cavalry on the rear, his infantry on the front. Whether he should succeed or fail he proposed to follow up the movement by a cavalry reconnoisance, with infantry support, towards London and Mount Vernon. He calculated that he would in the end make a stand behind the Kentucky, and before he set his expedition in motion, he ordered the assembling at Lexington of all the able-bodied negroes of Fayette, Jessamine and Madison counties, with the view to intrenching along the river. He then started his troops forward, and was mounting his horse to follow, when General Nelson appeared and relieved him of the command.

Wallace imparted all the information in his possession in regard to the enemy's movements, detailed his plan to entrap the rebel cavalry; and, fearful of misfortune, unwilling to lose the opportunity to retrieve Metcalfe's disaster, and prompted by a sense of duty to the Sixty-Sixth Indiana, which he had undertaken to command until its Colonel could be regularly appointed, he offered his services in any capacity, to General Nelson, who being his inferior in rank, had no authority to detain him. Neither the plan nor the offer was acceptable to Nelson. He immediately recalled the troop of horse, although he unaccountably allowed the infantry to pursue its march.

General Wallace having nothing to do, now left the front and went to Cincinnati, where he immediately began to make preparations to return to his old division at Memphis. He was convinced that in volunteering to render services out of the regular line of duty one endangers his reputation with-

out getting any thanks, and he thought the sooner he left the disturbed department of the Ohio the better.

A telegram was brought to him:

"LEXINGTON, KY., September 1, 1862.

"*Major General Lew. Wallace:*

"Please come down immediately to take command of the troops in this vicinity.

H. G. WRIGHT,
Major General Commanding."

General Wright was also his inferior in rank, but conjecturing that some disaster had occurred, Wallace forgot his reflections, waived etiquette and was on the road to Lexington in an hour. It subsequently appeared that the troops at Richmond had been surrendered and killed or dispersed, and his services were desired to get the public stores from Lexington, and to conduct the retreat of the remnant of the force to Louisville. Midway of the journey, at Paris, another dispatch made him face about. From the same officer and place, it ran: "Return to Cincinnati. Take command of the troops there and at Covington."

Cincinnati was wholly without defenses; and it had no soldiers, nor arms, nor gunboats, nor munitions, nor material of any kind. In the extraordinary emergency General Wallace resorted to extraordinary measures. A city of two hundred thousand inhabitants could, and should, be made to defend itself. He proclaimed martial law, suspended business, seized whatever was required, and sent the whole working population across the Ohio to intrench the hills around Newport and Covington. His proclamation appeared in all the papers on Tuesday, September 2d:

PROCLAMATION.

"The undersigned, by order of Major General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport.

"It is but fair to inform the citizens that an active, daring, and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war; yet the cities must be defended, and their inhabitants must assist in the preparation.

"Patriotism, duty, honor, self-preservation call them to the labor, and it must be performed equally by all classes.

"First. All business must be suspended at nine o'clock to-day. Every business house must be closed.

"Second. Under the direction of the Mayor the citizens must, within an hour after the suspension of business, (ten o'clock A. M.,) assemble in convenient public places ready for orders. As soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work.

"This labor ought to be that of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes it is so. Anyhow, it must be done.

"The willing shall be properly credited; the unwilling promptly visited. The principle adopted is, citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle.

"Third. The ferry boats will cease plying the river after four o'clock A. M. until further orders.

"Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities; but until they can be relieved by the military, the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.

LEWIS WALLACE,
Major General Commanding."

The wisdom of the regulations, together with the bold, imperative language in which they were proclaimed, dispelled a consternation and dismay, which throughout the previous day and night had been profound.

Unexpectedly Kirby Smith's column stopped in the neighborhood of Lexington, and his troops employed themselves foraging and in establishing a depot of supplies at Camp Dick Robinson, giving to Wallace time to organize his immense force of citizens,—some to fight, the rest to work.

It was a rare sight which the 3d of September presented; shops closed, manufactories silent, courts and colleges empty, ten thousand men issuing from mansion and tenement, shouldering their spades, crossing the Ohio from Cincinnati, joining the citizens of Covington and Newport, and bending their backs in fellowship,—the banker and the ragman, the Irishman and the negro,—to the great business of

the hour, intrenching, with the promise of wages, a dollar a day!

The defence of Cincinnati from a foe approaching from the South, requires a great line of works, extending semi-circularly round Newport and Covington; a large army to man the works, and a fleet of gunboats to patrol the Ohio river in the event it is so low as to be fordable, which was now the case.

At the commencement of the war General O. M. Mitchell began and nearly completed several redoubts, designed chiefly to cover the important roads of approach from the South. On the Lexington turnpike he threw up quite a pretentious little bastioned fort, which was now named, in remembrance of him, Fort Mitchell.

With a party of engineers Wallace rode two days, tracing lines for fortifications.

As to an army to man the works, Cincinnati alone, besides the immense working parties, furnished eleven regiments of fighting men, who marched over and took position in the trenches and on the lines. Militia from other parts of the State reported in thousands, and were for the most part assigned to what was known as the River Defences. As soon as a company or regiment was organized and armed, it was put on a boat or on the cars and sent to guard the fords. To patrol the river and assist the militia in holding the fords a flotilla of sixteen steamboats was organized, each protected by bales of hay and armed with two guns. The mechanics of Cincinnati threw a pontoon bridge over the Ohio between Cincinnati and Covington, accomplishing the task in twenty-four hours. A precisely similar structure thrown across the river at Paducah by Fremont required about eight weeks.

Miles Greenwood turned over a number of guns just from his foundry, but there was an alarming deficiency in arms and but a small supply of ammunition.

A requisition was made upon the Governor of Ohio, at Columbus, for arms and ammunition, but it received no attention. He was engrossed in the work of furnishing men. In the dilemma recourse was had to the Governor of

Indiana. The response was immediate: "Your requisition filled. Indiana has plenty. Send on your orders."

Fifteen hours from the receipt of the requisition by Governor Morton, ninety-three thousand one hundred and thirty-six pounds of ammunition for artillery, and three million three hundred and sixty-five thousand rounds of small arms, three thousand muskets and twenty-four pieces of artillery were landed at Cincinnati and Covington, and the artillery was in position for use.

Governor Morton also diverted from the Kentucky stream and hurried to Cincinnati five Indiana regiments, the Eightieth, Colonel Denby; Eighty-Fourth, General Morris; Eighty-Fifth, Colonel Baird; Eighty-Sixth, Colonel Hamilton; and One Hundred and First, Colonel Gavin, with Andrews' battery, the Twenty-first.

So rapidly did volunteers report that Wallace's informal returns of September 10th show a force of thirty-eight thousand men, all raw, but formidable behind works.

"If the enemy should not come after all this fuss," said one of his friends to General Wallace, "you will be ruined." "Very well," Wallace replied, "but they will come. If they do not, it will be because this same fuss has made them think better of it."

About the eighth of September General Wright came from Louisville and relieved Wallace of everything but the immediate command of the troops and defences on the southern side of the river. Regarding the order for the suspension of all business unnecessarily stringent, Wright revoked it, but after one day's observation, was convinced of its propriety, and promulgated it again. He attempted no other modification of existing orders.

On the 12th a column of rebels under General Heath appeared in front of Fort Mitchell on the Lexington turnpike. It comprised four brigades of veteran infantry, two regiments of cavalry, and field batteries in proportion, in all between ten and twelve thousand men. Skirmishing continued at intervals during four days, Wallace meantime eagerly expecting battle, while with the utmost circumspection and caution he made preparation. Telegraphic wires were extended from

his quarters to every point of importance along the lines. Troops lay in the intrenchments and remained at the guns night and day. The gunboats were concentrated upon the threatened flank, with a system of signals carefully arranged that their fire might be directed over the bluffs; five batteries were planted on the Cincinnati side of the river, ready to cover a retreat and particularly the crossing of the pontoon bridge; roads were cut and leveled to admit a speedy transfer of columns of support from one point of the fortifications to another.

In view of the completeness and excellence of the arangements for the enemy's reception, it is not wonderful that on the night of September 16th he silently withdrew, "without even setting eyes on the city he had it in his heart to sack," and began a precipitate retreat to Lexington.

Wallace requested permission to organize five thousand of his best troops, including a brigade of veterans who had just arrived under General Gordon Granger, to pursue the enemy. General Wright, influenced by a suspicion that Heath's movement was made for the purpose of drawing our troops out of their fortifications into the open field, declined the proposition.

At the time of the enemy's disappearance, Wallace's force behind the lines round Newport and Covington, amounted to forty-two thousand men; adding the men who guarded the fords and manned the gunboats, the number could not have amounted to less than sixty-five thousand, a prodigious army to be raised, equipped, supplied, organized and placed in position in a little less than fifteen days.

The day after the army, so suddenly and laboriously raised, was all ready to march to Louisville to defend that city, General Wallace was relieved from the command. He took leave of Cincinnati in the following address:

"For the present, at least, the enemy has fallen back, and your cities are safe. It is the time for acknowledgments. I beg leave to make you mine. 'When I assumed command, there was nothing to defend you with, except a few half-finished works and some dismounted guns; yet I was confident.

The energies of a great city are boundless; they have only to be aroused, united, and directed. You were appealed to. The answer will never be forgotten. Paris may have seen something like it in her revolutionary days, but the cities of America never did. Be proud that you have given them an example so splendid. The most commercial of people, you submitted to a total suspension of business, and without a murmur adopted my principle, 'Citizens for labor, soldiers for battle.' In coming times, strangers viewing the works on the hills of Newport and Covington will ask, 'Who built these intrenchments?' You can answer, 'We built them.' If they ask, 'Who guarded them?' you can reply, 'We helped in thousands.' If they inquire the result, your answer will be, 'The enemy came and looked at them, and stole away in the night.' You have won much honor. Keep your organizations ready to win more. Hereafter be always prepared to defend yourselves.

LEWIS WALLACE.
Major General."

General A. J. Smith succeeded to the command of Cincinnati, while General Wallace was ordered to Columbus, Ohio, and placed in charge of a camp of mutinous paroled prisoners, with instructions to organize them for service against the Indians in the Northwest.

From the City Council of Cincinnati, and the Legislature of Ohio, he received formal votes of thanks "for the signal service he has rendered to the country at large in connection with the army during the war; and especially for the promptness, energy and skill exhibited by him in organizing the forces, planning the defence, and executing the movements of soldiers and citizens under his command at Cincinnati in August and September, which prevented the Rebel forces under Kirby Smith from desecrating the soil of our noble State."

In commemoration of the promptness with which the Governor of Indiana came to their assistance, the citizens of Cincinnati, after the war was over, procured, by the hand of their favorite artist, the portrait of Governor Morton.

A few months after the close of the war General Wallace met General Heath at the Burnet House, in Cincinnati, and spent an evening in conversation with him, chiefly in regard to the affair in which they had been engaged and opposed. Heath stated that the day before he returned to Lexington he had issued orders for an assault, and his troops were in motion to take up their positions when he received a dispatch from General Kirby Smith ordering him to return without attacking. This interference was all that prevented attack. General Heath was very confident of success. The point he had chosen for the assault was between Fort Mitchell and the river. He disclaimed any intention to destroy the city, had he taken it, and asserted that his purpose was merely to levy a contribution. As he would hardly have been satisfied with less than fifteen or twenty millions, his success would somewhat have impoverished the rich city.

The failure made the South sore enough. The blame, however, fell not upon Smith, but upon Bragg. "Had General Bragg done his duty as well and promptly as General Smith did," declared the *Atlanta Intelligencer*, "Louisville would have been ours, Cincinnati would have furnished us supplies, while Columbus, Ohio, might have been our headquarters. Then would the Vallandighams of Ohio, and the Brights of Indiana, have rallied to the issuing of General Bragg's noted proclamation; then would many thousand friends in Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois have joined the Southern army; then, too, could General Bragg, having cut off the Western from the Eastern States, have whispered terms of peace into the Northwestern ear; and then might we reasonably have hoped for peace."

Had General Bragg done his duty, in the Southern acceptation of the word, and had Kirby Smith, in consequence, with all his veterans, been free to appear before the coveted city, he would have found himself mocked by the living wall which rose in its front. It was that wall, more than Bragg's remissness, which baffled him now.

While the enemy still dallied before Cincinnati, a long train of wagons, with sanitary stores, and doctors, and

women from our State, wound over the Kentucky hills towards the scene of the late struggle.

On the night of Sunday, the 31st of August, Governor Morton, with such hospital supplies and assistance as he could procure at a moment's notice, went to Louisville, whence he proceeded to Lexington. On his return, which was without delay, he empowered Dr. Bullard to afford relief to the hospitals in Richmond, and to bring home such wounded as he should find able to be moved, putting in his hand a sum amounting to one thousand dollars, and authorizing him to use as much more as would be necessary. Dr. Bullard left Indianapolis Sunday evening, September 7th. He was compelled to wait three and a half days in Cincinnati while the United States and the Confederate authorities made arrangements for his passage through the Rebel lines. During the delay Dr. McDermot, Medical Director of the United States army, arrived from Richmond to procure the articles and the assistance with which Dr. Bullard was supplied; also, ex-Governor Dennison added ten ambulances to the train. Dr. McDermot joined the expedition, which now consisted of forty ambulances, with about sixty persons, drivers, doctors, nurses and commissaries, and a very small escort. On the 11th it crossed the Ohio on the pontoon bridge, and a few miles from the river submitted to an hour's delay, until the flag of truce had silenced the bullets which constantly whistled between the Union and Confederate lines, not more than three or four hundred yards apart, and until a Confederate Colonel appeared to conduct the train through the camp. During the delay a lively and amicable conversation was carried on with the Rebels who were on the spot. They were the flower of the Southern army, according to one of the doctors, rugged and ragged, without insignia of rank, or uniform, but all boasting some distinguished antecedent or high-sounding title.

On the 13th the train entered Lexington, finding there thirty-seven wounded, twenty of whom were Indianians. They were overjoyed to learn that they were affectionately and thoughtfully remembered. They had been removed to an old boarding-house from the fine large halls of the Uni-

versity, which had been appropriated to their use by the United States authorities, and had been deprived of medical stores, beds, and bedding, but they had not otherwise been ill-treated. It was to the interest of the Confederates to conduct themselves civilly in Kentucky, as their object was as much to convert as to conquer.

The train arrived at Richmond on the morning of the 15th. All the public buildings and many of the private houses in the village and for miles around, were used as hospitals, while three hundred wounded had been taken into private families, some of them many miles distant in the country, and tended and entertained with the utmost kindness. Evidences of unkindness and neglect were found in but one place, a young ladies' seminary, which had been appropriated as a hospital, and now held ninety-six patients. Immediately after the battle the building was occupied by four hundred wounded, while the small enclosure round it served as a prison for two thousand men. A large number of amputations had been made in it and many men had died. But neither the house, nor the inclosure had received the slightest attention in regard to cleanliness. Floors and walls, clothes and bedding were spattered with blood, and there were amputated limbs unburied in the yard. The sight was too horrible for description. Some of the patients had not been washed since they were wounded. Some lay in narrow, dark, ill-ventilated rooms, while large airy apartments were unoccupied. The new-comers, with water and soap, and good sense, soon affected an almost magical change.

Dr. Bullard, speaking in that gentle, flexible voice, and touching the sufferer with that tender hand, which those who have been his patients love to remember, went from bed to bed, from room to room, and from house to house. The other physicians were not less attentive.

On the 17th the train, with all the wounded and sick who could bear removal, returned to Lexington where several hundred ladies, assembled at the hospital, contributed generously all that they could command, to soften the hard journey. As the wagons with their melancholy freight passed slowly through the streets, Union flags from windows and

doors, still further expressed the sympathy and courage of women. Confederate officers, grouped on the corners, scowled in silence. More than two hundred men were brought away, while one hundred and seventy, who could not bear transportation, were left behind.

Under the direction of the Confederate authorities the return was through Maysville, and consequently was long and tedious.

While newly enlisted volunteers were sent to the assistance of Ohio and Kentucky on the threatened approach of Kirby Smith, the Home Legion was summoned to the protection of the Indiana border; also all who were subject to military exercise in the river counties were required to assemble, with whatever arms they could command, to organize into companies, and be instructed in military tactics. The Legion diligently guarded all the points of the Ohio from Dearborn to Posey, and several regiments made several reconnoissances into Kentucky. The Spencer county regiments, on short and hurried notice, marched twenty miles to the relief of a force defending Owensboro against a much larger force, and finding that the Rebels had retired after a successful engagement in which the Union commander was killed, followed eight miles to Panther creek. Here, in a severe encounter, the Legion gained a decided victory, inflicting heavy loss and suffering comparatively little,—three killed and thirty-five wounded.

The Vanderburg county Legion went several times to the relief of Owensboro, and performed other service in Kentucky, especially in protecting the locks of Green river, but the chief object of its care was Evansville.

The Seventy-Eighth regiment, organized under Colonel Warren for sixty days service, performed guard duty at Evansville, and picket duty along the river, and frequently made expeditions into Kentucky. In a fight with guerrillas on the 1st of September at Uniontown, Captain Tighlman A. Howard was mortally wounded. He was twenty-two years old. He had served with distinction as Lieutenant and Captain in the Fourteenth, through the campaign in West Virginia.

An independent company from Terre Haute and two hundred citizens from Lafayette reported at Evansville. The Crescent city of Indiana was so well protected that the enemy, either in bands of guerillas or in larger force, at no time ventured an attack. No serious effort was made to invade Indiana at any point.

The ten regiments which were captured and paroled at Munfordsville and Richmond, returned to Indianapolis in September, and were allowed short furloughs to visit their homes. They were then reorganized, chiefly in Indianapolis; were occupied in military exercises and subjected to strict discipline. Their taste of war had not increased their military spirit, especially in the case of the five regiments which came in contact with Kirby Smith. They had, indeed, swallowed the dregs of the cup as soon as their lips had touched the brim.

The Twelfth and Seventy-First, which had been deprived of their commanding officers, seemed quite disheartened. The Twelfth, composed as it was largely of troops who had learned to love Colonel Link while under his command in Virginia, was like a bereaved family.

"Many of our companies," wrote Lieutenant Aveline from Indianapolis, "seem to have lost all desire to excel in discipline and drill, as they are no longer cheered by their beloved Colonel Link."

Colonel Link died on the 20th of September, in Richmond, where he had been affectionately tended by Captain Baldwin. His body was brought home and buried on the 24th, a larger concourse attending his funeral than was ever before seen in Fort Wayne. As the little orphan children pressed close to the cold coffin, and tears at the sight of them were in every eye, many recalled the words of the dead man, spoken with modest earnestness a few weeks before, during the reorganization of the Twelfth: "I have three little motherless children that need me every hour, but I feel that they can better do without their father than without a home in a free and blessed nation."

Late in the fall the paroled troops were exchanged. In

November and December they were returned to the field. The Twelfth, under Colonel Williams, the Sixteenth, Sixtieth, Sixty-Seventh, Sixty-Ninth and Eighty-Ninth were sent to Memphis. The Seventy-First, Colonel Biddle, was sent to Kentucky. The Sixty-Sixth went to Corinth; the Fiftieth to Jackson, Tennessee, and the Sixty-Eighth to Murfreesboro. The two companies of the Seventy-Fourth, captured at Munfordsville, joined their regiment at Castilian Springs, Tennessee.

The remaining new troops organized and put in the field before the close of the year, consisted of two companies of the Fifth cavalry, thrown forward into Kentucky early in the fall; ten companies of the Fifth, stationed in December in the southern border of Indiana; the Eighty-Third, Colonel Spooner; the Ninety-Seventh, Colonel Catterson; Ninety-Third, Colonel Thomas; Ninety-Ninth, Colonel Fowler, and One Hundredth, Colonel Stoughton, dispatched to Memphis, and the Twentieth battery, under Lieutenant Ludwig, sent to Henderson, thence to Nashville. The Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth batteries were organized in November, and the Twenty-Second in December, but they were retained for service in Indiana.

Although in 1862 Indiana sent thirty-three regiments and seven batteries to the field, the course of her patriotism did not by any means run smooth. The opponents of the Administration got their heads above water, and succeeded in making their dolorous voices heard before the close of 1861; and they were fairly afloat by the next midsummer, grasping at every untoward event to turn it to account, and painting in false colors the face of every truth which was unfavorable to them. What was the nation's bane was their meat. To say nothing of McClellan's and Pope's great and unfortunate campaigns, in which Indiana had comparatively but small individual share; the surrender at Munfordsville; the blunder at Perryville; the disaster at Richmond; the return of captured regiments, many of them torn to pieces by the severity of their few days service; the harshness, or the incapacity, or the lawlessness of several prominent officers; taxation, high prices, a depreciated currency, aversion to con-

scription, with countless smaller occasions they used to such purpose that they gained the State elections.

In 1860 Indiana gave one hundred and thirty-nine thousand and thirty-three votes for Lincoln to one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and ten against him. In 1862 she gave one hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred and seventeen for the administration, to one hundred and twenty-eight thousand one hundred and sixty votes for the opposition.

Before such a demonstration of the strength of the powers of darkness, the stanchest hearts trembled.

"Nothing but success," said the Governor, the Auditor, and the Secretary of State, and Congressman Dunn, addressing President Lincoln, on the 21st of October, "Nothing but success, speedy and decided will save our cause from utter destruction in the Northwest. Distrust and despair are seizing upon the hearts of the people."

The angel of success held aloof. Darkness crept over the land. Croakers lifted up their voices and croaked. Hear one. And no ignoble nor disloyal man was he:

"If there were signs of any amendment, we could have patience, though disaster marked the hours and blood dripped the seconds! But there is none."

There was none. No cock crowed. No harbinger of coming. day appeared. The darkness deepened with the slowly flitting months. The midnight of the year was the midnight of hope. The wild Christmas bells rang out to the wild sky, but they gave to the ear of faith alone a promise of recovery to the apparently dying Nation.

CHAPTER II.

NORTH OF THE POTOMAC.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about the orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished Rebel horde,
On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the garden wall.— *Whittier.*

"I have heard of being knocked into the middle of next week," said President Lincoln, when on the 2nd of September 1862, the armies of McClelland and Pope came crowding round Washington after the second disastrous battle of Bull Run, "but never before of being knocked into the middle of last year!"

To all appearance the retrogression was even further back than the middle of the preceding year. The gloom which spread over the whole country, the confusion, if not disaster, which seemed to prevail wherever the national armies extended, were deepest and most prevailing at the centre of the Government. Virginia fugitives pressed into Washington as to a city of refuge, while citizens hastened out of it as from the city of destruction. Rumbling of wheels, clatter of cavalry, tramp of infantry, the murmur of masses of moving men filled night as well as day. Most dire sound of all was the rolling thunder of the enemy's guns. Most grievous sight was the despondency of the exhausted troops. Long marching, hard fighting, want of food, want of sleep, defeat, retreat, disappointment and loss seemed to have deadened their very hearts.

In the Army of Virginia the exhausted Seventh, reduced

to one hundred and forty men, who had been twenty-four days without blankets and without a change of clothing; in the Army of the Potomac the weary Fourteenth, numbering one hundred and fifty, with clothes ragged, unwashed, and, since the 10th of August, unchanged, represented the condition of the Indiana regiments, except perhaps the Twenty-Seventh, which had been somewhat less exposed. So overwearied were the men that, whenever there was opportunity, they sank to the ground, and, stretched on the pavements of the city, or curled up in the fence corners of the suburbs, lost themselves in sleep.

General Kimball had not seen the inside of a tent for nearly two weeks. He had shared with his soldiers in battle, in bivouac and on the march.

On the last night of the retreat he snatched the Fourteenth from the grasp of the enemy. It was one of the darkest of nights, the army was marching rapidly, and his brigade was in the rear, when he discovered the absence of his Indiana regiment, and learned that by the neglect of an officer appointed to the service, it had been left on the picket lines, uninformed of the general withdrawal. Instantly General Kimball with his staff, wheeled about and hastened back. He went four miles through a strange country, and with the enemy on all sides, and brought the regiment off just as day was breaking.

The beginning of reorganization,—filling the places of Kearney, and of thousands of other dead who were as bright and brave as "the gallant General with the empty sleeve," of Pope, who was banished to the far North-West, and of McDowell, who was suspected by the country and was subjected to a court of inquiry; uniting the two broken armies, and giving the command again to McClellan,—opened the very depths to the general eye.

The scene of the summer's operations was equally disheartening. The James was deserted by United States gunboats; the Rapidan, the Rappahannock, and the Shenandoah, almost to its mouth, were in Rebel hands; while along the Potomac small detachments watched for the coming of Lee, without the force to withstand him. The only points re-

maining to the Government were Harper's Ferry in the north-west corner and Fortress Monroe in the south-east.

The rebel army on the other hand was high in hope and triumph. Perhaps it lost a little time in ambiguous demonstrations, but it soon moved in definite and defiant march, with light knapsacks and empty wagons, from the desolated plains of Virginia towards the verdant valleys of Maryland. Scouts and spies appeared north of the Potomac as early as the 3d of September. On the 4th and 5th the main army boldly struck the river, Jackson's corps in advance. Pausing in the midst of the stream, the Rebel leader took off his cap and stood, while his troops and regimental bands united in the beautiful Rebel song, My Maryland. The rocks echoed and the waters carried afar the exulting strain:

"She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb!
Huzza! she spurns the northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
My Maryland! My Maryland!"

The army of Lee was bent on turning the tide of war from the south to the north, and in saving Virginia soil from future battles. In spite, however, of its proud resolution, its patience and deathless courage, it presented a mean and poverty-stricken aspect. Hesitating Marylanders hung their heads or turned their backs when they perceived the hungry jaws, the grey rags, the dirt, lice and odor of the southern heroes. The young men who had come forward with the intention of volunteering, slunk to their homes. Maryland turned the cold shoulder to the Rebel army. She was deaf and dumb.

The new theatre of action extended from the Monocacy on the east, beyond the Antietam on the west, embracing the three mountain ranges of the Catoctin, the South, and the Elk. The Catoctin is a low and lovely ridge, branching south-east from South Mountain and terminating on the Potomac in Point-of-Rocks. South Mountain, longer, higher, and ruggeder, is severed from the Blue Ridge by the Potomac. Elk Ridge is divided by the same impetuous river, its rifted rock forming the lofty heights of Maryland and Loudon. The chief towns in this region are Frederick, a little,

though beautiful and wealthy city; Middletown, a pretty, pastoral village, in the Catoctin valley, twelve miles west of Frederick; Hagerstown, thirteen miles northwest of Middletown, in the Chambersburg valley, which is a continuation of the valley of the Shenandoah; and Harper's Ferry, on the Potomac. Beside these towns, the events of the campaign brought into notice the hitherto insignificant villages, Boonsboro' and Sharpsburg, the former situated at the western foot of South Mountain, the latter south-west, near the Potomac and on Antietam creek.

The old National road, leaving Frederick, runs to Hagerstown, crossing the Catoctin mountains and Catoctin valley, and passing through Boonsboro' Gap, a noble gateway in South Mountain, between peaks a thousand feet high. On the eastern side of South Mountain the old Sharpsburg road branches out of the turnpike to the left, and climbing the crest, bends off further to the left. From the same point the old Hagerstown road branches to the right, and passing up a ravine about a mile from the turnpike turns and rejoins it near the summit of the pass. The Antietam flows almost the whole breadth of Maryland and unites with the Potomac at the western base of Elk Ridge. It is a clear, deep, and crooked stream. "Poor Antietam creek! I've crossed it many a time!" sighed one who had lived long in the West, when she heard of the battle of Antietam; and the tears stood in her eyes, as with a sort of waywardness she pitied the innocent, rippling waters and the fair landscape familiar to her youth.

The whole region was as fair as the garden of the Lord to the eyes of the famished Rebel horde. Full granaries, loaded orchards, undisturbed acres of corn, sweet fields of clover, smooth lawns, unbroken fences, haystacks, and beehives made a picture of comfort to which Southern soldiers had long been strangers.

Over all was an air of thrift and cleanliness unknown to lower slave regions; and an antiqueness and isolation arising from the picturesque costume of Dutch Mennonites and Dunkers,—patriarchs with long hair and beard,

"Matrons and maidens in snow-white caps and in kirtles."

At Frederick General Lee published a proclamation, in which he urged the people of Maryland to cast off the foreign yoke of the United States, and promised them assistance in their efforts to gain and enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen.

On the 10th his forward march was resumed. His plan was to proceed to Hagerstown in order to threaten Pennsylvania through the Cumberland valley, and when he had drawn the Union army so far toward the Susquehannah as to uncover Baltimore and Washington, to spring upon one or other of those cities. It was necessary, however, to open communication with Richmond through the Shenandoah valley, and for that purpose to dislodge the force at Harper's Ferry. Jackson, therefore, moved in advance, turned to the left after passing through Boonsboro' Gap, crossed the Potomac beyond Sharpsburg, and driving in the outposts approached Bolivar Heights, in order to invest Harper's Ferry on the south-west. McLaws and Anderson moved by way of Middletown, on the direct route to the Ferry, to gain possession of Maryland Heights, the northern portion of Elk Ridge. Walker crossed the Potomac below to take Loudon Heights, the southern portion of the same ridge. These points gained, Harper's Ferry would have no choice, as it lay in a basin formed by the three heights, Bolivar, Loudon and Maryland. Indeed, the acquisition of Maryland Heights alone would render a defence impossible. Lee went on to Hagerstown with Longstreet's corps. D. H. Hill and Howell Cobb held the mountain gates, Boonsboro' Gap, and Crampton Pass.

On the 5th of September the Army of the Potomac left Washington on five parallel roads. It had gathered strength from the earth on which it had been thrown, and marched nobly and gaily, its back upon a defeated past, its face turned toward a future blooming with promise.

The right wing, consisting of Hooker's and Reno's corps, under the command of Burnside, reached to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The left wing and rear, formed of Franklin's corps, rested on the Potomac. The centre, Sumner's and Mansfield's corps, were under the command of Sumner.

Pleasonton's cavalry scoured the country in advance. The Seventh and Nineteenth Indiana regiments were in Hooker's corps, King's division, the Seventh in Doubleday's brigade, which had been reduced by the late battles to one thousand men, the Nineteenth in Gibbon's brigade. The Twenty-Seventh Indiana was in Mansfield's corps, Williams' division, Gordon's brigade. The Fourteenth was in Sumner's corps, French's division, Kimball's brigade. The Third Indiana cavaly was assigned to the division of Pleasonton. It was at this time under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Buchanan, Colonel Carter having been, with an injustice he keenly felt, and without any assigned cause, placed under arrest by General Pleasonton. The Sixteenth battery of artillery was also in the pursuing army.

The Twentieth, with the division to which it belonged, had been almost decimated by the late battles, and was left on Arlington Heights, for the defence of Washington. Sigel, with his Indiana body-guard, was at Chain bridge.

On the 8th as General Pleasonton approached Poolesville, a piece of Rebel artillery in position on a hill to the north of the village, and supported by the main body of the enemy's cavalry, opened on him. Major Chapman, with a squadron of the Third Indiana, advanced to capture the piece, but the enemy, taking the alarm, began a hasty retreat. Chapman followed rapidly, and in about three miles overtook the rear-guard, and engaged in a sharp skirmish. Compelled again to betake themselves to flight the Rebels carried off such of their fallen as they could remove, but they left seven dead and mortally wounded on the field. The Third cavalry lost one killed and eleven wounded, including in the latter Lieutenants Lahue and Davis.

The next day Pleasonton drove the Rebel cavalry from Barnesville. On the 12th after a seven days march he entered Frederick, which is distant from Washington forty miles, in advance of the right wing of the army.

Along the route, flags on the housetops and handkerchiefs at doors and windows and gates, scattered flowers, refreshments pressed into the hands of dusty soldiers evinced the general joy. The delight of the citizens was unrestrained.

The welcome given to the troops in Frederick alone was said to be worth a thousand men to the army.

On the 13th the confidential orders of General Lee to his corps and division commanders, detailing his plan, was found by Corporal B. W. Mitchell of company F, Twenty-Seventh Indiana, and was immediately placed in the hands of General McClellan. Accordingly the army made a definite movement to strike the enemy while he was divided.

Colonel Miles, who was in command of nearly thirteen thousand troops at Harper's Ferry, was ordered to hold out to the last, not only in order to save a vast quantity of guns and munitions of war which were there stored, but to prevent the immediate return to the main Rebel army of the detached forces of Jackson, McLaws and Walker. Burnside meantime was to march along the National road and take Boonsboro' Gap. Franklin was to turn to the left and taking Crampton's pass, to enter Pleasant valley, gain the rear of Maryland Heights, and cut off, destroy or capture McLaws. The pursuers pressed swiftly on, their hearts light with the conviction that the cunning Lee was entrapped in the only bold move he had ever made.

Pleasonton, continuing in advance of the right, found the enemy holding the road over the Catoctin mountains with cavalry and artillery, and after much skirmishing and a good deal of climbing, the Third Indiana still foremost, cleared the mountains.

Entering the valley, Pleasonton with the main force continued along the main road, while Captain McClure with a squadron of the Third hastened to intercept a wagon train on a road some miles south of Middletown. McClure was attacked by a superior number and lost fifteen in killed, wounded and captured.

Before Pleasonton the Rebels fell back fighting from a strong position at Middletown to the western hills, disappearing in the woods and gorges. The cavalry bivouacked undisturbed. In the morning not a hostile battalion was visible. The wide and winding road through the pass, the corn and wheat fields, which spread over the lower half of South Mountain, the woods and rocky ledges, which cover the

steeps from the middle to the summit, lay silent in the sun. The storming of the treacherous heights was work mainly for infantry and General Reno, now took the advance, turning to the left, where the Sharpsburg road branches off. He placed batteries at different elevations in ravines and high up in the woods to discover the whereabouts of the concealed foe. The play of his artillery was at first unanswered. At length puffs of smoke, curling up over the trees, made the desired disclosure and showed that the enemy was touched. Infantry now advanced. It met infantry, and the battle began. Reinforcements pressed in on both sides. Longstreet, already marching back from Hagerstown, quickened his steps, and Hooker moved up from Catoctin creek.

At the foot of the mountain Hooker's corps, with the exception of Gibbon's brigade, turned into the old Hagerstown road, Ricketts remaining in reserve until forced to send a brigade to Meade's assistance; Meade marching up the ravine to the right; Hatch, with King's division, moving to take a crest on the left of the wood. Cautiously, with muskets ready, now crouching, now listening, now running and leaping, Hatch's skirmishers explored the ground, at length discovering the enemy strongly posted behind a fence and a thick wood. A spirited attack followed, and was met by a vigorous defence. At dusk Doubleday's brigade was in advance of the division and within forty paces of the enemy. After a long struggle, it ceased firing and fell to the ground, as if weary and discouraged; but rose again with redoubled fire to meet the encouraged enemy and pressed him back in sudden discomfiture.

After a short pause Longstreet, who had assumed command of the Rebel left on his arrival on the ground, made a desperate effort to flank Doubleday's left. Repulsed by the Seventy-Fifth New York and the Seventh Indiana, under Major Grover, he threatened, expostulated, and coaxed, but he could not induce his troops to continue the struggle. At nine o'clock Ricketts relieved Doubleday, and found no force in his front.

Meantime Gibbon was not idle. As soon as the movements on the right and left of the old Hagerstown road were

well under weigh, he advanced his artillery up the turnpike, and a regiment on each side of the road, preceded by skirmishers and followed by two other regiments, in double column, toward the enemy's centre. The Nineteenth Indiana was on the left, and was supported by the Second Wisconsin. The enemy, behind trees and stone walls in the gorge, opened on the brigade as soon as it was within range, but it pressed on, driving, in hasty flight, every opposing squad.

Well up toward the top of the pass, the Nineteenth came within the fire of a strong force, which was behind a stone wall. Captain Clark, moving his company to the left, gained its flank, forced it to run, and took eleven prisoners, while the rest of the regiment and the Second Wisconsin continued their fire from the front.

On the right of the road another stone wall sheltered another strong force, which also successfully resisted the direct advance of Gibbon's right regiments, but which fled before an enfilading fire from the Second Wisconsin and the Seventh Indiana. The brigade suffered severely, and expended all its ammunition, including the cartridges of the dead and wounded, but it held its ground until, at midnight, it was relieved by a brigade from Sumner's corps.

While Hooker's corps gained the pass and the heights on the right, Reno's was no less successful on the left, taking possession of the crests and silencing the enemy by eight o'clock. During the night the Union army prepared for a general attack, while the Rebel army silently and hastily retreated, leaving its dead and wounded.

In the engagement at Boonsboro' Gap, in South Mountain, the Rebels lost three thousand, and the Federals lost eighteen hundred. General Reno was wounded and died before the day was ended.

The defeat of General Hill, who was the Rebel commander on the field, by a force of which General Burnside was the superior officer, and in which the Seventh and Nineteenth Indiana were particularly efficient, may be called a special act of retribution, or of poetical justice, as Indianians were his particular aversion. He was the author of an Algebra into which he boldly introduced the "live issues" of

politics. Among others of like character occurs the following problem:

"The field of Buena Vista is six and a half miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana volunteers ran away from the field of battle at the same time; one ran half a mile per hour faster than the other, and reached Saltillo five minutes and fifty-four and six eleventh seconds sooner than the other. Required their respective rates of travel."

Like Stonewall Jackson, Hill betrayed the sacred trust of teacher to sow the seeds of prejudice and spite, gaining thus the warm approbation of his coadjutor, who pronounced his Algebra the best within his knowledge.

The struggle for Boonsboro' Gap was but the right of a widely extended battle, the centre of which was in Crampton's Pass, and the left at Harper's Ferry. After beating the enemy, Franklin drove him through Crampton's Pass and bivouacked in Pleasant Valley, under the sound of distant guns on his right and left. The roar died away, and at dawn recommenced only on the left, where, also, it ceased at eight o'clock, indicating the fall of Harper's Ferry.

Maryland Heights was bravely defended on the 12th and on the morning of the 13th, but was abandoned in the afternoon of the latter day. Loudon Heights was evacuated the same day, the troops from both points concentrating on Bolivar Heights and in the village. On the 15th they were surrendered, and the enemy took possession of Harper's Ferry.

The misfortune was due to the imbecility of Colonel Ford, who had been posted on Maryland Heights, and of Colonel Miles, who was in chief command. The latter, after having given the former verbal permission to abandon his position, sent him a written order in the following insane language:

"You will hold on, and you can hold on, till the cows' tails drop off."

The suggestion of so curious an occurrence seems to have hastened the catastrophe, as Colonel Ford immediately abandoned his post.

The prisoners, about eleven hundred in number, (the cavalry had escaped the preceding night), were paroled

The only representatives of Indiana in the affair were two batteries, the Fifteenth and the Twenty-Sixth.

The Fifteenth, with John C. H. Von Schlen as Captain, after having remained six weeks in Baltimore, arrived at Harper's Ferry only in time to add its guns to the enemy's gains.

The Twenty-Sixth was a much older organization. It was recruited in May, 1861, for a light artillery company, but not being accepted as such, it joined the Seventeenth regiment, forming company A. At Elkwater it was detached as an artillery company under the command of Captain Rigby. It was active in the Cheat Mountain campaign; was engaged with Milroy at McDowell in 1862, was in Fremont's chase of Stonewall Jackson and in the battle of Cross Keys. After Fremont's campaign the battery went to Winchester, where it remained in garrison, the men doing picket and scouting duty, until, on the approach of Lee, the troops in that vicinity were concentrated at Harper's Ferry. Here the first chapter of its active career closed.

September 15th the western slopes of South mountain were alive with the two armies, pouring down and onward like rivers to the sea,—the disappointed Southern host in sullen silence, and in a constantly lessening stream, the Northern army, clamorous with story and jest and laughter, singing the siren song which had led the Rebels over the Potomac and, in the enthusiasm of its first acknowledged victory, in the pride of its first pursuit of a defeated foe, seeing the mountain tops sunlit with coming peace.

Every hope was confirmed by jaded, melancholy Rebel stragglers, who wandering to out of the way places, hiding in barns, or under haystacks, allowed themselves to be captured. It is perhaps true that not a soldier in all the pursuing multitude had a fear of the future, or a doubt that the end was at hand.

Traversing the upper end of Pleasant valley, Lee reached the Antietam early in the day, crossed it on its four stone bridges, drew up his lines and turned at bay, with the Antietam in his front and the Potomac, which here makes a sharp curve, on his rear and on both flanks. His position could scarcely

have been stronger, but as the troops which invested Harper's Ferry had not yet rejoined him, and his losses by straggling had been great, his force was small. If the army of the Potomac had dashed against him on the afternoon of the 15th, or even the morning of the 16th, it would have swept him away. But the army of the Potomac was no torrent to move according to its own will. It drew up at the bidding of General McClellan on the east bank of Antietam creek, and with great deliberation made observation, examination and preparation for battle.

On the morning of the 16th Hooker, followed by Sumner and Mansfield, moved toward the first bridge; Porter posted his corps on the left of the Boonsboro' road, opposite the second bridge, and Burnside, with the Ninth corps, moved toward the third bridge, three miles north of the Boonsboro' and Sharpsburg road. No attempt was made to approach the fourth, which, being near the mouth of the Antietam, and close to the foot of Elk Ridge, could be defended by a handful of men. Artillery, consisting of six batteries, was placed on Porter's front, between the second and third bridges.

Meantime Jackson, with two divisions, rejoined the Rebel army, and General Lee carefully and skilfully arranged his lines and prepared his defences. Hood, with two brigades, he placed on the left; Jackson in reserve near the left; D. H. Hill in the centre, and Longstreet on the right.

About the middle of the afternoon Hooker crossed the Antietam, pushed rebel pickets near the stream back through cornfields, struck General Hood in a strip of woods, and during a sharp engagement placed a battery in an advanced and commanding position. About dark Hood's first line retreated, unpursued, and Hooker threw out a strong picket force, which included the Seventh Indiana. No other movement was made during the night, except that Mansfield crossed the stream.

A little, white brick Dunker church, was called by Hooker the key of the enemy's position. It may serve as a stand point from which to view the chief features of the battlefield of Antietam. It is a mile and a half north of Sharpsburg, on the western side of the Hagerstown pike and in the

western edge of an opening which is bounded by woods. In the opening and on the east of the Hagerstown road are Poffenberger's and Miller's farms north of the church, Muma's and Rulet's east, and Piper's south. Running north-east from the church is a road to Hoffman's farm. It was over this road that Hooker moved on the afternoon of the 16th. In a south-east direction, and passing Muma's and Rulet's is a narrow road, which is worn by wagons and beaten down by rains, four or five feet below the surface of the fields. This sunken road, with the apple orchard, the corn fields, and the knolls which rise on each side of it, became the bloodiest part of the battle ground. Oak woods and lime stone ledges, waist high, form natural defences in the rear of the church. From one to three miles in its front is the Antietam, out of sight between its steep, high banks. The Potomac, not quite so far in its rear, is also hidden by the slope of the ground. Three miles to the south-east is the northern point of Elk Ridge. Twelve miles north is Hagerstown. In front of Lee's line the ground consisted of undulations gradually rising from the creek.

Jackson's division reached from the church almost to the Potomac, forming, on the 17th, Lee's left wing, Hood having been withdrawn, and joining D. H. Hill's division, which was on Muma's farm. Longstreet occupied Rulet's and Piper's farms, Sharpsburg and the hills south of the town. Lee's artillery was posted on all favorable points, and his reserves hidden by the hills, could manœuvre unobserved, and owing to the shortness of his line could rapidly reinforce any point.

Before dawn of Wednesday, September 17th, every man of Lee's army, and of Hooker's corps, was at his post, without call of bugle. At break of day the six batteries on the hills east of the Antietam opened, and enfiladed Jackson's lines. Jackson's artillery was quickly in play. The first Rebel shell burst in the right of Gibbon's brigade. Hooker's five batteries, in the edge of the woods west of Hoffman's and east of Poffenberger's, took up the defence of the right. Hooker's infantry advanced,—Meade in the centre of his line, Doubleday on the right and supporting the artillery, and

Ricketts on the left. Mansfield massed his corps behind Ricketts, in close column by divisions, which would enable him to render assistance in any quarter. The Rebel skirmishers fell back slowly, and after hard fighting, Ewell, who had Jackson's first line, withdrew from the eastern strip of woods and in disorder retreated across the open fields. Meade, in pursuit, had almost reached the Hagerstown road, when he received a sudden check by the rapid advance of Jackson's second line. He began a hurried retreat, which was saved from becoming a route only by the quick interposition of one of Ricketts' brigades, and by the resolution with which Patrick and Gibbon held a knoll commanding the turnpike. Jackson, in his turn, began to fall back, and with terrible loss, almost half his men and more than half his officers remaining on the field.

Gibbon's left, the Seventh Wisconsin and Nineteenth Indiana, in command of Lieutenant Colonel Bachman, pressed after him under the sweeping fire of two Rebel guns which, from a hillock, covered the withdrawal of a portion of Jackson's troops, and which were supported by a large infantry force. The Seventh and Nineteenth rushed impetuously across the road and began the ascent of the hillock, their ranks thinning fearfully at every step. Colonel Bachman's horse fell dead under him, his right arm was shattered, but, apparently unconscious of hurt, he shouted to his men to stand firm, and to press on. He pressed on, and fell, at the very mouths of the Rebel guns, pierced through by three grape-shot. Captain Dudley assumed command, and led the bleeding remnant from the field. General Patrick moved up before the Rebels had time to reclaim it, and held the ground which had been won at such costly price.

Hooker's right now reached across the turnpike, and was protected by batteries, wheeled into position on the knol north-east of Poffenberger's. His left, hotly engaged with Hill's division, had yet gained little advantage, when about eight o'clock Mansfield deployed his troops and entered the battle.

Gordon moved his brigade through a corn field south of

Poffenberger's house, through a thin strip of oak trees, and halted with his right in an orchard on the Hagerstown road, and his left, the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, closing up with Crawford's brigade, and in an open pasture. The Rebels, behind the fence of a corn field in front of the Twenty-Seventh, poured volley after volley into the regiment. But as fast as the men were shot down the ranks closed up. They were bound to win, who could stand the hardest knocking.

Every heart leaped as an officer, bearing the insignia of a Major General, mounted on a superb white horse, wholly unattended, and looking as if victory was within his grasp, rode hither and thither, and gave the word "Forward!" Mansfield's corps moved through corn and apple trees, gained the church and the woods on its west. Its right was within three hundred feet of the strongly posted Rebel lines, when Hood's fresh brigades relieved Jackson's exhausted command, and there was a bloody check. Already the grey-headed leader of the corps, the honored Mansfield, had given his last command and gone forever from this earthly strife. Now General Hooker, the noble rider, who had been the cynosure of all eyes, received an agonizing wound. He was carried fainting from the field. On recovering consciousness he exclaimed: "I would gladly have compromised with the enemy by receiving a mortal wound at night, could I have remained at the head of my troops until the sun went down."

Even General McClellan was animated to heroic warmth. "This is our golden opportunity," he cried. "If we cannot whip the Rebels here we may as well all die on the field!" But a second victory was not decreed to the Army of the Potomac. Hooker's corps and Mansfield's corps were beaten back. Our Twenty-Seventh, withdrawing swiftly, had still leisure to see the horrors of the field over which it had advanced. Corn was trampled to shreds; broken guns and swords, dismounted cannon, dead and wounded men, dead horses, and wounded horses, with pieces of harness hanging to them, and maddened with terror and pain, made it the hideous spectacle which none but the retreating or the conquering soldier ever sees.

Mansfield's troops rallied east of the pike, and stood silent

under fire until the long lines of the enemy were within a hundred yards, when with one crushing volley they cleared their front.

Sumner was now on the field, Sedgwick reaching it first and on the right, French in the centre and Richardson on the left. Sedgwick gained and held for a time the point for which Hooker had striven, and which Mansfield's corps had reached, but had not been able to maintain. But he was assailed by fresh troops under McLaws and Walker from Harper's Ferry; his front was slowly pressed back; his left flank was enveloped, and he was pushed out of the western line of woods, across the roads, over the open fields into the eastern woods.

French, moving up in three lines, in the face of artillery, encountered skirmishers, drove them before him, and pressed into a group of houses on Rulet's farm. Coming upon the enemy in force, posted in an orchard and a cornfield, in ditches and on hillsides, he was subjected to a terrible fire. Conflagration added its roar and smoke to the din of battle. A barn was set on fire by shells. A dwelling house was kindled by Rebel sharpshooters. French's second line was thrown into confusion by the advance of a heavy column toward its left. At this moment a command from Sumner to press the enemy with all his force, in order to relieve Sedgwick, compelled French to order his third line round to his left. Kimball, whose brigade formed the third line, led the Fourteenth Indiana forward and planted it on his right, while his staff brought up and posted the remaining regiments, one of which (the One Hundred and Thirty-Second Pensylvania, consisting of nine months' men,) had never had a dress parade and had never been under fire. But one individual in the regiment had previously been in battle, and he was so well satisfied with his experience as anxiously to desire to withdraw from the present field. To this raw regiment Kimball especially devoted himself. Throughout the battle he remained on his horse in front. His men (though as the balls fell thick around him, they exhorted him to go back, shouting: "You ain't wanted here!" "You'll get hurt!" "Stay back, General, we'll stay here!") were en-

couraged by his presence to submit to almost intolerable fire. Moreover, had he sought shelter in the rear, curses would have followed him from those who now sincerely begged him to take care of himself.

When French's progress was checked he still maintained his ground, under orders from the Commander-in-Chief to hold his position to the last extremity. But at length his right, entirely exposed by its separation from Sedgwick, was forced back. His left stoutly maintained its ground, under a murderous fire from D. H. Hill's command, which lay comparatively sheltered in the sunken road and in the large cornfield behind it. During two hours Kimball was unsupported on either flank. His ammunition failed, but his men stripped supplies from their dead and wounded comrades. The enemy advanced on his left with three regiments. He instantly extended his left wing and gave the flanking force a sharp repulse. He repulsed with great slaughter a heavy assault on his centre. He then ordered a charge, which drove the enemy out of his ditches and to the middle of his cornfield, with the loss of three hundred prisoners and several stands of colors. Again Hill's command returned, gaining a cornfield on Kimball's right. Again it was effectually met, the Fourteenth Indiana and the Seventh Ohio rapidly changing front. Wielding his force as if it were a mallet, Hill threw it forward once more. Happily Franklin, just arrived from Crampton's Pass, encountered it and hurled it back to its starting-point and beyond to the Dunker church. Franklin halted and formed his force in column of assault, but as he was moving out to attack the heavy line behind the church he received orders to risk no further movement, simply to hold his position.

From eleven to one the battle on the right and centre was little more than an artillery duel in which nearly two hundred guns were engaged. From one to three there was almost a cessation of firing, over the whole field. About four in the afternoon Jackson moved toward the ridge near Poffenberger's under cover of artillery, but he found Federal batteries so strongly posted and so well advanced toward the Potomac, that he withdrew.

General McClellan's plan of battle was to attack the enemy's right only when matters on our right looked favorable, consequently it was not until Hooker's corps had ceased fighting and Mansfield and Sumner were engaged, that Burnside received orders to advance. The bridge behind which he lay was twelve feet wide, one hundred and fifty feet long, and is commanded by an almost precipitous bank one hundred feet high. Sharpshooters were hidden among the willows on the edge of the stream, half way up the bank in the excavations of a limestone quarry, and behind a stone wall on the top of the bank, where were also four cannon. A semi-circle of batteries swept the space from the Sharpsburg heights to the bluffs of the Antietam.

After repeated trials, in which his troops seemed to melt away like snow, Burnside gained the bridge. He formed under fire and advanced against the heights, carried the Sharpsburg ridge and gained a battery, though, as the struggle continued, and the enemy was reinforced, only to lose both. Repeatedly he sent for reinforcements, but the Commander-in-Chief could not summon resolution to order his reserves to the front. Burnside at last fell back to the bridge where he fought until night. The troops slept on their arms in line of battle, gunners beside their guns, officers with their swords buckled on, and cavalrymen with their horses saddled and ready for instant use.

Night brought reflection and irresolution to General McClellan. In vain Burnside assured him that with five thousand fresh troops he was willing to commence the attack in the morning, and Franklin pointed out a position near the Dunker church, which could readily be gained, and which, if merely held, without any advance, would uncover the whole left of the enemy and drive him from the wood. In vain they urged that the ground was now well understood, and a second day's fight could scarcely result otherwise than in a victory. McClellan was palsied by the weight of responsibility. He was the bulwark of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. If he were beaten all was lost.

General Lee, as might be imagined, was not tormented by vacillation. With one fifth of his men barefoot, one half in

rags, and all of them half famished, with no supplies and no reinforcements; with two Brigadier Generals killed, one Major General and six Brigadiers wounded, with his dead soldiers lying in rows and heaps on his centre, his right and his left; with the uncertain Potomac in his rear, and a great and increasing army in his front, speedy escape could be his only thought.

Thursday before the sun rose all was ready in the Union army for battle. Hour after hour passed. Noon came and went. The sun set. At dusk orders were given to be ready for battle in the morning. McClellan had received reinforcements to the number of about fourteen thousand, and he felt strong enough to make an attack.

Friday—unlucky day—it became known that Lee had safely crossed the river. The Army of the Potomac was overwhelmed with disappointment. No man was so dull as not to see the consequences of Lee's escape; long days of marching, long nights on the ground and in the saddle, skirmishing, indecisive battles, prison for some and death for some, the joys of home, the sweets of peace, three days ago so near, put off indefinitely.

The losses in the Union army in the battle of Antietam made an aggregate of twelve thousand five hundred men. The Confederate loss is not definitely known. The Federal officers who rode over the field the day after the battle thought it greatly outnumbered the Union loss. Captain Noyes, an officer on Doubleday's staff, asserts as the result of his own observation, and of that of old, experienced officers, that "our late foes seemed to outnumber our dead four to one." John McVey, of the Third Indiana cavalry, writes in a private letter: "I have been over the battlefield, and I never want to see another. Their loss in killed is three times as much as ours." McClellan reports: "About twenty-seven hundred of the enemy's dead were counted and buried on the field of Antietam. A portion of their dead had previously been buried by the enemy." Taking McClellan's statement as a basis, and reckoning the usual proportion of five wounded to one killed, the Confederate loss in killed and wounded amounts to over thirteen thousand five hundred.

Uncertainty also prevails in regard to the numbers engaged. McClellan had eighty-seven thousand on the field. Lee had between forty and ninety thousand; probably, as he had lost greatly by straggling, he had not many more than the lower number. His position, taken in connection with McClellan's mode of attack, gave him a vast advantage in the conflict. Both armies fought with unsurpassed courage, one impelled by desperation, the other inspired by hope.

Kimball's brigade, which had never yet been in a defeat, did its most glorious work on the field of Antietam, and well earned the proud appellation bestowed by General Sumner, "Gibralter Brigade." In four hours of desperate fighting, not a man faltered nor left the ranks. Even the bearers of wounded, sent to the rear, quickly returned to their places in line. General French, in his report, says: "With an unsurpassed ardor this gallant brigade, sweeping over all obstacles, crowned the crest of the hills on our left and right. General Kimball fought the enemy on the front and either flank with such desperate courage and determination as to permit the arrival of reinforcements, which reached the field three hours after my division had sustained the conflict." Of thirteen hundred and fifty-six men who went upon the field in Kimball's command, six hundred and thirty-nine were killed and wounded.

The Fourteenth Indiana, under Colonel Harrow, went into the fight with three hundred and twenty men, and came out with one hundred and forty. Lieutenants Lundy and Bostwick were killed; Lieutenant Ballenger was mortally wounded; Captain Coons, acting Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain Cavins, acting Major, were also wounded.

The Nineteenth Indiana was equally distinguished. It suffered even more. It lost one hundred and six out of two hundred and fifteen officers and men. Lieutenant Colonel Bachman was an officer of rare ability and excellence. He was only twenty-two years old. But "that life is long which answers life's great ends."

The following passage, from a letter written by General McClellan to Governor Morton, bears unasked testimony to the efficiency of the Nineteenth: "Glorious as has been the

record of Indiana in this war, you will pardon me for saying that the career of the Nineteenth Indiana has been such as to add still higher lustre to the reputation of your State. I have watched this regiment, with its Wisconsin comrades, in the hottest fire and in the most dangerous positions, and I am glad to say there is no better regiment in this nor in any other army."

The Twenty-Seventh Indiana lost two hundred and nine out of about four hundred. Among its killed was Lieutenant Vanorsdall. Among its wounded were Captains Wilcoxen and Kop, Lieutenants Lee, Gilmore, Balsley, and McKahin. Kop, Gilmore, and Lee died of their wounds. Colonel Colgrove was slightly wounded, but he remained on the field in command of the brigade.

The Third Cavalry, with Pleasonton's division, held the centre of the line of battle in support of three batteries of horse artillery, and remained in this position during the day, exposed to heavy artillery fire, but not brought to close quarters with the enemy.

Somewhat later, but in reference to its action in the Maryland campaign, as well as subsequently, General Pleasonton wrote to Governor Morton, in regard to the Third, in the following language: "I have the honor to call your attention to the excellent service performed by the Third Indiana cavalry. Indiana should be proud of its Third regiment of cavalry, for the services it has rendered have been most arduous, constant and important."

The Seventh was not called into action until Jackson's attempt, in the afternoon, to take the ridge on Hooker's right, and was not then under musketry fire. Its loss was entirely in wounded, four in number; nevertheless, it was in so exhausted a condition as to excite inquiry. Dr. New, the Surgeon, made the following explanation to the Medical Director: "I think I hazard nothing in saying that our regiment has done more labor and more marching, and has undergone more privation and exposure than any regiment now in this division. For more than seventeen months many of the men have been on almost constant duty, frequently for several days at a time, and living almost exclusively on what

they could gather from the country through which they passed. During the first quarter of this year—in January, February, and March—the regiment was without tents thirty-five days. Twelve days at one time in February, the coldest weather of the winter, we were on the mountain tops of Virginia, without tents, or proper food, or clothing. During the month of June we marched nearly four hundred miles, on short rations and with many of our men barefoot."

Frank Good, a private in the Seventh, in a letter of the same date to his father, writes: "I was about marched to death. We have but few of our old boys with us at present. They are about all played out. Company F has but one commissioned officer and but one or two non-commissioned. Other companies are the same way."

Several days were spent in burying the dead, which, strangely swollen and discolored, made Antietam a most horrible battle ground. In five hundred feet of the lane, which was carried by French and Richardson, more than two hundred Rebel dead lay. At the point first occupied by Kimball, the bodies were so numerous that they seemed to have fallen in line of battle. In the corn field into which Kimball charged, and round the little church where Mansfield's corps fought, the ground was black with corpses.

Many thousand wounded occupied barns, sheds, farm houses, churches and shelter tents, from the Potomac up to Hagerstown, and over South mountain to Frederick; while hundreds of ambulances daily bore northward their "precious freight of patriotic pain." Whether a wounded soldier was in blue or gray, (Lee left nearly all his wounded,) he received an equal surgical aid, an equal kindness. Pain and pity leveled distinctions. In some of the grave yards near the little hospitals, rebels and patriots were laid side by side. They whose blood had been so hot, whose hearts had beaten so high, who had fought so bravely and so bitterly, were wrapped together in the terrible hush and chill of death.

In the main hospital grave yard of Antietam a monument has been erected, bearing the following inscription: "THE LAND THAT IS NOT WORTH OUR DEATH IS NOT WORTH LIVING FOR."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE POTOMAC, AND ONWARD TO THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

I turned my eye, and as I turned surveyed
A mournful vison! The Sisyphian shade;
With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
—*Pope's Odyssey.*

After the battle of Antietam the influx of recruits was so great, and supplies were brought in so rapidly, by means of the railroad, that greatest engine of modern warfare, as it is aptly termed, that before the lapse of a month the army of the Potomac was one hundred and twenty-three thousand strong, had risen again from overwhelming disappointment, and was in all respects fitted for renewed action. Nevertheless, influenced by a dread that Lee's army outnumbered his own, and that it was being reinforced from Richmond and probably from Kentucky, McClellan determined to make no general movement unless the enemy should attempt to cross the river into Maryland, or should commit some other egregious error.

As might be supposed this determination, rather the inaction which it occasioned, was regarded with exceeding and general disfavor; and served to depress and discourage, rather than to rest and refresh the army. The latter had been so near a victory, Lee's retreat was so plainly a bare escape, that every soldier was impatient to finish the work. Roads were smooth and dry, streams were low, the days were mild, the nights were clear, and altogether it was the finest marching weather of the year. Moreover the mountains, in the gorgeous glories of autumn, foretold the approach of winter. The experience of the veteran, equally with the enthusiasm

of the recruit, urged to immediate and rapid action. The sight of pickets in gray along the opposite bank of the Potomac was tantalizing. The renewal of the bulletin: "All quiet on the Potomac," was exasperating. The troops could enjoy nothing, and could look forward to nothing but instructions to move. They slept each night in expectation of being aroused to march. They rose each morning in the hope of an advance, and sat around all day awaiting orders. In the restless state of mind which the eager desire for an onward movement produced, athletic games afforded no pleasure, and study offered no charm. As newspapers, except the New York *Herald*, did not find their way to the army, and entertaining books were not at hand, thousands of good soldiers wiled away both time and morals at a stone or a stump, which served as a gambling table.

Citizens were not less disquieted. The resurrection of McClellan had been patiently witnessed; the victory of South Mountain had been delightedly applauded; midnight bells had triumphantly announced the battle of Antietam; but submission, and satisfaction, and hope, were all clouded and shrouded by the escape of Lee, and the prospect of winter quarters again on the Potomac. The Cabinet advised action. The President remonstrated, entreated, and at last, although not until many weeks had passed, issued peremptory orders. He visited summary judgment on a member of McClellan's staff, an Indianian, for indicating a sinister purpose in delay:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
September 26, 1862.

"*Major John J. Key:*—

"SIR:—I am informed that in answer to the question, 'Why was not the Rebel army bagged immediately after the battle near Sharpsburg?' propounded to you by Major Levi C. Turner, Judge Advocate, &c., you answered: 'That is not the game. The object is, that neither army shall get much advantage of the other; that both shall be kept in the field till they are exhausted, when we will make a compromise and save slavery.' I shall be very happy if you will, within twenty-four hours from the date of this, prove to me,

by Major Turner, that you did not, either literally or in substance, make the answer stated.

"Yours, A. LINCOLN."

The letter was followed by an interview, in which Major Turner said: "I asked the question, 'Why we did not bag them after the battle of Sharpsburg?' Major Key's reply was: 'That was not the game; that we should tire the Rebels out and ourselves; that that was the only way the Union could be preserved, we come together fraternally and slavery be saved.'" Major Key did not attempt to controvert the statement of Major Turner, but claimed to be in favor of the Union. The President remarked that if there was a "game," even among Union men, to have our army not take an advantage of the enemy when it could, it was his object to break up that game. He endorsed the following on an account of the examination:

"In my view it is wholly inadmissible for any gentleman holding a military commission from the United States to utter such sentiments as Major Key is within proved to have done. Therefore, let Major John J. Key be forthwith dismissed from the military service of the United States.

"A. LINCOLN."

During all this goading forward on the one hand, and holding back on the other, foreign diplomatists speculated and philosophized on the weakness of republics, though one more keen-sighted than most Europeans, laid the blame where it belonged, saying: "No living being so ardently prays for rain as does McClellan."

September 22d President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that "On the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, and thenceforward, and forever free."

It was the directing of the surgeon's knife to the sore spot. The tainted flesh quivered. The surging currents in the body politic grew hot and cold. There were men who believed that the removal of an ulcer, whose roots were so

strong, and penetrating, and poisonous, would destroy life; and there were men who regarded the evil as a virtue, or at least as an ornament. The disloyalty of these was emboldened; the loyalty of those was chilled.

McClellan gave the President a haughty and unwilling obedience, and, by insinuations of general dissatisfaction and danger of mutiny, fanned the fires of discontent.

On the first of October Mr. Lincoln visited the army, going through the different encampments, reviewing the troops, and passing over the battle fields. The genial smile, the kindly manner, the "little story," were ready as of old; yet the cloud of care, which for a few days had lifted, was again on his worn face. He was the gravest, saddest man of the hundred thousand on the banks of the Potomac.

It was the day after his return to Washington that he exerted his authority as Commander-in-Chief, and issued a peremptory order for immediate advance, either to battle or in pursuit. However, he softened the abruptness, and perhaps weakened the force of the order, by a letter of explanation and remonstrance. He wrote:

"I say try! If we never try, we never shall succeed. If he (the enemy) make a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of communication to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. As we must beat him somewhere, or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can—he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond."

A few days later the President reiterated his order, warmly expressing his regret that all the good weather should be wasted in inactivity. Still McClellan dawdled. When one corps of infantry was shod, another was barefoot. By the time he had a cavalry troop booted and spurred and ready to ride, its horses were dying with distemper. Absolute necessity for delay always existed.

Within certain limits the army was not inactive. A strict

watch was kept along the Potomac; scouting parties were frequently engaged in skirmishes; and it was sometimes necessary to send considerable bodies after raiding forces of the enemy.

On the evening of the 17th of September, and on the 20th, 27th and 29th of the same month, the cavalry made unsuccessful efforts to cross the river at the Shepherdstown ford. On the morning of October 1st, Pleasonton, with seven hundred men, the Third Indiana, under Major Chapman, included, succeeded in crossing the river and in driving the enemy's pickets and cavalry through Shepherdstown toward the south. Cavalry and artillery, drawn up in the centre of Martinsburg, checked his progress, but soon fled. He entered the town over two bridges, which the Rebels had partially destroyed, but which, it is said, the Martinsburg ladies repaired when they heard of the approach of Union troops.

Pleasonton remained in Martinsburg from half past two until five, when, having seen nothing more of the enemy, he set out to return. At this the Rebels reappeared, started in pursuit in a headlong gallop, and, in spite of a section of artillery which guarded the rear of the Union cavalry, followed within five miles of Shepherdstown. Here, in a severe skirmish, Pleasonton took nine prisoners. He brought off from Martinsburg, at their request, twenty-four Union citizens and nine young Marylanders who had been impressed in Lee's army.

On the same day General Kimball, with his brigade, the Sixth United States cavalry, and a small force of artillery, went to Leesburg. He captured one hundred and twenty-two prisoners and returned to Harper's Ferry.

October 11th, Pleasonton's cavalry left Sharpsburg, and Robinson's brigade of infantry left Arlington Heights—the one to intercept, the other to pursue General Stuart, who, with a cavalry force of eighteen hundred men and four guns, had crossed the Potomac, on the 10th, between Williamsport and Hancock, and was hastening round the rear of the Union army.

This raid, or rather the pursuit, was mockingly described

in a series of pretended telegrams published in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and purporting to be from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac:

"October 10th, 8 A. M.

"*Honorable E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:*

"In the execution of a long conceived plan, I have decoyed the pestiferous Rebel Stuart across the Potomac for the purpose of capturing him. The meshes of my net have been admirably laid. We have him now, and there will be no more Bull Runs.

"Respectfully, G. B. McClellan."

"SECOND DISPATCH.

"10:30 A. M., October 10th, 1862.

"Stuart is taking up hundreds of my stragglers. They will cumber his march. We have him now.

"G. B. McClellan."

"THIRD DISPATCH.

"12 M., October 10th, 1862.

"Stuart is robbing the Dutch farmers of their horses and giving them orders for payment upon me. He cannot travel with led horses. We are drawing the meshes round him.

"G. B. McClellan."

"FOURTH DISPATCH.

"Stuart has entered Chambersburg and captured the Dutch burgesses. They are too fat to ride. Have a special train to take him on to Washington.

"G. B. McClellan."

"FIFTH DISPATCH.

"6:15 A. M., October 11th, 1862.

"Stuart is off from Chambersburg, so heavily laden with blankets, overcoats, shoes and boots that he can hardly travel. Have the train waiting at the Relay House.

"G. B. McClellan."

"SIXTH DISPATCH.

"Stuart is making for Frederick, just as I had planned. I am tightening the net. All right. He is bagged.

"G. B. McCLELLAN."

"SEVENTH DISPATCH.

"8 A. M., OCTOBER 11th, 1862.

"According to my original plan, Stuart has disappeared. Route unknown. G. B. Mc."

"EIGHTH DISPATCH.

"4 P. M., OCTOBER 11th, 1862.

"Just as I wished, Stuart has gone to the east of Frederick. All the better; Pleasonton will pounce upon him at the fords, when his horses are well blown, and bag the entire gang of marauders. G. B. McCLELLAN."

"NINTH DISPATCH.

"2 P. M., OCTOBER 12th, 1862.

"Stuart has been driven across the Potomac—Dutch burgesses, stolen blankets, overcoats, shoes, boots and all. Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe. I may safely claim a victory. General Pleasonton, my chief of cavalry, accomplished this daring feat without losing a man. This was mainly owing to his great prudence in not engaging the enemy. According to my original plan, Stuart was allowed to cross back without molestation. And so this dangerous raid has been suppressed without bloodshed.

"I am your obedient servant,

"GEORGE B. McCLELLAN."

The tone of triumph evident in these ironical dispatches was justifiable. Stuart crossed and recrossed Maryland, entered Pennsylvania, burned the government stores at Chambersburg, took all he wanted from the country people, and outran, avoided and evaded all his pursuers. In short, he met with a success which, to use his own language, "beggars description."

Although Pleasonton's cavalry and Robinson's infantry gained nothing, they suffered not a little in the pursuit. Robinson's brigade started at daylight, after having been kept all night in readiness to move. At dark it bivouacked at Rockville. At four the next morning it was again on the march. It was forced to move so rapidly, and with so little rest, that during the day one hundred and fifty men fell exhausted by the roadside and two died from fatigue. New regiments suffered the most, but even our old Twentieth found the march almost intolerable. The brigade passed through Poolesville at dark, moved four miles farther in rain and mud, and reached Conrad's Ford at midnight—three hours after the raiders had crossed.

Pleasonton passed through Hagerstown the first day and bivouacked at Mechanicstown, where he arrived several hours after dark. He resumed the march after a short halt, and proceeding much of the way on the double-quick, passed through Frederick at daylight, and reached the mouth of the Monocacy early in the forenoon. Receiving the support of a small portion of Stoneman's command, the advance reached the Potomac close on Stuart's trail, and began firing on the only visible portion of the enemy. The fire was briskly returned and an engagement ensued, which, resulting in no loss to either side, enabled Stuart's main force to cross the river at another point. The Rebel rear-guard then decamped.

A miss is as good as a mile, and Pleasonton's cavalry, after this fruitless march of seventy-eight miles in twenty-four hours, returned fatigued and disconsolate to camp.

On the 17th the Third Indiana cavalry took part in a reconnoissance, under the command of General Hancock, to Charlestown. The Rebels opened fire on the Union force when it was a mile and a half from Charlestown. Hancock's artillery replied, and after an engagement of two hours, drove the Rebels to the hills beyond the town.

On the 26th of October, 1862, McClellan began the passage of the Potomac, and with the obstruction of heavy rains and deep mud, accomplished it by the 2d of Novem-

ber. General Lee immediately, although with no appearance of haste, retired from Winchester, where he had held his army concentrated, wagoning his supplies over eighty miles of bad roads.

General Slocum, to whom General Mansfield's corps had fallen, remained on the line of the Potomac. The Twenty-Seventh Indiana was stationed at Dam No. 4, with about five miles of guard duty. It occupied cabins, which had been built the preceding winter by the Twelfth. The right wing of the army took up its line of movement along the base of the Blue Ridge, Pleasonton's cavalry in advance, exchanging shots from morning until night with Stuart, who covered the Rebel rear, and Kimball's brigade forming the extreme right of the infantry. The left wing moved on the opposite side of the valley, along the Catoctin and the Bull Run Mountains. Nearly all the teams were used for the transportation of provisions, and the men had nothing with them but what they carried on their backs. Unable to sleep, on account of the cold, they sat around huge fires half the night.

At every pass in the Blue Ridge a skirmish occurred, but in the end all the passes were seized by Pleasonton, or by Pleasonton and infantry forces which came to his support, and they were held as long as their abandonment would have enabled the enemy to trouble McClellan's communications with the Potomac.

November 1st, Pleasonton had a sharp skirmish at Philamont—Doubleday's old brigade, now Hoffman's, supported him. November 2d, he had another sharp skirmish at Union, supported by the same infantry force. The Seventh Indiana lost four killed and six wounded. On the same day the Fourteenth Indiana gained Rockford Pass, and held it twenty-four hours, in spite of several efforts of the enemy to retake it. On the 3d, Pleasonton had a severe fight at Uppersville, and on the 4th at Ashby's Gap. In the latter engagement, Hoffman's brigade again took part.

At Barber's cross-roads Stuart made a stubborn stand. He barricaded the road behind a hill with plows and harrows, and placed guns on both sides, so that if Pleasonton, gal-

loping down the pike, should bring up against the barricade, he would be demolished with a cross-fire from the artillery. However, the Union cavalry discovered the barricade, abandoned the main road, and charged from right and left with such impetuosity that Stuart was glad to escape with the loss of twenty-two men. In all the cavalry engagements the Third Indiana bore an active and honorable part.

At two o'clock on the morning of November 6th, the Third was roused to move in advance and take possession of Waterloo, a little place on the Hagaman river, a branch of the Rappahannock, and a narrow but deep stream. It had marched until nine of the preceding evening, up and down the mountains, but it now moved briskly forward. Waterloo was deserted, but the bridge was burning, having been kindled by Stuart's rear guard, which was seen around a fire beyond the river. Firing commenced at daylight from the opposite side of the river, and continued until Pleasonton, in the afternoon, appeared in the Rebel rear.

Lieutenant Deming, with the Sixteenth Indiana battery, which had been at Washington since the battle of Antietam, and did not arrive at Harper's Ferry in time to join its corps, followed the army at a long distance. At Snicker's Gap he was attacked by three hundred Rebel cavalry. Having no gunners, Deming retreated, fighting to the best of his ability over twenty-eight miles, and losing seven men, four of them killed. He crossed the Potomac at Berlin with all his guns.

Sigel's corps broke up its encampment at Germantown the same time that the main body of the army crossed the river, and also took up the line of march. The pioneers of the corps gathered up the bones of the dead, in the woods and roads near Bull Run, and hid them from the passers by.

On the 7th of November, 1862, the Army of the Potomac was once more encamped on the line of the Rappahannock. That night a messenger from Washington delivered to the Commander-in-Chief orders to report immediately to the President. General McClellan devoted the next day—a cloudy, snowy day—to the transfer of the command, and to a final parting with his officers. The following day he visited the various camps, reviewed the troops, and parted with

the men. On the third he commenced his journey. It was a short journey, but it occupied no little time, as he stopped at every station to receive the salute of troops drawn up in line.

There may have been an effort at dramatic effect in this prolonged parting; but the inference is not necessary. It was a natural expression of reluctance to separate with the tried comrades of camp and field, and to relinquish a position of honor and authority second to but one. McClellan had always been careful of the lives and thoughtful for the comfort of his men. He loved the splendid Army of the Potomac. He appreciated the sweets of power. No doubt he had chill forebodings of insignificance and obscurity. He keenly felt the triumph of his opponents. And their satisfaction was undisguised. "Great and glorious day! McClellan gone overboard!" wrote honest, growling Gurowski, one for all. It was a human weakness to fumble on the cup and put off the hateful draught the few hours of possible delay.

CHAPTER IV.

BURNSIDE AND FREDERICKSBURG.

The flowers of the forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.
—*Scotch ballad.*

The Thirteenth of December,—a memorable day to the historian of the Decline and Fall of the American Republic!—*London Times.*

The same hour that McClellan was withdrawn, General Ambrose Everett Burnside was advanced to the head of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside was of Scotch origin, of Indiana birth, and of West Point education. He was one of the first to volunteer in 1861, and his regiment was among the first to reach Washington. In the tumult and disorder of the first battle of Bull Run, he was self-possessed. In the reorganization of the army in the following autumn, he was efficient. In the Burnside expedition to the South, he captured Roanoke Island, Newbern, Beaufort and Fort Macon by hard and well directed fighting. When ordered from North Carolina to the James to reinforce McClellan, and from the James to the Rappahannock to reinforce Pope, he moved without the delay of an hour. He fought the battle of South Mountain. He gave and received hard and bloody blows at Antietam.

He was as firm, and frank, and modest, as he was prompt and brave. He had also that zeal which magnetizes other generous minds, and brings them into accordance, if not to subjection. His soldiers, honoring him much, but loving him more, regarded him with a pleasant familiarity. As soldiers always do to favorite commanders, they gave him a nickname, talking of him in camp as "Old Burny." He came out of his tent and mounted his horse one day, in a new blouse—the old one, with which every man in his corps was acquainted, having been discarded. "Hurrah for Old Burny's

new blouse!" shouted a soldier. The cry was echoed and re-echoed by thousands of voices as regiment after regiment, drawn up in line, caught its meaning. The General looked around bewildered, but in a moment raised his hat with a smile.

By the rank and file Burnside was received with open arms. Probably no other man, except Hooker, whose conduct at Antietam had given him great popularity, would have met an equally warm welcome. But many of the officers, especially in the highest positions, were so devoted to McClellan, and so unjust and insubordinate, as to feel and express dislike to his successor. Burnside himself demurred. He even entreated the President to reconsider the appointment. But his modest protestations were unheeded, as Lincoln could not afford to put in the position any but a successful man, and a man whom circumstances had previously made prominent.

Lee's forces, at the time of the removal of McClellan, were concentrated before Gordonsville, with the exception of Jackson's division, which still kept a hold on the Shenandoah Valley. It was the expectation of General Halleck that within a few days a severe, if not decisive, battle would be fought on the Gordonsville route to Richmond. Such an expectation may have been in the mind of McClellan; but Burnside had scarcely accepted the authority imposed on him, when he determined to relinquish all attempts to reach the Confederate Capital on the present route. He was convinced that even if successful in gaining Gordonsville, he would be forced to fall back from that point for supplies, while a movement on Fredericksburg, with more promise, as it might be made almost without attracting the notice of Lee, would secure an easy line of communication. He calculated, also, that Lee, hastening to confront him on the new route, would be forced to fight without the aid of Jackson's division, or delaying to be reinforced, would either be beaten in the race to Richmond, or so closely followed as to be unable to build fortifications after his arrival. Burnside's opinions were indorsed by General Sumner, who, uniting, as he did, the ardor of youth to the wisdom of age, seems to

have stood higher in the confidence of his superior than any other officer.

The proposition for the change was sent to Washington, accompanied by the request that if it was approved that barges, filled with provisions and forage, be floated to Aquia creek; that materials be collected for the construction of wharves there; that all the wagons in Washington filled with hard bread and small commissary stores, a pontoon train long enough to span the Rappahannock twice, and a large number of cattle, be started down to Fredericksburg.

The project was not regarded with favor by the President and his advisers; but after a personal interview of some of the latter with Burnside, cordial co-operation was promised.

Under the direction of General Sigel a bold reconnoissance was made to Fredericksburg to ascertain the strength of the enemy at that point. A hundred Ohio horsemen and sixty Indianians from Sigel's bodyguard, with the young hero, Ulric Dahlgren, at their head, formed the reconnoitring party. The sixty started from Gainesville on the morning of Saturday, November 8th. Lookers-on, who conjectured the enterprise, shook their heads and predicted that the gallant band never would return; but the troopers, proud to do the dangerous duty, rode off gaily.

The additional one hundred fell in at Catlett's Station. As the expedition required secrecy, the march was through by-ways, where mud clogged the horses' steps, and as it equally required haste, it was continued all day and all the following night, with the allowance of an hour's rest. Nevertheless it was dawn of the 9th when the untiring troopers reached the Rappahannock. The water was high, and they hid in the woods while scouts searched for means to effect a crossing. A ferryman was found, but his boat could carry only small detachments. At length a ford was discovered. It was narrow and rocky, with holes in it from six to eight feet deep, but man by man the Indianians picked their way across.

Rebel troops were gathering in the streets of Fredericksburg, and Dahlgren did not wait for the Ohio cavalry. Leaving orders that it should guard the crossing, he moved

in a slow trot toward the town. The enemy approached him in detachments, and he quickened his pace. Lieutenant Carr, with a small number in advance, drove back one detachment and another until the edge of the town was reached. Then the whole band, led by Captain Sharra, dashed forward against a barricade of Rebel cavalry and engaged in a close fight with clubbed carbines and drawn sabres. Lieutenant Carr ran his sabre through an officer. Orderly Fitler, in a hand to hand struggle, struck down his opponent, and captured horse, carbine and sabre. The Rebels fled before a Union man fell; but after the streets were cleared Robert Gapen, of Terre Haute, who had followed the company as a volunteer, was shot from a window. He had cut a Rebel flag from its staff, and when he fell was winding it around his body.

After learning the strength of the Rebel force—eight companies of Virginia troops—Dahlgren recrossed the river. Gapen was buried on the northern bank. Four others were missing, probably captured. With twelve men, Dahlgren made a further reconnoissance to Aquia creek. He then returned to Sigel, with twenty-nine prisoners and two wagon loads of gray cloth.

On the 9th a reconnoissance was made, by the Eighth Illinois and the Third Indiana cavalry, to Little Washington. Some skirmishing with a brigade of Rebel cavalry took place.

On the 11th two companies—A and B—of the Third Indiana, under command of Captain Patton, were sent on out-post duty to Jefferson, where they remained until the 15th, skirmishing more or less each day.

No body of men in the army did more faithful and efficient service during the campaign than the battalion of the Third Indiana. No regiment, except perhaps the Eighth Illinois, was as well mounted, and, consequently, able to stand the wear and tear of the campaign with as little wastage by reason of dismounted men.

November 15th, Burnside began his movement on Fredericksburg, sending, at the same time, a force toward Gordonsville to distract the attention of Lee. The Second and

Ninth corps, forming, under Sumner, what was called the Right Grand Division, marched fifty miles in two and a half days, though encumbered with a heavy baggage train, and reached Falmouth on the 17th. A battery of artillery on the other side of the river opened on the advance. Sumner promptly answered the salutation, and within fifteen minutes forced the Rebel artillery to run. His orders were to remain in Falmouth, but the temptation to take the guns the enemy had left on the field was so strong, and there was so little to oppose him—the river being fordable in several places, and the whole Rebel force in Fredericksburg less than a thousand men—that he actually gave directions for crossing on the following day. At night, however, he held a council of his general officers to consider the propriety of the step. After hearing the opinion of several, he turned to Kimball and said: "Well, Kimball, what's your opinion?" "When I get your orders, General," was the reply, "I'll give my opinion by obeying them!" "That's what we all ought to do, gentlemen," said Sumner, and broke up the council. He revoked the order the same night; and sent a request to Burnside, who was eight miles distant, to be allowed to make the movement. The Commander-in-Chief replied that it was not advisable to occupy Fredericksburg until his communications were established. The older General recalled his experience on the Peninsula of the consequence of getting astride a river, and not only acquiesced but approved.*

Fredericksburg proved to be a Flodden field, and in the light of the result, Burnside's delay stands beside the forbearance of the unfortunate James, who waited for his enemies to marshal themselves fairly on good ground, set fire to his tents, and descended a hill which gave him all the advantages of a fortress, in order that the terms of combat might be equal.

The First and Sixth corps forming, under Franklin, the Left Grand Division; and the Third and Fifth the Centre, under Hooker, encamped near Falmouth on the 18th and

*General Lee asserts in his official report that "Sumner attempted to cross the Rappahannock on the afternoon of the 17th, but was driven back."

19th. Here the Army of the Potomac waited twenty-two days for the pontoons, and for the establishment of communications, impatiently looking on while Lee concentrated his forces on the Heights of Fredericksburg, dug long lines of intrenchments, and threw up earthworks for the protection of batteries.

Every hour of waiting was paid for in blood.

Fredericksburg is situated in a little valley formed by Stafford Heights and Marye's Hills. The plain is six miles long and from one to three in breadth. It is full of inequalities and gradually rises from the Rappahannock, which lies at the foot of Stafford Heights to the southern line of hills.

As soon as his pontoons were at hand, Burnside attempted to make the passage at Skinker's Neck, twelve miles below Falmouth, in order, by turning the right flank of the enemy, to avoid the formidable array on the heights in the rear of the town. On finding himself expected at that point, he hastened to effect a direct crossing while Lee's attention was divided. On the 10th of December he concentrated his army in the rear of Stafford Heights.

Since the failure of the pontoons to arrive at the proper time, an understanding had prevailed throughout the army that further attempts at progress were postponed until spring weather and spring roads should give better promise of success. Nevertheless, the troops surmised the meaning of the present movement. Oft repeated experience had worn out the wild enthusiasm of earlier days, and it was with manly solemnity that they made preparations for the battle. Quiet settled early over the crowded encampments on the night of the 10th. They sank in restful sleep who felt that their next night might be dreamless. The rumbling of artillery alone broke the stillness, until, before the first streaks of day, the bugle roused the army.

Four bridges opposite the city and two bridges two miles below were immediately commenced. A long line of gunners, on the heights, where one hundred and forty-three guns were in position, stood ready to open fire.

Under cover of a heavy fog engineers floated the boats out in the river. Swiftly and silently they made fast boat

after boat, and laid plank after plank. More than half the bridge was laid, when a double report of a signal gun rang from the Confederate hills; and Rebel sharpshooters, flying to their places, poured a deadly fire from the stone walls of the river street of Fredericksburg on the workmen of the four upper bridges. The workmen fled. After a half hour's quiet they returned, but only to fly to the hills a second time before a storm which riddled planks and boats. Again they set to work. A third time they were driven off. It was not possible to continue the task, while those sharp-eyed marksmen held Fredericksburg, and the guns on Stafford Heights endeavored to clear the city. Each gun fired fifty rounds. Hundreds of tons of iron were hurled across the river. Continued roars, louder than the loudest thunder, shook the hills. Flames shot up through fog and mist.

Colonel Chapman's horsemen, who, with other cavalry, were moving from a distant picket line toward Falmouth, put spurs to their horses, hoping to reach the ground in time to be called into the conflict of a battle apparently too terrible to last many hours.

The firing ceased, and the smoke slowly cleared away. The further side of the city was battered, and isolated houses were in flames, but the street which sheltered the sharpshooters was too close under Stafford Heights to be reached by the artillerists, and it was almost untouched. In consequence the workmen were in no way relieved.

At length volunteers—a forlorn hope—seizing pontoon boats, rowed themselves, in the face of the fire, and, with smaller numbers at every stroke of the oar, to the further bank, and chased the Rebels from cellars, walls and rifle-pits. Deafening cheers rose from the army, which, until this moment, had stood in absorbed and silent attention.

Franklin, who directed the construction of the bridges two miles below Fredericksburg, met with little opposition, as the sharpshooters at that point had no other protection than rifle-trenches. Howard's division of Couch's corps crossed on the upper bridges, and bivouacked the night of the 11th in Fredericksburg. The next day the remainder of the right wing of the army and all of the left wing moved over the

river. Included in Franklin's force were the old divisions of Hooker and Kearney, now under Sickles and Birney. Hooker parted with them reluctantly, on the peremptory order of Burnside, who desired that Franklin, being in front of the Rebel line, should make the main assault, and with sufficient force to insure its success. Birney remained on the northern bank at the head of the lower bridges, with orders to cross early on the 13th.

The 12th was consumed by the Union general in crossing the river and reconnoitring the enemy's position. It was spent by the Rebel commander-in-chief, in drawing together detached portions of his army, and in adding with needless caution to the strength of his intrenchments.

Longstreet formed the Rebel left and centre, and extended along the bold, bare bluffs above the city, into the oak and pine-clad heights in its rear and below it. His advance line was at the foot of the hills, one brigade, the next day two brigades, in a sunken country road behind a stout stone wall, five or six hundred yards long. His batteries could sweep the city and the narrow strip of plain in its rear, by a direct and converging fire. Jackson's corps lay on Longstreet's right, on the same ridge of semi-circular hills, and stretched to the eastward into the valley toward the river. Stuart, with two brigades of cavalry and with a force of horse artillery, had the extreme right, reaching to Massaponax creek. In front of Jackson, the ground was comparatively low and unbroken, and the plain stretched to a width of two miles. In front of Longstreet, it was a succession of hillocks, ditches, fences and muddy fields. Close in the rear of the city was a canal, which might be called his first line of defense.

An ominous silence prevailed throughout the 12th. Stern and grave expectation rested on the army, not unnaturally relieved here and there by frolicsome gaiety. A soldier, with a white beaver or a wig on his head, a fine dress falling about his shoulders, a doll in his arms, excited roars of laughter. But the good provost marshal, General Patrick, had no more leniency for one kind of robbery than for another, and was also cautious about inflaming Southern feeling; he, therefore, shortly put an end to these capricious capers.

Saturday the 13th broke still and warm, like a lingering touch of Indian summer in mid-winter. Fog hung heavily on river, hill and plain. After ten, the fog slowly lifted.

Franklin's force comprised about sixty thousand men, and extended from the outskirts of Fredericksburg, three miles along a broad, well-shaped road, the old Richmond road, parallel to the river, nearly to Massaponax creek. In its front, the wide, unobstructed plain afforded room for the deployment of troops out of hostile range. Franklin was ordered to gain a point which would enable him immediately to place his forces in rear of the enemy's extreme right, and, by a new road connecting the wings of the rebel army, give him free access to the open ground in the rear of the line of heights. Not until the position was taken, were the heights back of the town to be assailed; but immediately on the announcement of Franklin's success, Sumner was to advance to the assault. Between nine and ten, Meade's division of Franklin's troops swept over the open ground toward the crest on which the enemy was posted, and in the woods of which he was concealed. Gibbon's division, which should have been close at hand on its right, moved on the right of its rear, and Doubleday's division had the left of its rear. Just as the advance began, Birney's division of Hooker's corps arrived from the other side of the river and took its station in and near the old Richmond road, to move forward when called upon. No Indiana regiments were in Meade's division, and none in Gibbon's. In Doubleday's were the Nineteenth, included in Meredith's brigade, and the Seventh, under Lieutenant Colonel Cheek, Colonel Gavin being in command of the brigade. In Birney's division was the Twentieth regiment in Robinson's brigade. Meade was apparently unobserved until he was within range of the Rebel batteries, which were entirely hidden from him. The fire did not check him; it gave him fresh impetus. Rushing forward with vigor and suddenness, he broke through the enemy's lines, drove him from his advanced works, captured several flags and several hundred prisoners, passed rows of muskets stacked, the Rebels not having had time to take them up, and penetrating to Jackson's reserve, reached the

road, which Burnside considered the key of the enemy's position. But he outran the tardy Gibbon, and when assailed on both flanks by Jackson's reserves, he was compelled to give way. Gibbon advancing slowly, met with a momentary success, but he was assaulted impetuously by a fresh Rebel force, and he fell back in disorder. Birney moved up on Meade's ground and met the tide of pursuit. He checked it, and Robinson's brigade, with a furious bayonet charge which the Rebels fled before, wrested from their grasp two of Meade's batteries, but being without support on right or left, or rear, Birney could not follow up his advantage. Doubleday, at the beginning of Meade's advance, was turned square off to the left, to meet a strong Rebel force which threatened to gain his flank and rear. He drove the enemy before him more than a mile. His further progress was restrained only by the failure of the assault on his right.

About noon, when Meade gave every promise of success, Sumner began to storm the centre of the Rebel line. He selected French and Hancock for the work, because these generals were "two of the most gallant officers in the army, and their troops had never turned their backs to the enemy." Their behavior this day justified his choice. "They did all that men could do." General Kimball's brigade was placed in front. Kimball's skirmishers drove back the enemy s skirmishers and established a line of battle on a little rise of ground in the face of the lower range of Rebel breastworks, and almost beneath the upper range of guns. The Fourteenth Indiana, Major Cavins, on the left, the Seventh Virginia and two New Jersey regiments forming the remainder of Kimball's brigade, supported the skirmishers. Tier upon tier the enemy's fortifications rose before them. In the shelter of the slight elevation gained by his skirmishers, French deployed his troops in column of attack, brigade front, with intervals of two hundred paces. Hancock's division followed, and forming in the same manner, joined the advance of French.

The fascination with which the spectators on Stafford Heights watched the amphitheatre before and beneath them, seemed for a few moments to be shared by the opposing

heights. The batteries ceased and the hills were still. But it was no charm which held the mouths of Rebel guns; no admiration for that steady line of noblest Americans which restrained the hands of Rebel gunners. When the artillery north of the river was forced to withhold a fire which streamed indiscriminately on friendly and hostile lines, the Rebels joyfully poured down cross storms of shot and shell. French's column was the focus of a semi-circle of batteries. It quivered. Gaps were visible at the distance of a mile. But the ranks closed up and marched on, inspired by an awful courage and the delusive hope that when once within the shelter of the first hill the most terrible part of their duty would be done. They were but sixty paces from the base of the hill, when suddenly the stone wall was alive and burning with musketry. Every foot of the wall securely sheltered a sharpshooter. The muskets of the assailants were impotent. Their artillery played harmlessly on the stones. They melted away, falling dead or wounded, flying to the rear, or throwing themselves to the ground in the hollows of the plain.

Hancock's division, each brave Irishman in its front gaily adorned with a sprig of evergreen in tribute to his native isle, was dashed back by the same terrific fire.

Howard, Sturgis and Getty advanced to the support of French and Hancock, only to be in turn driven from the ground. Kimball, wounded in the thigh, was early carried from the field, but his brigade, under the command of Colonel Mason of the Fourth Ohio, and his staff, by his direct order, remained until sundown, sheltered by a slight depression in the ground.

When three assaults had failed, Burnside sent Hooker, with his two remaining divisions, to take a hand in the dreadful game. Hooker reconnoitered the position, consulted the officers who had been engaged, and sent word to his commander that the point was impregnable. Burnside reiterated the order. Hooker hastened back in person to Stafford Heights and urged his opinion. Burnside was as impregnable as the wall at the foot of Marye's Heights. He who had weathered the storms of Hatteras, hopeful and

dauntless when all around were faltering or in despair, was undaunted now. Hooker unwillingly returned. He beat the wall with batteries, then threw forward his column of assault. It was hurled back in less than fifteen minutes.

It was now dark. Burnside's advanced line occupied the side of a hillock, which was within sound of the piteous cries of the wounded. Attempts made to remove or relieve the sufferers were only successful in provoking the Confederate fire.

At four the next morning, Sunday, Burnside sent the following dispatch to the President: "Our troops are all over the river, and hold the first ridge outside the town and three miles below. We hope to carry the crest to-day. Our loss heavy, say five thousand."

The crest was not carried on the 14th. It was not assaulted. In the words of Abram J. Buckles, a private in the Nineteenth, "Everything this day seemed as if hushed, and mourning over the slaughter of the day before." Expecting with each hour an order to advance, the army stood in battle array from sunrise until sunset. The Third Indiana and other cavalry, which on the 12th had taken position on Stafford Heights, and held themselves ready for an emergency, still waited. The forces on the southern boundary of the amphitheatre were equally inactive.

Monday, the long lines of battle continued unbroken. The dead were buried. The wounded were carried off. Supply wagons were withdrawn. Every preparation was made apparently for a bloody day's work on the morrow.

The line of pickets ran from the Rappahannock, three miles below the lowest bridge, nearly westward to the vicinity of Fredericksburg, when it bent toward the north. The pickets lay flat, in the rear of the city, as the Rebels could depress their artillery sufficiently to rake everything two feet above the surface of the ground. In many places, hostile sentinels were close enough for the exchange of words.

Monday night, the Nineteenth Indiana guarded the extreme left. It was a wild night. In the darkest hour, while each ear and each eye was intent lest the din of the elements and the depth of the darkness should cover a movement of

the enemy, to the shivering pickets came a whispered order to fall back. They withdrew noiselessly. In their rear was not a gun, nor a caisson, nor a man of the vast army they had supposed wrapt in sleep. The very intrenching tools were all gone. At daybreak, pressed by the enemy, they reached the river. At the head of the only remaining bridge stood engineers waiting to take up the planks. Two regiments from other parts of the picket line were about crossing. But it was necessary to check the pursuers of the Nineteenth, and the three regiments forming into line turned a bold face toward the foe, who fired but one round. The passage was now effected, the planks were taken up, and the pontoons were floated to the other side.

The out-posts of the Nineteenth, far in the front when orders reached them, arrived at the water's edge to find the unbridged river between them and the army. But skiffs close at hand dispelled their momentary dismay and carried them quickly to the further shore.

It was not without a severe struggle with himself that Burnside gave up Fredericksburg. During the assaults on Saturday afternoon he walked up and down on the bank of the Rappahannock and exclaimed vehemently: "That crest must be carried!" He compelled Hooker, against the wishes and judgment of the latter, to make the last essay. Saturday night he went over the whole field on the right, inquiring into the condition and feeling of both officers and men. Although he found disappointment and despondency almost everywhere, he prepared to lead in person the Ninth corps in an assault at an early hour the next day. He gave up the attempt only on the urgent solicitation of Sumner. Then with deep reluctance, and feeling in his heart that he could yet succeed if he were but rightly seconded, he determined on a withdrawal.

Losses summed up were: To the Rebels, five thousand, to the Army of the Potomac, twelve thousand three hundred and twenty-one.

It would be useless to attempt to paint the grief and consternation produced by the publication of the result. On

the removal of McClellan and the appointment of a fighting General, hopes of uninterrupted success had animated all lovers of their country. The disaster was the more appalling and the more exasperating. With patient sorrow Burnside bared his head to the shame and blame which popular feeling, fired by party spite, hastened to heap on him. Saying not a word of the failure in Washington to send forward the pontoons, and not a word of the failure of Franklin, with more than half the army and a good position, to turn the right wing of the enemy, he wrote to Halleck: "For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage and endurance shown by the officers and soldiers were never excelled, and would have carried the point if possible. * * * The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton to this line rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary of War and yourself, and that you have left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me the more responsible."

The people and the President responded nobly. And well they might. Others could, and, as time wore on, did conquer the enemy. Burnside alone, of all the commanders-in-chief, showed that he had conquered himself.

Mr. Lincoln wrote to the army: "Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, on an open field, maintained the contest against an intrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy, show that you possess all the qualities which will yet give victory to the cause of the country and of popular government."

The comments of the enemy on the battle of Fredericksburg are in the customary arrogant strain of the South. Pollard says: "In this part of the field," i. e. the rear of Fredericksburg, where was Kimball's brigade, "the enemy displayed a devotion that is remarkable in history. This display does not adorn the Yankees. To the Irish division was principally committed the desperate task."

Again: "The victory had been purchased by us with lives, though comparatively small in number, yet infinitely

more precious than those of the mercenary hordes arrayed against us."

The correspondent of the *Richmond Enquirer* says: "The "railroad gap at one time was filled with Yankees, when a well-directed shot from the battery exploded in their midst, killing about fifty of the hirelings."

The Indiana troops in the battle of Fredericksburg were few in number, but were not called to the performance of insignificant duties. In the main fighting, the Fourteenth led the advance. The Nineteenth covered the retreat of the whole army. Captain Kalley of the Fourteenth was killed. Lieutenant Gibson, of the same regiment, died of wounds received.

In Couch's official report, the following paragraph occurs: "Kimball's brigade was in front. By its subsequent conduct, it showed itself worthy to lead." Sumner, during an examination before a Congressional committee which was appointed to investigate the causes of the repulse, twice asserted that his troops, foremost of which was Kimball's brigade, "did all that men could do."

Colonel Cutter, who, in the absence of Meredith, commanded the brigade of the latter, says in his official report:

"I sent an order to Colonel Williams, of the Nineteenth Indiana, to call in his pickets at half-past four in the morning, and to follow his brigade in silence to a new position, up the river, without intimating that they were to cross the river. He obeyed the order to the letter, and when day dawned, found himself and his regiment following the army across the Rappahannock. He had at least three miles to march and reach the bridge, and was the last of that vast army to cross. I am under great obligation to all the officers and men for their cordial co-operation during the brief period I was in command, but especially to Colonel Williams for the coolness and good judgment which he exercised in obeying my orders, and which resulted in saving one of the best regiments in the service."

The battle of Fredericksburg cost the Army of the Potomac the only general who in actual contest had shown himself able to cope with Stonewall Jackson. General

Kimball, seriously wounded, was carried from the field about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th. The next day, Mr. Holloway, an agent of Governor Morton in the work of relieving Indiana wounded, saw him on his way to Washington, lying in a freight car, and unable to move without assistance. He was attended by an orderly. Another general, slightly wounded, and sitting in the same car, was attended by three orderlies. Holloway's pride was a little touched by the comparatively neglected state of Kimball, and he asked, "Where are the members of your staff?" "On the field," replied the Indiana general, "their services were needed."

Wounds were principally from shell. In consequence, flesh was lacerated and bones were crushed to an unusual degree. Agents of the Sanitary Commission were on the ground, immediately after the battle, with abundant supplies, and greatly relieved the suffering which rose from the removal of the wounded from the comfortable houses of Fredericksburg to the damp ground of hospital tents.

Two agents, who had been sent by Governor Morton to attend to the wants of Indianians, were very efficient. Mr. Richardson, the well-known correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, under date of December 18, alluded to the care which had commissioned them, in the following manner:

"The peculiar and constant attention to the troops his State has sent out so promptly, is the prominent feature of Governor Morton's most admirable administration. In all our armies, from Kansas to the Potomac, everywhere I have met Indiana troops I have encountered some officer of Governor Morton going about among them, inquiring especially as to their needs both in camp and hospital, and performing those thousand offices the soldier so often requires. Would that the same tender care could be extended to every man, from whatever state, who is fighting the battles of the republic."

Among the most efficient of the regimental chaplains was E. H. Sabin of the Fourteenth, of whom Major Cavins wrote: "He was complimented by the surgeons and commanders of the regiments of Kimball's brigade, for his skill,

energy and valuable services. He greatly endeared himself to the officers and soldiers of the whole brigade, by his untiring attention to their wants."

As rapidly as the wounded were put in condition for safe transportation, they were removed to the general hospitals in Washington and Point Lookout. The last man was taken away on Christmas.

The care of the sick during the changes of this campaign, was peculiarly hard. When the army, preparatory to the attack, concentrated on Stafford Heights, the occupants of camp hospitals, which were comfortable log huts, were transferred to division hospitals. The change was made hastily and confusedly, in the night and in the rain. As every man who could carry a gun had been marched off with his regiment, the patients were forced to rely on their own wasted strength. Frequently they could not find the division hospitals. Exertion and exposure confirmed the hold and hastened the work of disease.

Sad hearts, of a young but already long-orphaned family, recall one who lay languishing when his comrades left him, and was no more when they returned. How he died, or when, or where, none knew. No tears fell, and no heart ached, as dust was given to dust. Why should his fate be told? He was but one of thousands, and the sisters who grieved for the quenching of his young and noble life, are lost in the multitude of mourners.

Wesley Kemper, whose letters were quoted in the chapter on the Twentieth Indiana, received here his finishing stroke. From the time of the seven days' battles, weakness and weariness had preyed on him, yet on the muddy banks of the James, in the march across the peninsula, standing picket on the Rappahannock as Pope fell back, he did a soldier's duty. He dragged himself after his regiment toward Bull Run, but only reached it to watch beside the lifeless body of Colonel Brown. Not until he was hopeless, did he apply for a discharge, and not until he had followed his comrades to Fredericksburg, and was dying, did he receive his discharge. He reached Indianapolis on the last day of 1862. When he saw his home, he said with the satisfaction of a tired child,

"On the old stamping ground at last!" He died on New Year's day, after all his wanderings, in the house where he was born, and after all his sufferings, in his mother's arms.

A letter from Samuel List, of the Seventh, shows how little vindictiveness or bitterness existed in the hearts of the privates:

"Opposite Fredericksburg,
December, 1862.

"For two days previous to the retreat of the Army of the Potomac but little went on in the way of fighting. Everything seemed to indicate that our army was waiting for something, no one knew what. Monday two flags of truce were sent out by our men, in front of where we lay, to get our dead and wounded. Hundreds from both sides flocked out to see each other. The Rebels came pouring out of the woods by scores without any guns. So did our men. They met half way, shook hands, talked, traded coffee for tobacco, etc. The Rebel privates seemed very anxious for the war to close. They said: "If it were not for the officers the war would have ended long ago." I believe if we had remained there a month, and the officers had not interfered, the two armies would have been in the same camp. I tell you the Rebel officers had to watch their men close to keep them from coming over to our side. In fact I saw seven throw away their guns, hold up a white cloth, and come over. I must confess it was the most impressive sight I ever saw. It made me feel that they were our friends, even if they were fighting us.

"Monday night just after dark we relieved our pickets, as usual, and lay down on our arms to sleep. At ten we were called up. Everything was got ready to move. Not a word was spoken, except by the officers, and that was done in a whisper. We supposed we must be going to steal some position on the Rebels in the darkness, but we were marched off in silence to the river, and in a few minutes were on the other side. We were nearly in the rear of the left grand division, and consequently were among the last. It was just midnight. The night favored us. It was dark, and the

wind blew from the Rebels. The artillerymen muffled their cannon wheels with rags, and took them off the field by hand, almost out of the teeth of the enemy. To-morrow, it is said, we move back to Brooks' Station. Why, I know not. I have quit inquiring into our movements. I go when they tell me, and stop when they tell me, and have come to the conclusion that the ways of war are mysterious."

"Only the eagle or the serpent," it is said, "reaches the top of the loftiest mountains." Burnside's career, as the head of the army of the Potomac, confirms the reflection. That career was short. It could not be otherwise. With all the fearlessness and daring, he had little of the soaring ambition of the monarch of the air; and he wholly lacked the winding wisdom of its earthly rival. His expressions of diffidence when he was promoted to the command of the Army of the Potomac took right hold of the heart of the people, and his frank assumption of the responsibility of the Fredericksburg battle, melted away, seemingly, every vestige of distrust. That the Commander-in-Chief of the Eastern army should, above everything else, be honest, was a subject of almost devout joy. Yet in the army there were from the beginning exceptions to the general admiration and attachment, officers who resented the promotion of the unpretending General of the Ninth corps, or who sincerely regarded him as unequal to the vast responsibilities of his new position. Burnside's expressed self-distrust, and his acknowledgment of mistake, were ready weapons for ungenerous hands, and were slyly and ruthlessly turned against him.

To a candid observer the army seemed to have suffered no demoralization by the battle of Fredericksburg. Lieutenant Lewis Wilson, correspondent of the *Indianapolis Journal*, and a member of the Third cavalry, writes at this period:

"The greatest present fear of the army is that the anathemas of the nation will be showered upon the head of their glorious leader, who is still deserving of their highest confidence. Burnside has not lost the faith and kind wishes of the army. The strategy which required months to develop itself, and which the people learned heartily to despise,

formed no part of the military education of Burnside. He crossed the Rappahannock and made a costly experiment, but now we know the position and strength of the Rebel army, the troops will be better nerved for the struggle that will not long be delayed."

Richardson, correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, December 21, writes: "The general tone of the army is good, far better than could be expected. I find little discouragement, and no demoralization." At a later period, he asserts: "Every private soldier knew that the battle of Fredericksburg was a costly and bloody mistake, and yet, I think, on the day or the week following it, the soldiers would have gone into battle just as cheerfully and sturdily as before. The more I saw of the Army of the Potomac, the more I wondered at its invincible spirit." Captain Noyes, who was on Doubleday's staff, testifies to the same purpose: "If I may judge from my own observation and the opinion of brigade commanders, the men were never in better spirits, never more ready to do their whole duty."

Slocum's corps left Harper's Ferry on the 10th of December, to assist in the assault on Fredericksburg. The ground was covered with snow, and it was difficult for the men to make themselves comfortable, but they endured discomforts cheerfully, often going into camp singing as if they were just commencing a march. When ten miles south of Fairfax Court House, the corps was ordered to turn back to Fairfax, the assault and repulse having been made and received.

General Burnside was not inclined to procrastinate. The army was scarcely in camp again, when he commenced sending out reconnoitring parties, and making roads preparatory to crossing the river six or seven miles below Fredericksburg. He intended to make a feint, which could be turned into a positive assault above the town, if he should be discovered below. In connection with the movement, he made arrangements to distract the attention of the enemy by a cavalry expedition. All went on smoothly and swiftly. The cavalry, twenty-five hundred in number, had already started and was crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, one thousand picked men of the force to cut Lee's com-

munications with Richmond, to destroy the Richmond roads around the Southern capital, and after joining General Peck at Suffolk, return to Aquia creek by water, a portion of the remainder to go to Warrenton, a portion to Culpepper, and a portion to accompany the thousand picked men to the Rapidan, when President Lincoln, by direct interposition, stopped the expedition and overthrew the entire plan.

Burnside was disappointed; and when inquiry disclosed the insubordinate feeling of many of his subordinates, and the fact that complaints and misrepresentations had been made by them to the President, he was perplexed. More than ever he was thrown on his own resources and responsibility. Not General Halleck, nor even Abraham Lincoln held up his hands. Still he was of good courage, and he prepared for one more attempt. Determining to cross the river with the main army at several fords above the city, he employed detachments from different brigades in making a number of roads. On Tuesday, January 20, the grand divisions of Hooker and Franklin went up the river by parallel roads, and at night encamped in the woods near the ford. Couch marched seven miles below Fredericksburg, to make demonstrations at the point selected for crossing in the previous abortive movement. Sigel, with the reserve corps, guarded the line of the river, with the communications. The men were in fine spirits, well knowing that another attack on Fredericksburg was to be made, and ready to make it heartily.

Weather and roads had been good for many weeks, but during the evening of the 20th a cold, driving rain set in. It increased in violence and continued through the night, blowing away tents and drenching the sleeping soldiers as well as the details which hauled artillery and pontoons into position. By daylight, the guns were on the heights and covered the crossings; but only boats enough for one bridge had been dragged to the water's edge, while five bridges were necessary.

Whoever remembers Indiana roads twenty-five years ago, when it was no uncommon thing for a stage-coach traveller to walk nineteen miles out of twenty, carrying a rail on his

shoulder for uncorduroyed abysses, can imagine the scene on the Rappanannock on the morning of the 21st. A sea of mud unfathomable stretched as far as the eye could reach. Rain still poured down. Burnside harnessed double and triple teams of horses and mules to each boat, and when these failed he added one hundred and fifty men to each team. Toiling, staggering, floundering, never advancing, the patient troops held on to the ropes through the day. The tired muscles of the Indiana Twentieth were stretched to the utmost. But the mire clutched the feet of men no less tenaciously than the hoofs of horses. Human might and brute force were nothing. After a most laborious day not the slightest progress was made. The Rebels, by this time awake to what was going on, gathered on the opposite heights and shouted derisively, "We'll come over to-morrow and help you build the bridges," displaying, at the same time, a board with the words, painted large and black, "BURNSIDE STUCK IN THE MUD."

On Friday the storm abated, but the last spark in Burnside's hopeful breast was quenched. He relinquished the struggle and led the army back to its old quarters.

Slocum's corps, which marched out from Fairfax to Burnside's assistance, and reached Stafford Court House, ten miles from Fredericksburg, went into camp at Stafford.

Private Humphreys, of the Nineteenth, in a letter to a friend, gives his experience in the "Mud Campaign:"

"After the disastrous battle at Fredericksburg, we moved to our present encampment and erected comfortable winter huts, and for several weeks enjoyed ourselves quite well for soldiers. But alas for our hopes of spending the winter in them! On the 19th we received orders to march. Accordingly we prepared three days rations, and at noon of the 20th started in the direction of Fredericksburg again, with the intention of trying to cross the Rappahannock. The afternoon was cloudy, with strong indications of rain. We went ten miles and encamped for the night near Falmouth. At dark it began to rain. The teams did not arrive, consequently I had no tent. I made a fire, seated myself on a log, threw the cape of my overcoat over my head, and in

that manner passed the night. The rain poured down in torrents and the air was very cold. God alone knows how much I suffered. But the longest night will have an end, and when day dawned a more miserable looking wretch than myself never was permitted to move on the face of the earth. After breakfast we started again, and floundered through mud and water for five miles, when we halted and "put up" in a pine forest. The pontoon and artillery trains could not get through the mud, consequently the intention to cross the river was abandoned, and on the fourth day we started back to our old camp and comfortable cabins, where we arrived about sundown."

Three times now, and by three powers, Burnside had been vanquished—by the enemy, by friends, and by the elements. Before making any further movements against the first he determined to be rid of the machinations of the second. Accordingly he issued an order, subject, of course, to the President's approval, dismissing from the service of the United States, or relieving from their command in the Army of the Potomac, several officers high in rank. Included in the obnoxious list were men of undoubted loyalty and bravery, whose whole offense consisted in an unsoldierly freedom of criticism.

The President could not approve so sweeping an order, and Burnside resigned his position.

CHAPTER V.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

"Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."—*First Kings*, xx: 11.

The Emancipation Proclamation was published on the first of January, 1863, but until the army was settled down in winter quarters, it excited no especial interest. Probably it would then have occasioned no disquiet, had it not been for the insinuations of disaffected officers, and the machinations of disloyal civilians who prostituted the mail, the chief source of the soldier's enjoyment, to effect his ruin, filling it with letters which secretly exalted disloyalty, and newspapers which boldly advocated peace at any price, and who loaded the express with citizen's clothing, that the moment of weakness which sometimes comes to even brave and good hearts, should not be lost for want of means to put dark and dastardly suggestions into execution.

The soldier, far from the gentle influences of home and society, often turning with the heaviest heart from the letter-carrier who brought nothing, or only a wicked message to him, was a ready prey to despondency in the depressing lulls of the war, and especially after a series of defeats. This was peculiarly the case in the Army of the Potomac, which was perhaps never so generous as the Army of the Ohio, and was embittered by many disappointments. Evil insinuations worked through the mass like yeast. Deserters were counted by hundreds.

General Hooker, who was Burnside's successor, understood the field to which he was called, and set himself with tact and spirit at the work of reform. Providing rations of better quality than they had ever before had, and in every way attending to their comfort, he soon restored the men to vigor-

ous health. He exercised a due severity, recalling absentees, dismissing disloyal officers, and insisting that the law should have its course with deserters. But chiefly he exorcised the devil of discontent by an all-prevailing activity. He engaged in the practice of field movements all troops who were not employed in expeditions to attack hostile pickets and outposts, and to gather supplies from the country in the enemy's possession. He encouraged the spirit of emulation, bestowing badges on different corps, thus carrying out an idea of General Kearney, who at Fair Oaks ordered the soldiers of his division to sew a piece of red flannel on their caps, so that he could recognize them in battle.

The President and Cabinet, and the civil governments generally, co-operated with Hooker, granting him sympathy, encouragement and assistance. Among others, Governor Morton, who always gave to Indiana soldiers the consideration of a parent to children in trying and dangerous circumstances, visited the army. It is scarcely possible to overrate the value of his attentions. To be assured that they were appreciated, it is only necessary to hear the soldiers themselves speak:

"One evening," says Samnel List, "we had just returned from dress-parade, when the drums beat, "Fall in!" We formed on the parade ground, and waited the arrival of the "Soldier's Friend." In a few minutes, he made his appearance, accompanied by Meredith and Cutler, our brigade generals. The Governor made a short speech, reviewing the history of the Seventh, and praising us very much for our gallant conduct. He then rode off amidst deafening cheers. Sunday night, we serenaded him, and he made us a short speech. Then Meredith made a speech, saying in the course of it, that an officer on Sigel's staff had told him that he never saw any body of troops, not excepting the veterans of Europe, fight with such gallantry as the old Seventh at Port Republic. He called us the flower of the army. We gave three rousing cheers for Morton, three for Meredith, for Hooker, for Old Abe, for the Union and for Indiana. I tell you, we made the clear night ring for miles."

In those cheers vanished many a sullen murmur. How-

ever, a powerful current of right feeling had already set in, or rather had never ceased to flow, as is evident from the reliable source of private letters.

Samuel List writes, February 3d, from Matthias Point: "I confess things are beginning to look a little dark. A few evenings since Captain Jeffrey received a copy of some resolutions that were passed by the infamous traitors of Johnson county and published in the *Sentinel*. They are more treasonable than anything I ever saw come from the heart of the Southern Confederacy. I tell you they caused immense excitement in the company. A meeting was immediately called, and speeches were made denouncing the resolutions."

Again he writes, February 8th: "Almost all the letters and papers that come to us from Indiana are filled with the doings of the infernal copperhead traitors of that State. Don't be astonished at me for calling them such names. They deserve the death of traitors, and I do hope if it ever becomes necessary for Governor Morton to call on a military force to put such fellows down, it will be the lot of the old Seventh to perform the work. They need not think they will find sympathy. I should rather meet the strongest secesh of the South to-day than one of those vipers of the North. There is more honor in Southern traitors, because they come out boldly like men and advocate their cause. It is an old saying, that 'Every dog has his day.' I hope these fellows will soon meet with their deserts. I see from some of the Southern papers that they are trying to get up a division between the East and the West. For this object, too, the copperheads of the North are working. I want you and all my friends to pay no attention to them. Tell them if they influence Governor Morton to call the Indiana troops home, it will be a sorry time for them when we come."

Frank Good, of the same regiment, under date of March 2d, writes: "You say you want this abominable rebellion put down, nigger or no nigger. My sentiments exactly. I was decidedly opposed to the proclamation at first, but I have come to the conclusion that it is a great blow on the South. It forces a large portion of their soldiers to leave the army and go home to provide for their families. For

my part I think the tide has turned. Just after the election things looked rather dull. Every secesh, both North and South, was in high glee. We heard the villains at home shouting for Jeff. Davis in public, and all such discouraging things, and also the proceedings of the Indiana Legislature. We heard that they had refused to furnish any more money and men for the war, or, in other words, for the support of the Government. Now, let me tell you that such things are calculated to discourage any soldier. I am sorry to say there is a man in our company who is getting to be an open secesh, but I am thinking his doom is about spoken. He gets out of every battle, and has a good deal of his pay taken off on that account. I think he is tired of the war and is making himself miserable. I was opposed to General Hooker's having command of the army at first, but I find he is all right in camp, and only hope he will be so in the field. He is very strict, but I have never come across an officer that was too strict. I learn the Democrats held a mass meeting in Franklin on the 21st of last month, in which they hoisted a flag of their own stripe. Is that so? Are they getting so bold? Why don't you shoot about half of them, and dry up this nonsense?"

"March 28. How are the secesh sympathizers getting along? Are they as bad as ever, or are they cooling down a little? I heard they were arming themselves in some parts of the State, to resist the draft. If they go at that, I think they will get their fill of it, by the time the army marches through Indiana, as it has through Virginia."

On the 26th of February at two o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a severe rain, Pleasonton's cavalry was aroused by orders to get ready to march immediately in pursuit of a column of cavalry under Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, which had crossed to the north side of the Rappahannock, on a raid. The Third Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Chapman commanding, moved in advance of its brigade, which was under the command of Colonel Davis, at four. Early in the day, the rain changed to snow, and the mud so clogged the horses' feet that marching was exceedingly difficult as well as disagreeable. Pushing on, however, the command reached Mor-

risville, distant from the starting point twenty miles, late in the evening, and bivouacked in mud and water. The next day, learning that the enemy's cavalry had returned, the division started back. The roads had become even worse than on the previous day; in many places, as Colonel Chapman writes, "the bottom seemingly had fallen out;" so night found Davis' brigade still nine miles from Stafford Court House. It bivouacked and returned to camp the following day. The march was the hardest the Third had made, and it was one of the most trying in which it participated during its term of service.

Lee's army held a line about twenty miles in extent, running from north-west to south-east along the heights south of the Rappahannock, from Banks' ford to Port Royal. It was so disposed that it could be readily concentrated; so fortified by continuous intrenchments, by battery epaulements, abatis and impassable swamps, that it had few assailable points; and was so guarded by means of an elaborate spy-system, that it was secure against surprise. Its only apparent weakness consisted in its two lines of communication—the railroad from Fredericksburg to Richmond, and the turnpike from the same place to Gordonsville.

To these lines, Hooker directed his regards. To turn his antagonist's right would require a move of pontoon trains and artillery more than twenty miles, over a broken and wooded country with clayey soil, which, by the slightest overflow of the interlacing branches of the Potomac and Rappahannock, is converted into bottomless mud; and would also necessitate one thousand feet of bridging at the first available point on the river, and of course an increased quantity at every point below. A foothold on the southern hills near Banks' ford, would give command of his adversary's left; but the position was guarded according to its importance. Three lines of earth parapets were so situated as to enable musketry to sweep every crossing place and practicable slope. Banks' ford moreover was but three miles over a good plank road from Fredericksburg, while it was six miles through a forest from the shore opposite. The United States Mine ford, about seven miles of very difficult country above

Banks' ford, was also fortified and defended by an ample force. At both these points, the river is fordable only in dry weather.

On the 13th of April, Doubleday with the greater part of his division went down the Rappahannock twenty miles, put up Quaker guns, and lighted fires over a large district in order to detach Jackson from Lee. At the same time, Stoneman went up the river—to cross it above its junction with the Rapidan, to capture Gordonsville, destroy the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad, cut telegraphs, burn bridges and fight on every occasion. "Let your watchword be fight," was Hooker's command. And let your orders be, "*Fight, fight, fight.*" The force consisted of thirteen thousand cavalry. On the 15th, Davis' brigade crossed the Rappahannock at Freeman's ford, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain, which continued during the day. Turning to the left, the brigade moved down the river for the purpose of uncovering Beverly ford, which was guarded by a Rebel cavalry picket; so that the main body of Stoneman's force could effect a crossing at that point. On the Hazel, a tributary of the Rappahannock, it surprised and captured a Rebel picket, and crossing without delay, moved to Beverly ford, from which the guard retreated. But, as the river was barely fordable now, and was still rising under the influence of a steady and heavy rain, Stoneman was afraid to venture. He accordingly ordered Colonel Davis to recross his command to the north side. The crossing was effected under the enemy's fire, and at the expense of the rear guard, Lieutenant Shannon and nineteen men belonging to Captain Moffitt's squadron of the Third Cavalry. They were all captured.

In the latter part of April Hooker discovered that Longstreet was detached from Lee to operate against General Peck, below the James; and he seized the opportunity to make a rapid, secret, and extended flank movement. Within three days—from Monday 27th to Wednesday 29th—his whole army, one hundred and twenty thousand men, in excellent condition, came out of winter quarters, and dividing,

moved in opposite directions behind hills and woods along the river.

It consisted of seven corps—the First, Reynolds'; the Second, Couch's; the Third, Sickles'; the Fifth, Meade's; the Sixth, Sedgwick's; the Eleventh, Howard's, formerly Sigel's; and the Twelfth, Slocum's. The Twentieth Indiana, under Colonel Wheeler, who had been promoted in March, was in Ward's brigade, Birney's division, Sickles' corps. The Fourteenth, under Colonel Coons, promoted in January, was in Carroll's brigade, French's division, Couch's corps. The Nineteenth, Colonel Williams, who had been promoted in October, 1862, on the advancement of Meredith, in Meredith's brigade; and the Seventh, Colonel Grover, in Cutler's brigade, were in Wadsworth's division, Reynolds' corps. The Twenty-Seventh, Colonel Colgrove, was in Ruger's brigade, Williams' division, Slocum's corps. The Third cavalry, and the first squadron of the First cavalry, Howard's body-guard, complete the list of Indiana troops. There were, indeed, Indianians in other than State organizations—several were officers in the Eleventh United States Regulars, which was in Syke's division, Meade's corps.

Tuesday night Sedgwick and Reynolds, followed by Sickles, marched two or three miles below Fredericksburg. The night was dark and rainy, and the roads were muddy; nevertheless, pontoons, each one weighing more than fifteen hundred pounds, were carried to the bank, a distance of one or two miles, on the shoulders of the men; bridges were laid, and Sedgwick's corps crossed the river and gained the enemy's rifle-pits before daylight. Reynolds was delayed by the difficulty of carrying the boats, and was obliged to move after day dawned and under the enemy's fire. His advance, Meredith's brigade, succeeded in forcing a passage and in capturing nearly two hundred Rebels in their rifle-pits.

Meantime Slocum, Howard and Meade moved up the river by circuitous and obscure routes. The van reaching Kelley's Ford at midnight of Wednesday, the 29th, surprised and captured the guard. Pontoon bridges were immediately thrown over.

Thursday Stoneman's cavalry, supported by Williams'

division, crossed to the peninsula between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, hurried forward a couple of miles and bivouacked. Williams pressed on eight miles and reached Germanna Ford of the Rapidan after night, Ruger's brigade forcing back a Rebel guard and taking more than a hundred prisoners. The night was very dark; the stream was high—waist deep to the tallest—turbid and swift; but huge fires were kindled; cavalry were posted in the current to catch men who might be swept from their feet, and our Twenty-Seventh, with clothes and cartridge-boxes hoisted on bayonets, plunged boldly in, followed by other regiments, and waded to the opposite shore. A bridge was constructed while Williams' division guarded the crossing, but all the next day troops waded the river.

"We crossed the Rappahannock," writes James Pratt, a Lieutenant in the Eleventh Regulars, "about eleven in the morning, and pressed on steadily until at nine or ten in the evening we halted on the brow of a hill. Below was the Rapidan, and on the opposite side were miles of camp fires. After halting an hour or thereabouts for other troops, we descended and forded the river. It was cold and raining, but an auditor would almost have sworn a belated picnic party were coming home, to have heard the gallant fellows' laughs and jokes, as they stripped and waded the chilly river. The mud was awful on both sides, for the earth had been trode by thousands before us. Just on the other side, we encamped. The mule that carried my blankets had been drowned, so I lay all night in the mud, and in soaked clothing, by a bivouac fire."

The United States ford of the Rappahannock being now uncovered, Couch's corps crossed at that point with flying colors and to the tune of "Hail Columbia." Carroll's brigade, which was the first over, formed line of battle on the hills and scoured the country, but without finding an enemy.

Meantime, the cavalry was divided—one column under Stoneman crossing the Rapidan at Germanna ford. The other, embracing the Third Indiana, and under General Averill, bivouacked on the wet river-flats, about two miles from the river, and Friday, May 1, demonstrated at the ford

of the Rail Road crossing, which was held by a considerable force of the enemy's cavalry, supported by artillery. Skirmishing was kept up all day, and some artillery work indulged in, but no vigorous attempt was made by Averill to effect a crossing. During the day, Captain Gresham was severely wounded.

Hooker now ordered up Sickles from the front of Fredericksburg, and halted in the woods near the south bank of the Rapidan, to effect the concentration of his forces. Having led fifty thousand men, loaded with personal baggage, and encumbered with artillery and trains, nearly forty miles in two days; bridged and crossed two dangerous streams, and gained a point which took in reverse the entire fortified line of a cautious, suspicious and vigilant enemy, he could not refrain from exultation. He said to his staff: "I have the army of Lee in one hand, and Richmond in the other!" He addressed his troops: "It is with heartfelt satisfaction that the commanding officer announces that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defenses, and give us battle on our own ground, and where certain destruction awaits him. The operations of the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth corps, have been a succession of splendid achievements."

A century and a half ago, there stood on the banks of the Rapidan a great house or castle, in which dwelt an enterprising Virginia gentleman, Governor Spottswood. Having discovered a belt of mineral rocks, he opened mines, built a furnace, the first in America, levelled the forest to feed his fires, and induced Germans, who had just fled from the persecutions of the Palatinate, and emigrated to America under the patronage of Queen Anne, to settle in his vicinity and undertake the work of mining. The enterprise failed. The country returned to its original wildness, and became clothed in more than its original gloom. No trace remains of the laborers or their lord, except the names, Germanna ford, the Furnace and Spottsylvania, and a tangled growth of oak, hazel and low bristling pines, many miles in extent, which sprang up after the destruction of the forest. A half dozen

dark streams and treacherous patches of swamp lie hidden in the shadows; several roads as narrow as bridges, traverse the labyrinth, and here and there are inhabited openings.

In the centre of a small clearing, two or three miles from the southern limit of the Wilderness, and ten miles from Fredericksburg, slightly south of west, is a ruin which, in April, 1863, was a two-story brick tavern. In its front was a smooth road, which both east and west divides, forming the old Orange county plank road and the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville turnpike. The plank road, after bending out toward the south, rejoins the 'pike near Salem Heights, about half way to Fredericksburg. In the pretentious tavern, which is down on the maps as Chancellorsville, Hooker established his quarters.

About noon of Friday, Meade, supported by Couch, advanced toward Fredericksburg on three roads—the plank road, the turnpike and a river road, leading along the Rappahannock to Banks' ford. A short march disclosed the enemy on all the roads in his front and in the woods on every hand. Lee, though thoroughly surprised, had accepted Hooker's challenge, and here he was in full force.

The advantage of a short and fierce struggle which resulted from the contact was with Meade; nevertheless Hooker ordered him to withdraw, and began vigorously to prepare for a defensive battle, expecting, doubtless, a repetition of the assault on Fredericksburg Heights, with the tables turned.

Skirmishing was constant during the afternoon, with musketry and artillery fire. About four o'clock, a severe artillery attack was made on Slocum, who had the centre of the line. It continued until dark, when the enemy retired. The night was spent in throwing up intrenchments.

The front of the army, Saturday morning, was five miles in extent. Slocum's corps lay on the plank road, and looked toward the south. Meade formed the left wing, and faced toward the east. Howard formed the right wing, with his extreme right toward the west. Couch and Sickles were a short time in reserve; but as Slocum and Howard did not connect, Sickles advanced between them, throwing Birney's division well forward.

Rebel artillery and sharpshooters opened at an early hour on the left and front, and, with a little change of position, kept up a capricious fire throughout the day on Slocum. About eight o'clock Birney saw, with amazement, troops and trains ascending and descending a hill two miles in his front, and moving steadily toward the south-west. A suspicion instantly forced itself upon him that in spite of the demonstrations against Slocum, perhaps under their cover, the enemy was either retreating to Gordonsville or moving toward Hooker's flank and rear. He accordingly advanced a battery and opened a heavy fire. He succeeded in forcing the Rebel line in disorder from the road it was pursuing, but he was not able to change its general course. Birney then marched out, his right protected by Whipple and his left by Williams, but making slow progress, as he had to force his way through thickets, and even lay a bridge of rails over a troublesome stream. At length he struck the enemy's rear, and, after spirited fighting, captured nearly a regiment—no attempt being made by the Rebel advance to turn to its relief. Still uncertain as to the direction or meaning of the movement, Birney halted in his advanced position on the main road over which the Rebel column had passed, and formed his division into a large square, with his artillery in the centre. Suddenly tumultuous sounds on his right and rear, followed by hurrying messengers, confirmed his worst suspicions.

General Jackson's corps, twenty-five thousand men, had marched unmolested, except by Birney's attack upon its rear, across the whole of Hooker's front, and was now breaking from the woods upon Howard's corps.

Howard's troops were thunderstruck. One moment they quailed before the fire, and fury, and piercing yells of the unexpected foe; the next, maddened by the awful echoes and reverberations of the forest, they broke their lines and rolled over to the rear in the wildest confusion. Howard struggled in agonizing but fruitless endeavor to control them. Sickles, Berry, Meade and Hooker strove to fill the breach. Williams faced about and hastened back from the support of Birney. His division quivered, as it neared the ungovern-

able multitude, ghastly and unnerved by fear; but the shock was momentary. His advance regiment—our Twenty-Seventh—marched with steady step to its assigned position, and each other regiment fell, without confusion, into its place.

Pleasonton took possession of the flying and scattered artillery, and concentrating it under the protection of his horsemen, opened fire and swept the plank road.

Sykes threw forward his Regulars. Young Pratt pictures their advance: "Just after dark the battling, which had been drawing closer and closer, reached us. Down the line went the command. In five minutes the division had formed in the road, and in another we were going forward at the *pas de charge* out into the plain about the White House, leaving our woods and breastworks far behind. My regiment was almost at the head of the column, and we were soon on the scene of action. I never saw or dreamed of a more magnificent scene. The whole vast plain was filled with heavy columns of infantry. Just in front and near us battery upon battery flamed and thundered, and around and above was the broad glare of exploding shells. Soon came the blot on the grand scene. The cowardly rabble, the Eleventh corps, came streaming back in the wildest confusion. We immediately formed across their path. Our officers all jumped to the front, cutting and slashing, and soon formed several regiments, and turned over to their paralized officers the command of their contemptible crew."

Birney, with difficulty, retraced his way to the ground held by him before his advance—the Twentieth Indiana, the last of his regiments to move back, not getting into position till eleven o'clock.

Meantime, Jackson, after he had gained the intrenchments, and when he was within a half mile of Chancellorsville, was fairly checked. About nine o'clock, during a lull in the battle, the Rebel general, with his staff and escort, rode out to reconnoitre in the light of the rising moon. "General," said one of his staff, "Don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" He replied: "The danger is over. The enemy is routed. Go back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on." In

a few minutes, he turned and rode back at a trot, forgetting that he had directed his skirmishers to fire upon cavalry approaching from the Union lines. His troops, unable to see through the woods, and hearing the rapid tramp, received him with a volley. He was shot, and fell, exclaiming, "All my wounds are by own men!"

At this moment, Birney, with naked bayonets, Ward's brigade in front, made a swift charge down the road, recovering part of Howard's intrenchments and several of his abandoned guns and caissons, and dashing past, but leaving unnoticed on the ground, the prone and unconscious Rebel chief.

This same day, Saturday, Reynolds' corps withdrew under fire from its position near Fredericksburg, recrossed the river, and marched twenty-two miles, each man carrying eight days' provisions in addition to his knapsack and haversack. Oppressed with the march, the corps halted late at night near United States ford, but the bellowing cannon, and the report that the day was lost, called it to the field, and it pushed on. Toward morning, it reached the ground and took up a position not far from Howard's line on the right.

At nine, Saturday night, Hooker sent an order to Sedgwick to take the Heights of Fredericksburg, now but slightly defended, and move up Sunday morning to the attack of Lee's rear. Hooker then turned his attention to the rearrangement of his line, concentrating it in a much smaller space. He posted Meade on his right, and Howard on his left, placing the latter in the intrenchments which had been thrown up the previous day by the former. He stationed Reynolds on the right and rear of Meade, and in reserve. He withdrew Sickles from his advanced position. The enemy, following closely, hotly pressed the division, Birney's, which covered Sickles' rear. Before day, Hooker's new line was complete, and was apparently able to hold its ground against any force.

Sunday's sun rose red as blood, and cast its struggling rays into the murky forest. Already the guns had opened their black mouths, and sharpshooters had begun their fiendish work. Now Slocum's corps was assailed, and Couch

was threatened, but on Sickles the enemy fell with unconquerable and unquenchable animosity.

Under the fire of forty guns, and behind their intrenchments, Berry and Birney, Whipple and Williams, stood and withstood assault upon assault. They mowed the Rebels down, only to find the bloody harvest continually renewed. After every repulse, back the assailants came, headlong and desperate, and piercing the tramp, and roar, and rattle, with the shrill cry of their revenge and grief: "Charge, and remember Jackson!"

"So," as in days of old with the strong man of Israel, "the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

Sickles sent an aid to General Hooker, demanding help. Hooker had been wounded, and was unconscious, dying, it was supposed, or it might be dead. Couch, the next in rank, shrank from the responsibility of weakening the centre or left, or of drawing the reserve from the rear. Sedgwick had not yet made his appearance. Sickles' only relief was from French, who, uncovered by the falling back of troops in his front, threw out toward the Rebel left a part of Carroll's brigade, including the Fourteenth Indiana. Carroll drove the enemy, reached his rifle pits, captured nearly three hundred prisoners, and started up the second rebel line. But from this point he was forced to withdraw. He carried with him two stands of Rebel colors, and was accompanied by a regiment which he had released from capture.

Sickles retreated to his second line of defence. In the movement the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, which, during the whole morning, had been warmly engaged, distinguished itself, remaining alone in an advanced and exposed position until escape was barely possible, then falling slowly and steadily back.

The enemy was now quiet. But after a half hour's rest he made five fierce charges in succession on Sickles' new position. He also attacked Hancock, who repulsed him, and Slocum, whom he pushed back.

About noon Hooker recovered consciousness; but the gallant spirit, so assured and haughty the day before, was be-

clouded and dull. He had no longer thought of conquest, or advance, or glory—only of safety.

Sunday night was a beautiful moonlight night, nearly as light as day. The army gained snatches of sleep, while batteries, at intervals, fought crashing duels; and the pickets, not more than forty yards apart, firing as often at shadow as at substance, kept up an almost constant singing of Minie balls.

Sedgwick's co-operative movement was an entire failure. He did not receive Hooker's order until several hours after it was issued. His troops did not move according to his orders until several hours after they were issued. He barely gained Fredericksburg Heights by Sunday noon. At Salem Heights, half way between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he was effectually held in check by General Lee, now disengaged from Hooker. He was sorely pressed throughout Monday. Monday night, after hard fighting and with heavy loss, he retreated across the Rappahannock at Banks' Ford.

Meantime Hooker continued quiet, with the exception of nearly constant picket firing, and frequent artillery firing. He concentrated gradually, but did not attempt even to retreat until Tuesday, May 5th, when a pouring rain and the swelling Rappahannock admonished him of the dangers of delay.

Meade's corps moved last, with Sykes' division covering the rears. The Eleventh Regulars were the last to leave the ground and the last to cross the river.

"The night of May 5th it rained hard," wrote Mr. Pratt, when he was once more in camp. "The firing everywhere had almost lulled into silence. The men stood in the drenching rain, or dozed leaning against the works—nothing protected except the gunlocks. Just after dark the rumbling of artillery on the road behind us began. Then the endless tramp of infantry. For an hour or so we thought it a change of position on the part of some corps going on. But as the weary *slosh*, *slosh* kept on for hours, we knew it was a retreat. Nobody was cheerful. Our expectations and experiences were anything but rose-colored. Our regiment had been more than decimated already for experience, and we

had the certainty of acting as rear guard to a retreating army in expectation. About two o'clock in the morning our division commenced to retreat. It was done very quietly, so quietly that my company and the next one, separated, perhaps, a dozen feet from the rest of the regiment, did not know that it had left, and stood there ten minutes after. The day previous, new roads had been cut through the woods leading to the ford, to allow more columns to march at once. For a while, the progress was slow, nervously so. It was fast nearing morning, and we had not gone half a mile. Between darkness, rain, mire and stumps, we were well-nigh knocked up. Toward morning, the road became better, and we moved faster. By daylight, we reached the plateau about United States ford. We formed in front of a noble looking house, and waited while the army streamed over the two pontoon bridges. They came in by a half-dozen routes, almost at a run, regiments and brigades badly mixed. If the enemy had attacked us in daylight, in force, we should have been destroyed. We took a hurried breakfast—mine was part of two crackers. Soon the thump of artillery began on the left, evidently the enemy feeling his way in the woods, and our line reformed on the edge of the woods back of the house. It was a nervous hour while we stood there, the booming coming nearer and the army hurrying by. At last, stragglers and all, they were over, and we filed down the hill to the bridges and crossed, the engineers, with the fastenings of the pontoon boats in their hands, begging us to hurry. We scrambled up the steep hills, and were formed on the heights, 'closed in mass,' that is, the entire division packed together as close as possible, just behind some artillery, which, in twenty minutes after, opened on the head of a Rebel column. I went up by the battery, and could just distinguish the Rebel artillery at the edge of the opposite woods, going through the loading and firing. Of course, the enemy did not follow us across, and our batteries were so well served, that theirs were soon silenced. We then began the march, a weary tramp of all day; weak, sleepy, hungry, the mud almost knee-deep all the way. About dark, in a driving rain, we got back here (to

Falmouth). I got my tent pitched, made the first meal for twenty-four hours, save the crackers in the morning, of some roasted potatoes. Nothing ever tasted so delicious, and then I enjoyed such a sleep as only the thoroughly exhausted ever know.

"Up to the hour of retreat, we were a victorious army; thanks to a rainy, dark night, and a well-planned retreat, we are not a demoralized one. And so the campaign ended, and left us thinking of the brilliant 'might-have-been', if the river had not risen, and the Eleventh corps had been soldiers."

Stoneman and Averill gathered up their scattered cavalry, which they had employed to little or no purpose, and also hastened over the return march.

Lee neither published, nor allowed to be published, an official statement of his losses in the battle of Chancellorsville. He had good reason for his reticence. Our army took at least man for man, and our loss was more than seventeen thousand. Our dead were left in the forest, unburied where they fell.

The Twenty-Seventh Indiana, out of three hundred, lost one hundred and forty-seven killed and wounded. Among the killed were Captain Cassady and Lieutenant Hamrick. Among the wounded were Colonel Colgrove, Captains Williams, Fesler and Jerger, and Lieutenants Van Buskirk, White, Hubbard, Hoffer and Loughry.

The Fourteenth, in killed, wounded and missing, lost sixty-four. Carroll, in his report, speaks of the cool judgment and indomitable courage of Colonel Coons, Lieutenant Colonel Cavins and Major Houghton; and of the promptitude and gallantry of Lieutenant A. M. Van Dyke.

His comrades of the Fourteenth tell how George Rotramel, a lieutenant, leaped over the works, calling the pickets to follow, and re-established the broken line.

No report has been obtained of the losses in the Twentieth. They must have been heavy, as the regiment was in the extreme front both Saturday and Sunday, and, with the rest of Birney's division, was engaged during every hour of the conflict. While skirmishing at one time, it captured the whole of the Twenty-Third Georgia. After the battle,

Colonel Wheeler reported it gay. "Yes," said General Hooker, "that regiment is gay."

The Nineteenth regiment lost four men, charging the rifle-pits below Fredericksburg. Being in reserve at Chancellorsville, it suffered no loss. The Seventh, also in reserve and behind fortifications, suffered no loss.

One man of Howard's body guard was captured while collecting broken troops, a work in which the guard was efficient. Charlie Noble, a fearless youth belonging to the band, writes: "Commissioned officers as high as colonels joined in the flight. I had a notion to run some of them through. I was mad enough to do it, and yet I could not keep from laughing to see them run."

After the two armies had settled down in their old encampments, General Hooker and General Lee issued congratulatory orders, and Stoneman and Averill followed suit.

CHAPTER VI.

GETTYSBURG.

Oh, stranger, go and tell our people that we are lying here, having obeyed their words.—*Inscription on the tomb of the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ.*

The right wing of the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1863, occupied the Shenandoah Valley and Harper's Ferry. Since November, 1862, General Milroy had been in command in the valley—the latter part of the time under General Schenck as department commander at Baltimore. During this time he administered affairs with severe justice, and in consequence made himself exceedingly obnoxious to secessionists. An offered reward of one thousand dollars for his life testified to the intensity of their aversion, while it betrayed, what indeed they made little attempt to conceal, their approval of assassination as a last resort. Milroy's force numbered from seven to twelve thousand men, and he felt himself able not only to hold the sullen citizens in subjection, and to keep down guerrillas, but to clear the valley and keep it clear of Rebel troops. His cavalry scouts patrolled the district as far as Front Royal and Strasburg. They were frequently in collision with cavalry scouts of the enemy, and came off victorious in nearly every encounter. General Milroy was, however, restrained from any aggressive demonstration and interfered with on every occasion. General Halleck, seeming to share the antipathy of the citizens, displayed toward him a singular want of courtesy at all times, and offered him decided indignities whenever opportunity allowed. This fire on his rear was beyond the patient endurance of the high-spirited Indiana General. He chafed and fretted under it, unconsciously increasing and giving the color of justice to the aversion shown toward him by his superior.

In May the force in the valley consisted of about seven thousand effective men; headquarters were at Winchester; and the left, a brigade under Colonel McReynolds, held Berryville and guarded the adjacent passes of the Blue Ridge and the neighboring fords of the Shenandoah.

General French, with eleven thousand men, held Harper's Ferry, the fortifications of which had been increased and strengthened by Slocum's corps in the preceding winter.

The main portion of the Army of the Potomac continued at Falmouth, after the battle of Chancellorsville, a little more than a month. It received few reinforcements, although it lost twenty thousand nine months' and two years' men. Occupying, however, pleasant and healthy camps, and engaging in no undertakings of importance it recuperated its strength and spirits.

The character of every day life is pleasantly detailed by Lieutenant Pratt:

"CAMP ELEVENTH INFANTRY, NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK,
June 5th, 1863.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—Day before yesterday, with about half the regiment, I was out on picket some three miles from our camp. The duty was light and not at all dangerous, as no enemy was within miles of us. My quarters were about a hundred yards from my men, under a noble old tree overhanging a little stream, and as both days were charming midsummer ones, the woods full of a hundred different choruses—of whippoorwills, tree toads, and the gurgling Minnehaha running at my feet—it was rare enjoyment for me, just from the dusty, sweltering camp. The night after we went out the regiment, with the division, moved at three in the morning. The second evening about dusk we were relieved, and we bivouacked that night on the bank of Potomac Creek, near where we had been doing duty.

"This morning at four, roused up from our clay couches, bathed, breakfasted, and a little after five began the march, and after eight miles found the regiment between the United States and Banks fords, near the river. The division is stretched along between the two crossings.

"A few moments ago, an orderly came around to our tents with an order from army headquarters, countersigned by our corps and division commanders, to be ready to move at a moment's notice, without baggage and with three days' rations. At any moment, we may expect the Adjutant's time-worn expression—'Gentlemen, you will please join your companies.'

"Sunday. We are still here, though with baggage packed, and momentarily expecting the 'route.' It is reported that a corps of ours is across the river, and that we are to feel the enemy at all points along the lines. I have taken pen and ink into a solemn pine woods near our camp, where better, I think, than in church or closet, one is conscious of the 'tender grace' of the sacred day, and for a half hour have been lying here listening to anthems that would put the grandest organ to shame. The scenery hereabouts is magnificent.

"*Bank of the Rappahannock.* This letter partakes very much of the character of a journal, but I hope the varieties of pen and ink, and dates, won't condemn it. I was sent to the picket line night before last, in command of the detail from the regiment, and am writing to you sitting on the bank of the river. The rebel pickets line the other bank, some dozing, some fishing, all in slouchy butternut uniforms. Both sides are very civil, chatting and joking with one another, and comparing the generosity of their respective commissaries.

"I slept on the bank of the river, and on waking up this morning, found I had a grim, gaunt Virginia dragoon for my *vis-a-vis*. He watched the preparations for breakfast my 'Kory-Kory' made with evident interest, and after coffee was made, with an explanatory wave of the hand I intimated I drank his good health. Virginia was touched by such a display of courtesy from a 'ruthless invader,' and returned the salutation cordially, and with a smile—a trifle ghastly, I thought, that was accounted for soon after, by himself, from the fact that he hadn't tasted coffee for months. The ice broken, we had a very pleasant conversation, and finally he proposed an exchange of newspapers. This was against orders, but infractions were winked at, and I had a man bot-

tle up the latest Washington paper, and throw it over as far as possible. The Virginian swam out and took it in his teeth, and returned. After he had replaced it, my man swam over and brought back the paper I send you. The last view I had of my courteous enemy, he was sitting on a log, and with a dozen fellow-readers, was evidently enjoying the account of the active sympathy of their brothers, the copperheads of the North.

"The morning before we came on picket, there was a heavy firing up the river, lasting from daylight until about ten or eleven. I have understood since that it was a reconnoissance in force, on our part, toward Culpepper Court House. Both sides are restless, yet cautious, neither caring to be the attacking force.

"Your affectionate son, JAMES."

Promotion is the fond hope of every soldier, but it is seldom so pure an ambition is rewarded as that recorded during this period by Abram Buckles, of the Nineteenth. "I was appointed," he says, "to the color-guard, on my own application. I had always had a great anxiety to carry the flag of my regiment, and did not know how I could get the place of color-bearer, unless by serving in the guard until I could see a proper chance to pick the flag up, should the color-bearer be killed or wounded." That chance was not now distant, as in the great conflict which was swiftly approaching, it was noticeable that the enemy fought the "Stars and Stripes" with a cool and set purpose.

The Third cavalry, included in the First brigade, was encamped at Potomac Creek Station, but was frequently engaged in reconnoissances.

The reports of his cavalry scouts convinced Hooker, before the close of May, that his antagonist was hastening to take the initiative in an important movement, and led him to consider the possibilities of an invasion of the North. He communicated his suspicion that Lee was preparing to outflank him, to President Lincoln and General Halleck, and continued keenly on the alert to discover and thwart the enemy's designs. On the fifth of June, he sent a division

across the Rappahannock, to ascertain if the enemy was still in force on the Heights of Fredericksburg. Careful skirmishing seemed to show that Lee had not changed his position. Nevertheless, Hooker's suspicions were not quieted, and he sent Pleasonton with his cavalry and a small force of infantry up the river, to pry into the proceedings of the enemy in that direction. On the ninth of June, Gregg, with one division, crossed at Kelly's ford, and Buford, with another, at Beverly ford. They were almost immediately attacked. Buford's engagement was severe. His troops fought in cavalry style, neither dismounting nor using their carbines. They succeeded in crowding the enemy back until they united with Gregg, who had fought his way up from Kelly's ford; but every charge or advance seemed to develope the Confederates in greater force. Pleasonton accordingly retreated and re-crossed the river during the night. He lost five hundred men in the battle of Beverly Ford, including Colonel Davis, the commander of the First brigade, killed, and Adjutant Taylor, of the Third Indiana, wounded. However, he inflicted a loss of six hundred; discovered that Lee was at Culpepper, with a large portion of his army; and learned that a Rebel column, which had been three and a half hours passing through Sperryville, was climbing the Blue Ridge to enter the Shenandoah Valley.

In spite of Pleasonton's report, and of his own previous suspicions, General Hooker now, apparently, considered the invasion of the North improbable. Indeed, so audacious a movement hardly seemed within the bounds of reason. Hitherto, the Confederates had met with success only on Southern soil. South Mountain and Antietam had been defeats; while Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and almost every other conflict in Virginia had been victories, or equivalent to victories. Pennsylvania was unknown ground, while Virginia was full of familiar and strong defensible points. Moreover, at the present moment, the armies in the distant South were falling back, before Banks and Grant, and were entreating for reinforcements. These conditions were well known to Hooker. He did not know, on the other hand, that Lee had a better-appointed

and larger army than he had ever before commanded, his transportation, clothing and equipments all being complete, Longstreet having returned from Suffolk, and that conscription, which "robbed the cradle and the grave," having been turned to his direct advantage. Neither did he know that every argument and motive was presented by the Southern government and the Southern people, especially by Virginians, and that the most seductive and pressing invitations were offered by Northern conspirators to General Lee, to induce him to transfer the war to the North.

It is said that the Confederate Commissary General endorsed a requisition from General Lee, for rations, with, "If General Lee wishes rations, let him get them in Pennsylvania."

General Milroy became the victim of Hooker's incredulity, or of Halleck's obtuseness. Friday, June 12, he received a telegram from General Schenck, directing him to make preparations for a withdrawal, but to hold his position until further orders. He promptly obeyed, stopping his supply-trains and redoubling his vigilance. He did not dream of the possibility of an unannounced approach of the main Confederate army, but supposed the Rebel cavalry in the valley was reinforced, perhaps by the addition of Stuart's command. His scouts, on the same day, discovered the proximity of a large Rebel force, and the next day reported its approach. Milroy immediately determined to concentrate his troops, and for that purpose directed McReynolds to withdraw from Berrysville and join him at Winchester. As, during the next day, Saturday, he received no orders from Schenck, and no intelligence of any kind, although the telegraph was in operation, he continued in ignorance of the imminence and vastness of his danger. The telegraph wires were cut at dark. About the same time that he was thus severed from all communication with his superior officer, Milroy learned from prisoners, that Ewell and Longstreet, with fifty thousand men, were pressing upon him. He had no alternative. He must fly, and under cover of darkness. But he could not desert McReynolds, whose brigade had not yet arrived; and after it came in at ten o'clock, wearied with

a tramp of thirty miles, he could not compel it to continue the march without rest. He therefore determined to wait until Sunday night, meantime defending himself in Winchester, as best he could. Sunday afternoon, he began to feel the Rebel pressure. He anxiously watched the slowly descending sun. At last, it was down, and night drew her friendly curtain. He then spiked his guns, destroyed his powder, and started northward. Four miles out, he was routed in a severe engagement with a division of the enemy. His troops scattered and fled, and all that escaped the enemy continued to fly until they had reached Harper's Ferry, or Bedford county, Pennsylvania. More than five thousand reported at these points.

Ewell followed down the valley. He crossed the Potomac and divided his force into three columns, which marched off toward the north, the east and the west, and arrived, within a few days, at Carlisle, York and Hancock.

June 13th Hooker began his march northward. He moved rapidly and with columns widely extended, in order to cover both Washington and the passes of the Blue Ridge.

In the afternoon Wadsworth's division halted, drew up in line and executed the sentence of death, pronounced some time before, upon a deserter from the Nineteeth Indiana, and fixed for this day.

Lee lingered in the valley, watching for an opportunity to cut across the rear of the Army of the Potomac and gain an entrance into Washington. His horsemen anxiously looked over all the accessible heights of the Blue Ridge, appeared in force in all the passes, and even dashed across the Bull Run mountains. But they found little encouragement. Over every level space they saw the Northern army spreading like a blue sea, and on every road they met Northern troops.

On the 18th the Third Indiana took part in a cavalry affair at Philamont, with some loss. Colonel Gamble, of the Eighth Illinois, was now in command of the First brigade, which was attached to Buford's division. Pleasonton was in command of the cavalry corps.

A running fight opened on the morning of the 21st, and

continued from Middleburg to Upperville, where the Rebels endeavored to make a stand. The Third Indiana behaved with marked courage and spirit, repelling and returning the repeated charges of a brigade.

Finding himself unable to make a dash on Washington, Lee forded the Potomac June 24th and 25th and advanced unopposed to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. He burnt bridges, destroyed railroads and telegraph wires, and levied contributions on the country—one hundred thousand dollars on one town, fifty thousand on another, with liberal supplies of food and clothing, making no deduction for quiet submission to his entrance and his rule. Ewell levied twenty-five barrels of sourkraut on one community, but as June is not the season for kraut, even in the most Germanic regions, he was compelled to withdraw his demand.

General Lee, in words which sound like solemn irony from the pen of an officer who was acquainted with, if he did not connive at, the torture and slow murder of defenceless prisoners, exhorted his soldiers to refrain from plunder or the destruction of private property. "It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth."

The proclamation was not regarded with favor by the South. The *Richmond Enquirer* of June 26th, however, defended it, saying: "It is true that Confederates owe no consideration to their enemies. It is true, further, that our generals owe it to their own people to visit a terrible devastation and havoc upon the enemy's country, but it may be needful to deceive the enemy by forbearing from plunder now on the threshold of the expedition, that for the sake of the paltry booty of Chambersburg, we may not miss the splendid prize of Philadelphia, or the crushing blow at the head in Washington. Lee may purposely forbear to give the hostile population warning to run off their herds and flocks, so as to leave the country waste before him, until he can throw the whole Confederate army into Pennsylvania, wide-winged, far-stretching, enveloping Washington on the

one side, Harrisburg on the other, and so forward! forward! until our red battle flag reflects itself in the Delaware."

O, sanguine and sanguinary South! What hopes were engendered and crushed by Lee's invasion!

Lee's army was under good discipline, and it obeyed orders. Negroes were kidnapped, individuals were made to stand and deliver, remote and lonely houses were broken open and pillaged, a clergyman, sitting in his own door, with a good pair of boots on, was coolly ordered to haul them off, and a Rebel pulled them over his own dirty feet, but such occurrences were exceptional.

Ewell's corps, formerly Jackson's, was almost puritanic in its deportment. In York a bar room was guarded all night by a Rebel sentinel. "I left a glass of brandy on the counter and my money drawer unlocked," narrated the inn-keeper afterwards, "and the next morning I found them both untouched. When I looked into the bar room I saw a Rebel guard singing out of a hymn book, and then he kneeled down by a chair and made a few remarks. I asked him what he was about, and he told me he belonged to Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and his old commander had taught his men to say their prayers every day."

Pennsylvania was as much an object of curiosity to the Rebels as the Rebels were to Pennsylvania. The fine roads, the generous stone dwellings, the gardens and fields which laughed with plenty, the many windowed barns with their vast stores of hay and grain, and long rows of shining horses and sleek kine, signified almost incredible comfort and prosperity.

Many months afterward, a North Carolinian said to Robert Catheart, of the Seventieth Indiana, in Sherman's army: "I gave up when I saw those Northern farms. I staid in the army because I was under oath, but I never afterwards had any heart."

Hooker crossed the Potomac the day after the Rebel army entered Maryland, and moved toward Fredericksburg, throwing his left out well toward the west, still keeping his cavalry in advance and marching at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles a day. Worn, wearied, and dusty—ragged, too, be-

cause there was neither time nor opportunity to refit, his troops were still full of joyful trust.

Lieutenant Pratt writes:

"WARRENTON, VA., June 15, 1863, 5 P. M.

"We have been here not over half an hour. Left our camp on the Rappahannock night before last at dark and marched until past midnight, all day yesterday, and since five o'clock this morning. My feet are one complete blister. It was with the greatest difficulty I kept along, but I was determined to do it. I don't think I could march another hour though.

"We are just above the junction, battery after battery in position in front of us, all pointing toward the mountains. Sick and footsore as we are, we are too true knights to decline the combat that will be forced on us. I only hope that individual gallantry may be well directed and improved on."

"IN CAMP NEAR FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND,
June 27, 1863.

"We got here late this afternoon. Left Aldie yesterday morning at two o'clock. I had been on picket all night, and before we marched I had walked some five miles up and down the lines and in from picket. We were drawn in about half an hour before the division started, and then, with it, marched steadily along through Leesburg, where we halted an hour, and then on until seven o'clock at night, when we halted near Poolesville. We had to ford several creeks, one of them waist deep. We crossed the Potomac on pontoon boats.

"My shoes gave out ten miles before we halted. First the bottoms fell out, and then the stockings wore out, and I plodded on over gravel and stubble fields, my blistering feet unprotected. After a short doze under wet blankets, we were aroused at three this morning, and started at four. Yesterday the column marched twenty-five miles. I marched at least thirty, with my picket. I don't know how much we have made to-day—over twenty, I should think.

"The country hereabout is magnificent, and the change of sentiment from bitter disloyalty to scattering patriotism

is cheerful. We shall probably come upon the Rebels by to-morrow evening or next day."

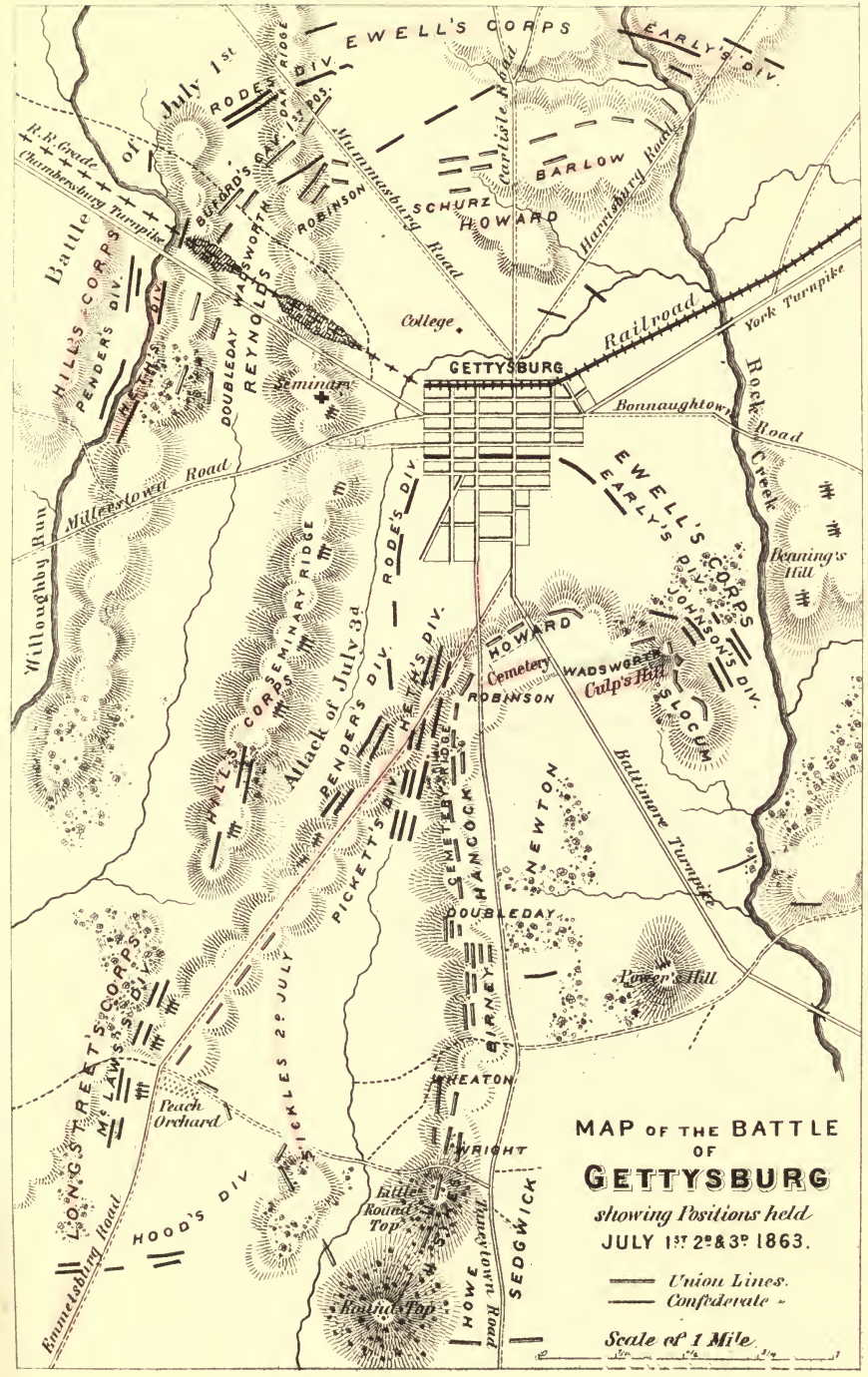
General Lee's army numbered more than one hundred thousand. Hooker's was smaller. He requested that he might be reinforced by General French's division at Harper's Ferry, stating, at the same time, that Harper's Ferry, in present circumstances, was of no value. General Halleck resented the reflection on that picturesque and romantic position and returned a peremptory refusal. Hooker was indignant that in the moment of his greatest responsibility he should be unnecessarily cramped and hampered, and he instantly sent in his resignation. Halleck, equally indignant that the commander of the Army of the Potomac should seek, for any reason, to abandon his post in so important a crisis, accepted his resignation without remonstrance or demur, and promptly appointed General Meade to the command.

Here was "a swapping of horses in the middle of the stream," but the army bore up bravely. "The time was," writes Frank Good, "when we had more men, and when we were well supplied with clothes and grub, but the time has never been when there was the same feeling throughout the whole command. They may change generals as often as they please, they cannot demoralize the army."

Even in civil life, although at first a foreboding depression was general, there was a quick rebound from the unexpected blow. Newspapers displayed a jocoseness which indicated the reaction. "The opposing armies in the North may be said to have imbibed a pastoral taste, since they are now led by spangled Meade and flowery Lea," was the comment of one.

The names of Governor Curtin and General Couch, who were active in Pennsylvania calling civilians into service, also excited witticisms. For example: "We have a Couch in whose arms General Lee may repose after his long, hard march, and a Curtain to prevent intrusion on his privacy."

On crossing the Potomac river Buford's cavalry division took the road to Middletown and South Mountain pass, crossing South Mountain on the 29th, going north along its


EWELL'S CORPS
EARLY'S DIV.
July 1st
RODES DIV
Battle of
R.R. Grade
Chambersburg Turnpike
BUFORD'S CAV.
1st Pos.
Mummasburg Road
Carlisle Road
BARLOW
Harrisburg Road
SCHURZ
HOWARD
ROBINSON
REYNOLDS
WADSWORTH
DOUBLEDAY
HILL'S CORPS
PENDER'S DIV.
HETH'S DIV.
College
Railroad
York Turnpike
GETTYSBURG
Seminary
Bonnaughtown
Rock Creek
Millerstown Road
Willoughby Run
EWELL'S CORPS
EARLY'S DIV.
Benning's Hill
RODES DIV.
CORPS
SEMINARY RIDGE
Attack of July 3d
JOHNSON'S DIV.
HOWARD
Cemetery
WADSWORTH
Culp's Hill
SLOCUM
ROBINSON
PENDER'S DIV.
HETH'S DIV.
Baltimore Turnpike
NEWTON
CEMETERY
HANCOCK
PICKETT'S DIV.
DOUBLEDAY
Lower's Hill
LONGSTREET'S CORPS
McLAWS'S DIV.
TIEKLES 2d JULY
GIBBON
WHEATON
Peach Orchard
WRIGHT
HOOD'S DIV
Little Round Top
SEDGWICK
Emmetsburg Road
Round Top
HOWE
Taneytown Road
MAP OF THE BATTLE OF
GETTYSBURG
showing Positions held
JULY 1st 2d & 3d 1863.
Union Lines.
Confederate "
Scale of 1 Mile

western foot to Covetown; thence crossing and bivouacking at the eastern base of the mountain, after a day's march of forty miles. All along the route the division was greeted with an enthusiasm greatly in contrast with the silently hostile reception it had become accustomed to on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The march was resumed soon after three o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June and directed toward Fairfield, near which the head of the column came upon a Rebel picket. Without attempting to clear the way, the command countermarched, took another road and, passing through Emmetsburg, reached the southern edge of Gettysburg about noon. The head of a Rebel column of infantry appeared on the heights west of the town about the same time, but countermarched and passed off on the Chambersburg pike. General Buford placed his division on the north and west side of the town, the First brigade on the Chambersburg pike about a half mile from Gettysburg, and sent out a strong picket on all approaches from the north and west.

Meantime, every part of the army was as indefatigably on the march. General Hooker, at the time he was suspended, was concentrating one portion of his force at Frederick, to meet the Rebel front, and was directing another portion toward the Rebel rear. Meade withdrew the latter, and uniting the two portions, directed his course toward the line of Pipe creek, a position about fifteen miles south-east of Gettysburg, with the intention of forming there across the Rebel line of march. His front was nearly forty miles from east to west. Buford's cavalry preceded and covered his left or western wing, which was composed of the corps of Reynolds and Howard.

General Lee directed his scattered forces to concentrate at Gettysburg, where he could hold the South Mountain passes and Cumberland Valley, and at the same time advance to the attack of the Federal army.

In pursuance of these movements, the armies struck together sooner than either commander anticipated. The first shock of the meeting occurred on the first day of July. Buford's cavalry, as already narrated, in swinging round to take

up the designated position on Pipe creek, approached Gettysburg, and seeing the head of the enemy, advanced to the north and west side of the town, where it lay during the last night of June. About eight o'clock in the morning, the picket on the Chambersburg road gave warning of the enemy's approach. The First brigade was at once put in line of battle, the Third Indiana on the right. A battery was placed in position, a heavy line of skirmishers was sent out, and every preparation was made to hold the enemy in check until Reynolds and Howard, who had bivouacked several miles south of Gettysburg, could get up. The skirmish line, reinforced from time to time, contested every inch of ground, the battery kept up an incessant and effective fire, and the brigade was enabled to hold its commanding position until the infantry arrived, when it withdrew to the cover of Seminary ridge.

Wadsworth's division, four thousand strong, was the first to reach the ground. It formed in a hollow between two parallel ridges, and on the bank of a little stream called Willoughby's run—Cutter's brigade on the right, Meredith's on the left. While the line was forming, Reynolds was shot and instantly killed. Archer's Rebel brigade made immediate, repeated and heavy attacks on Cutter, and at length, forcing him back, pressed hard after him. Meredith, whose front was clear, rapidly advanced, gained Archer's flank and rear, and captured eight hundred men with their brigade commander.

The Rebels, however, were reinforced, and the battle grew hot and heavy. Wadsworth's division fought nearly two hours, on the stream, over the hills, and in the woods. Corporal Cunningham, of the Nineteenth Indiana, was wounded in the hip, and dropped the colors. Buckles, the brave boy who had been ambitious for this moment, snatched the flag from the ground, unfurled it to the breeze, and cheered as the men rushed forward in a charge. It was the proudest moment of his life; but he, too, was soon wounded. The flag then passed back to the hand of Cunningham, who, after having his wound dressed, had found his way again into the battle. Pressed by twice its own number, the divi-

sion gradually and steadily lost ground, and broke up its battle line. On Seminary ridge, it again formed, its right being strengthened by a large reinforcement.

General Howard reached Gettysburg during the retreat of Wadsworth, bringing with him the residue of the First corps and the whole of the Eleventh corps, and took command on the field. Posting one division of the Eleventh south-east of the town, on the strongest and most commanding point in the vicinity, he hastened to unite the greater part of his force with the new line forming on Seminary ridge.

At the same time, Early's corps, marching from the North, arrived on the Rebel ground and connected with the Rebel left, making it far over-lap the Union right. The fighting continued four hours on Seminary ridge. The Nineteenth Indiana was on the extreme left, as in the previous line. Colonel Williams said, as the regiment assumed its position, "We must hold our colors on this line, or lie here under them." Bravely they held their colors there.

Cunningham was struck again, and again obliged to relinquish his charge. Blanchard fell with the flag in his hand, and died.

Meredith was grazed on the head by the fragment of a shell. His horse was shot, and rolled heavily upon him. Lieutenant Colonel Dudley had his leg shattered. Lieutenant Jones, Lieutenant East, Sergeant Ferguson, Sergeant Beshears, Winsett and Dougherty, Michner and Ogborn, half the men in the regiment fell here.

General Howard endeavored to effect an orderly retreat to the hills south and south-east of Gettysburg, where, during his progress to the front, he had posted a division. His left, the First corps, falling back through the suburbs and beyond the obstructions of the town, was able to gain the new position without confusion, but his right, closely pursued and entangled in narrow streets, fell into inevitable disorder and suffered immense loss.

The First brigade of Buford's division covered the withdrawal of the infantry. The men were dismounted, and held Seminary ridge until the withdrawal was accomplished, when, before they could be withdrawn, the position was

flanked by the advancing Rebel infantry. They fell back, losing heavily, and mounted their horses under a deadly fire.

It was now late in the day, and General Sickles, arriving with the Third corps, formed on the left of Howard without opposition.

With Meade, who, at Taneytown, ten miles distant, was duly informed from hour to hour of the situation of affairs and events, there could be little question as to the expediency of fighting the momentous and inevitable battle on the hills of Gettysburg, and, after short delay, he turned in that direction the corps which, according to previous orders, were concentrating on Pipe creek. But it would have been prudent for Lee to pause before assuming the offensive in his present situation. He had allowed himself to be detained on unimportant ridges west of Gettysburg, while the Union army had taken up a position on the most formidable eminence in the vicinity; and now, perforce, he held an attitude which bore an ominous resemblance to that of Burnside before Fredericksburg. On the other hand, his army was in excellent condition, having come up with great deliberation from the points of the compass to which it had been scattered; while portions of the Federal army were still many miles distant; its advance was beaten all to pieces, and one of its best commanders was slain. Moreover, if the Army of the Potomac should play into his hands by the commission of some fatal error in the supreme moment of conflict, it would be according to its previous career.

Influenced by these latter considerations, perhaps beguiled by the broad road leading down to Washington, and in plain view from his quarters, and by the flattering hope of dictating peace from the Capitol within two days, he was not unwilling to wage the decisive battle on the vantage ground of his enemy. If he counted on a false move, the next day gave him cause for self-congratulation.

The country for many miles east of South Mountain range is broken into parallel ridges diverse in shape, height, and length. In one of the narrow valleys formed by these ridges lies the rural village of Gettysburg. The western and northern boundary of the valley is Seminary Ridge, the

slopes of which are adorned by a theological seminary and a college. The ridge on the eastern and southern side of the valley is called Cemetery Ridge, from the village graveyard, which lies on the broadest of its hills. It is curved like a horseshoe and is broken and irregular, the central and terminating points being high and rocky, while the intervening spaces are sunk almost to the level of the valley. Cemetery Hill, the centre of the ridge, is the toe of the shoe. On the right are Culp's and Wolf's hills; on the left the two Round Tops, Little and Great. The Round Tops look toward the west. Culp's Hill faces the north, while Wolf's Hill lies to the east. Cemetery Hill affords a wide-spread, beautiful view, which is bounded on the west only by the waving line of South Mountain. Gettysburg lies at its base, partly on its front.

Howard, on falling back to Cemetery Hill, immediately threw up intrenchments. He posted Wadsworth's division, now including the Seventh Indiana, which had been guarding the corps trains on the previous day, on the right of his corps, nearly to Culp's Hill, and the remaining divisions of Reynolds' corps in reserve on his left. Slocum, as he came up, arranged his command on Culp's Hill, to the right of Wadsworth. Hancock took up the line on Howard's left. Sickles formed between Hancock and Little Round Top, along the most depressed portion of the ridge. During the night and the following day troops came up and fell into line. The last to arrive were Sedgwick's corps, which marched to Wolf's Hill on the right and rear of the army, and Sykes's corps, which moved to the rear and left of Sickles.

Lee's army, being nearly all on the ground the 1st of July, was soon in position—Early on the left, Hill in the centre, and Longstreet on the right of a line at least five miles in extent. The Confederates were fresh and haughty, spurred by ambition and flushed with victory. According to the testimony of a prominent Rebel officer, "They were filled with a profound contempt for the enemy." The Union troops were wearied with nineteen days rapid marching, but, to use the language of a Hoosier soldier, they had "a deter-

mined mind to do their task or die a trying." The North and the South seldom, if ever, came together with such high-strung, deliberate, desperate resolution.

The bright, still midsummer day was undisturbed, except by picket firing, until four in the afternoon. Sickles, impatient, it is said indignant, because of the delay, had moved from the position assigned him, and had formed his line a half mile or more in advance on the Emmetsburg road, which runs along a swell in the centre of the valley. The movement broke his connection with Hancock, and lost him the protection of Little Round Top, while it brought him within easy range of Longstreet's artillery; and invited the approach of Longstreet's infantry, which, in magnificent lines a mile and a half long, far overlapped both his left and right. He met the ready and terrible shock with gallantry, covering his left flank with Birney's division formed into an angle and stretched through a peach orchard, a wheat field, and a grove. A steady artillery fire and repeated assaults wholly and hotly engaged him, while Longstreet threw a force toward his rear to gain Little Round Top. In hasty and unperceived march the Rebel force had almost accomplished its task, when it was suddenly confronted by the advance of Sykes' corps. An instant hand-to-hand struggle ensued in the rocky glen at the base of the hill, on and under the granite ledges of the sides, and even among the huge bowlders at the top. A desperate half hour, which filled the clefts with dead men, secured the height, prevented the turning of the Union line, and saved the day.

Meantime, Sickles' front and flank were hardly maintained. Part of Sykes' corps reinforced the hard pressed Birney; and from the distant right Slocum's corps, all but one brigade, hurried to the scene of combat. But increase of numbers only added to the din, and whirl, and fury. No reinforcements could hold the ground, or redeem the defeat. Torn from one position after another, the Union troops were at last flung back to their original line on Cemetery Ridge.

As the seething mass rolled over to the rear, a young officer of Sykes' corps, the only officer remaining of a company which had lost three-fifths of its men, was seen stand-

ing a moment alone, while he tied his sword with his sword-knot to his wrist. Twice already he had been struck, and his noble heart was jealous lest the raining bullets, in taking his life, should rob him also of his honor. It was the same youth who, with his company two months before, waited on the Rappahannock, under the nearing boom of the enemy's guns, until the flying army and every straggling soldier was safe on the northern side, and crossed while the swelling stream lashed the bridge, and the impatient engineers stood with the fastenings of the pontoon boats in their hands.

The Twentieth Indiana, which was on Birney's left, and which had been, from the first clash, in the brunt of the battle, reached Cemetery Ridge with its colors riddled, six of its eight color-guards shot and its Colonel dead. General Sickles was carried from the field dangerously wounded.

Slocum's corps had scarcely reached the foot of Little Round Top when it was ordered to return to its vacated position on Culp's Hill. At the same time Buford's cavalry was summoned from the rear, whither it had been sent to rest after the first day's fight, and was posted on the extreme right to confront Stuart.

Ewell was making vigorous exertions to gain the Union right, having assailed it in superior force as soon as Sykes and Slocum were fairly drawn into the vortex of Sickles' and Longstreet's sanguinary conflict. He easily gained the abandoned intrenchments of Williams' division, but though he dashed impetuously through a wooded valley and up abrupt rocks in repeated assaults on Greene and Wadsworth, he made little impression upon them. In an attack made at the same time on Cemetery Hill, his men advancing cautiously in the now rapidly falling darkness and under cover of houses and undulations in the hillside, he was near being successful. All the guns which could be brought to bear on him opened as soon as he was discovered, but he continued his ascent unflinching, and gained Howard's first line. The advanced Union guns, overheated by rapid firing, were obliged to cease; but the brave cannoneers fought with rammers, handspikes and stones until they descried troops hastening from their left and rear. "Who are you?" they cried

doubtingly, but sent up a cheer as the foremost regiment shouted, "Fourteenth Indiana." The moon, which was full and bright an hour later, was not yet up; and the charge of the Fourteenth, directed only by the sound and flash of the enemy's guns, was a headlong dash, but it was sweeping. The Rebels fled down the hill before it, leaving in the hands of the Fourteenth the flag, the field officers, and many of the privates of the Twenty-First North Carolina.

On the close of July 2, Lee still had reason for congratulation. In possession of the ground where lay the Union dead and wounded, and within the Union line at both extremities, he was not less the gainer than on the preceding day; and his losses, though frightful, were plainly not so great as those of the Army of the Potomac. One more strike, heavy and well-directed, would put an end to the delay in his march to Washington. He was impatient for the short night to pass.

The Northern army, however, was far from feeling itself conquered. It waited with not less impatience through the moonlight hours of the night, and woke the new day with a powerful artillery fire upon the strong intruders in Slocum's intrenchments. When the artillery ceased, Slocum pushed his infantry forward to retake his rifle-pits. The Twenty-Seventh Indiana and the Second Massachusetts, which had the extreme right of his line, entered an open space which was swept by Rebel rifles. They strove to push on. They struggled to stand. But to proceed was murder, and to remain was death. They withdrew.

His comrades snatched from the ground Corporal Antrim, who had fallen with the colors. "Leave me here! Let me die where I fell!" cried the young hero, his soul flaming through his dying eyes. They would not forsake him. Yet they were compelled to leave the ground strewed with their dying and their dead.

Within ten minutes, one hundred and ten Indianians, and a still larger number of Massachusetts men, stained the green sod with their hearts' blood. Of the color-bearers of the Twenty-Seventh, four were killed and four were wounded.

After four hours, the struggle for the re-establishment of Slocum's line on Culp's Hill was successful.

Silence, full of anxious expectation, now fell upon the battle field, and, although interrupted by fitful outbreaks of firing, continued so deep that the soldiers resting and waiting in the wild woods of Culp's Hill, in the orchards and the grave yard, noticed the warbling of birds on their nests, and followed with their eyes a flock of pigeons which slowly flew over the hills.

At one o'clock, a signal started the Rebel artillery into life. One hundred and fifteen heavy guns opened from Lee's front, and poured a cross fire on Cemetery Hill. Eighty guns, all that could be used in the shorter space, slowly took up the reply. As in every previous struggle, the challenging party had been fairly met, and every blow had encountered as heavy a blow, there was now no aimless firing and no squandering of ammunition. The valley was narrow, and the fire leaped from hill to hill, plowing and tearing the ground. Meade remained in his quarters, which were a little below Cemetery Hill, and within Rebel range. Our infantry crouched behind walls and trees, and in the gullies of the quaking hills. They waited for the charge that was sure to come soon or late. Our guns ceased, too much heated to continue firing, and at the end of two hours the Rebel artillery gradually slackened its fury. Now was the crisis of expectation. It was short. Before the thunders of the cannon died away, a double line of battle three or four miles in length, preceded by a flight of skirmishers, swept down from the smoking hills to the waiting plain, and surged upward from the plain toward the unshaken Union front. Guns on Cemetery Ridge opened, shot away all their canister, and grew silent. Muskets and men were motionless until the Rebel tide was close. Then the patient rifles were let loose. Still the Rebels came. The shock of meeting was in the pits, on the barricades and on the batteries. The varying struggle extended from Sickles' corps, far on the left, in the front line of which was our Twentieth, to Howard's corps on the right. It was the struggle of combatants

whose hands are on each others' throats. It could not endure many minutes. The Rebel lines melted away, or trailed painfully back to the western hills.

That night, the two armies lay panting and bleeding on the mournful heights of Gettysburg, perhaps too weary to comprehend who had lost and who had won. But there was one who understood and who acknowledged the situation without pausing to reflect. Almost before his shattered columns regained Seminary Ridge, Lee turned his wagon trains toward the Potomac. He, however, prudently threw up intrenchments and threw out a strong line of guards in order to present the appearance of maintaining his position.

On the 4th of July, President Lincoln announced that "The news from the Army of the Potomac, up to ten o'clock, in the afternoon of the 3d, is such as to cover the army with the highest honor, to promise great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen." He especially desired that "on this day, 'He whose will, not ours, should ever be done,' be everywhere remembered and reverenced with the profoundest gratitude."

The day was sweet, fresh and sunny, the serene blue sky smiling down upon the earth, and on the pale, stained faces upturned on the battle field—

"Calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness
Sweeps the battle's breath of hell.

Still in the cannon's pause we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving hymn:
Too near to God for doubt or fear
She shares the eternal calm."

Two letters, one from a gallant participator, the other from a timid spectator, detail incidents and scenes which cannot but give life-like touches to the bare delineation of the battle of Gettysburg. The first is written by Mr. Pratt:

"CAMP NEAR ANTIETAM RIVER,
July 13, 1863.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—An officer of my regiment going on a sick leave, offers to post letters for any of us, and I take

advantage of the offer. I suppose many of my letters do not reach you, written while in the campaign. Some are given to honest-looking farmers, who promise they will post them the first opportunity, some to sutlers, and some are entrusted, as a last resort, to the news boys that we sometimes see. I wrote to you at Manasses, Frederick City and Gettysburg, and received your kind letters all together the other day.

"I fear the letters on the march were not very edifying if they were received. There was a touch of whining about them not manly nor soldier-like. But the truth was, we suffered a great deal,—marching twenty-five and thirty miles a day, lying down in roads and sleeping a few hours, and before daybreak on our way again,—sore feet and stiff joints, empty stomachs, horrible mud, driving rains and roaring streams, never checking our tremendous pace.

"We marched all day of the first of July, till midnight—halted three hours and then on again. By daylight we were in the circle of the battle ground. Early in the morning we threw out skirmishers, who popped away for half an hour, and then were drawn in. We took up a position in line of battle two or three times during the forenoon, but neither disturbed, nor were disturbed. Half the afternoon we dozed, smoked and chatted, listening to the sound of battle in the distance. All at once the order came. We were sorely needed, and for more than a mile we went at a double quick. We have all in a manner schooled ourselves to the horrible sights of a battle field, because they don't vary very materially; but anything unusual or novel in the way of suffering will find a woman's sympathy with a soldier. Now as we were hastening up the Baltimore road to the help of the Third corps, we passed a woman sitting by a house crying bitterly, and everybody was touched.

"We were now in sight of the batteries playing, and soon close on to the hot musketry. We formed on a side hill tremendously uneven, with huge moss-covered rocks. Directly in front was a marshy ground, then a hill, then woods. Looking down this vale was a ridge that covered it. Across this marshy open space—down the hill we were on, and up the

opposite hill we were to charge. The enemy were in the woods opposite and behind the ridge, which was on our left as we charged.

"The two regular brigades were drawn up on this side hill. In this valley we looked down on, were our troops falling back in the wildest disorder. In that seething fire they were under, a color-bearer of one of the regiments broke away from the crowd that was carrying him back with them, and rushed back toward the enemy a half dozen paces, planted his colors in the ground and fell. The whole regiment rallied for a few minutes, and for the first time, I heard the Regulars cheer. The regiment broke again though, swept down the vale in front of us, and our brigade commander gave the word "forward." Away we went, over rocks and in the marsh. A dozen paces forward, and we came within this enfilading fire. Men began to fall very fast, but the line kept steadily on. We gained the other side, and lay down. Part of the Second corps was in front, and we could not fire with safety. Soon they fell back in good order past our line, and then we rose up and began. Our brigade fought alone, the other brigade being in our rear. The men fought gallantly, but fell fast, exposed as they were to an almost semi-circle of fire.

"The field was so thickly strewed with the dead and wounded that you could almost have walked on bodies over it, and of course no particular case could fix your attention in the excitement, but one sight almost fascinated me with forgetfulness of danger and death all around. Right at the foot of my company, as they were loading and firing so rapidly that they were almost a sheet of fire, lay a splendid looking staff officer, covered with blood and dying; but in all his agony he turned his face to us half smiling, and waved his hand as if to cheer us on. I could not keep my eyes off of him. Such stern, gallant stuff as he was made of I never expect to see equalled.

"Soon we had a fire in our rear, and we realized that we were flanked. The men still stood, till presently the order came to fall back. As we did so, the fire became more awful than ever, and the slaughter was fearful. An officer who

had been at the signal station, told me that just as they were retreating, three heavy lines of battle came up and poured their fire on us. The long ridge, that was on our flank, was crowded with Texan sharpshooters, who did terrible work. They were lying down. All I could see of them was the flash of their rifles along the ridge, and the 'Lone Star' flag in the centre of it. After we had gained the heights again, we formed the first line of battle. I saw the regiment was fearfully shattered, but we had n't time to tell each other who had fallen, if we knew. We were momentarily expecting to charge again; but a force of fresh troops was brought forward, and proved to be enough to drive back the enemy.

"We were engaged an hour and a half. The brigade started on the charge with about nine hundred and fifty men, and came out with three hundred and nineteen. My regiment, out of two hundred and sixty men and twenty-three officers, lost a hundred and fifteen men and nine officers. My company, out of fifty-seven men and four officers, came back with twenty-two men and one officer, myself, two of the others killed, and one wounded. Just after we started on the charge, I was hit by a spent ball almost directly over the heart, and knocked down. A little water, though, cured my faintness, and, after hard running, I caught up with my company again. Almost in the same place in falling back, another ball passed through my pants and grazed my leg, just starting the blood. The muscle swelled somewhat, and I had to limp for three or four days; but I do not feel it now. The spot on my breast is still sore.

"On the third we were still under heavy artillery fire. The pieces showered about us for hours, tops of trees and heavy branches carried off by round shot helped the awful din.

"We suffered considerably, not so much as the day before, but still severely.

"I did not see a sight that affected me more than that of a man that belonged to my company, who, when we lay under the artillery fire, went forward to get a better sight of the battle, and who had not gone a dozen steps before he was mortally wounded. The stretcher bearers picked him up and

brought him back. As they went by the company on their way to the hospital, he begged them to set him down for a moment, and then reached out his hand and said: 'Good bye!' as calmly as good night, to his comrades that came about him.

"That day ended the conflict for us. Other troops pushed on, but our shattered little force was left out of range. The battle might have been called ended, though, after that artillery fire and their successful attempts to pierce our lines, which it preceded.

"I never can place myself at the head of the little company—now still further reduced to nineteen—without a sad thought of those noble fellows who used to be with me. The story of my mess will be like a story I have read somewhere of a roaring club of young fellows who were to meet once a year, as long as they lived—and the last meeting was a gray-haired old man, the only relic of that jolly crowd, who toasted the memory of his former comrades, and sung the songs all by himself.

"Soon after the battle, we were hurried here by the same forced marches that took us into Pennsylvania, and now have the enemy in our front. Day before yesterday, I was out skirmishing from daybreak until dark; the line of skirmishers was some two or three miles long, and we drove the enemy some two miles.

"Yesterday afternoon, we were massed by brigades, and advanced still farther, but had no battle. To-day we have been lying in line of battle all day, momentarily expecting the battle to commence. An occasional artillery duel occurs on our right or left, but our immediate front is quiet, except picket firing. The enemy is intrenching himself. This battle, it seems to me, must be a deciding one; long before this reaches you, we shall have fought it.

"Love to all.

"Your affectionate son, JAMES."

The following letter, addressed to her cousin in Indianapolis, was written by a young orphan girl, a native of Indiana, but a resident of Gettysburg:

"GETTYSBURG, July 17, 1863.

MY DEAR MINA: Your request that I should tell you '*all* I've passed through,' I am afraid I cannot comply with, for I have *lived a lifetime* in the past few weeks, and yet, to look back, it seems like some fearful dream. God grant that you, that none I love, may ever pass through such scenes, or witness such bloody, fearful sights! Words can give you no conception. It was perfect agony. Not for worlds would I go through it again.

"The next time I hear the Rebels are coming, I'll believe, instead of laughing at the idea of such a thing; and I will leave this region of country, if I have to walk. We were in their possession three days. Their treatment of us was most courteous and kind; they did not take from us even a chicken; they did, however, take our cherries, currants, onions and potatoes, but that we thought no hardship.

"The first day's battle was, as you have learned by the papers, to the west of the town, at which end we live. Our house stands right on the Harrisburg road—along which most of the rebel force came—just at the edge of the town.

"On Tuesday morning, June 30, the Rebels were seen cautiously creeping up the hills to the west of Gettysburg. I saw the pickets. They were planting batteries to command the town, when our cavalry dashed in and charged out the Chambersburg pike. The Rebels, supposing our men were in force, retired without firing a gun. Had our troops been a few hours later, the Rebels would have had possession of the beautiful hills around us, and our fate would have been sealed; for our men say, had one army had possession of the hills around Gettysburg, no force, no matter how great its strength, could have taken it.

"On Wednesday morning at nine o'clock, cannonading was heard, but very distant. All citizens were ordered off the streets. Immediately you could see the house tops covered with ladies, as well as gentlemen, watching the battle. Our family repaired to the attic, and from the windows we could see the movements of our troops. It was not long until we very distinctly heard the mournful whiz of the Rebel shells, as they came thick and fast through the woods just

beyond us. But it was not until I saw the fences on our own premises torn down, and cannon placed all around us, one battery just in our back yard, that I began to realize our danger. Then we shut up the house and went into the cellar, taking with us provision to give our men, and rags for the wounded. Though the shells fell thick around us, shattering trees, knocking bricks out of the house, &c., Cousin Jennie stood on the cellar steps, cutting bread, spreading it with apple butter, and giving it to our poor men, who had been marched double-quick for miles without any breakfast. The poor fellows were *so* grateful, and would say, "Courage, ladies, we'll drive the rebs!" At one time, our troops were ordered to make a stand and hold our house, but afterward were ordered to give them half the town. Our main force fell back to Cemetery Hill, at the extreme end of the town from us. How I wish we could boast that a Rebel had never walked our streets but as a prisoner; but twice has that foul flag waved in triumph over Gettysburg. Our men retired, fighting every step of the way. The firing of the musketry was more rapid than the ticking of a watch, and it seemed that for every gun fired there was a shriek. Oh, it was awful! How I wished for Cousin Jennie's courage; but all I could do was to sit in the cellar corner and cry. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the Rebels had possession of us. They made a charge through our hall. We were obliged to open our house for the wounded. Near dark, some of our wounded came staggering into the cellar, covered with blood; the cellar floor was muddy with blood and water, the latter of which had been poured on their wounds. I shall never forget the sight that greeted us as we came up from the cellar. The moon was shining brightly in the heavens, while on the earth, scattered everywhere, were the dead, and the wounded moaning with pain; our yard and house were full. I actually thought I had been transferred to some strange place, so different did it seem from the home I had seen in the morning. Though the fighting was still going on, it was almost nothing in comparison to a few hours before. The Rebels took their wounded from our house, to the rear of their army; so we went to work and took up carpets, brought

down beds, and tried to make our wounded as comfortable as possible. Our army's centre rested on Cemetery Hill, where we had a number of guns, and which we could distinctly see from our door; and as the Rebels only held half the town, we were in the centre and near the front of the Rebel army. Our troops paid respect to the flag that floated over our house, and it was only a stray shell that came near us, after the first day's battle.

"The college, which is quite near us, was also taken as a hospital. From the cupola, there is a splendid view of the country for miles around, and there, under the protection of the hospital flag, stood General Lee, taking note of both armies, and sending dispatches all over the field. General Ewell and staff took tea with us Wednesday evening. We, being in their power, kept quiet as to our sentiments, until they commenced the subject. We then very warmly expressed our feelings, and told them they were unwelcome guests. Many of them were handsome and intelligent, and all polite and accommodating. Seeing there were none but ladies in the house, the General gave us a guard to protect us. General Ewell wanted to make his quarters with us; but, as we could not, or rather would not, put ourselves to any trouble to give him two private rooms, he went elsewhere to sleep, but came for breakfast, bringing with him Generals Early and Rhodes. Some of us, myself among the number, having been so frightened by Wednesday's fight, General Ewell gave us two wagons to take us to the rear, where there was less danger, and sent one of his staff with us for protection. Auntie, Cousin Jennie and the servant were all that had courage to remain. The house we stopped at happened to be General Jenkins' headquarters. I really liked him. He was struck by a shell in Thursday's fight, and could not go into battle on Friday.

"Thursday and Friday, I was three miles away from the fighting. Though I could hear it, I saw none of its horrors.

"Sunday morning, when I came home, both armies had gone; the voice of booming cannon was hushed, and in its stead was heard the rumbling wheels of ambulances, which covered every field and road, bearing away the wounded.

Every one has house and hands full, notwithstanding newspaper slanders, which I hope you do not believe. If the Rebels are going to invade your State, as they have this, I would advise you to pack up and go as far north as you can. Your affectionate cousin,

ANNIE YOUNG."

General Lee, according to his usual policy when his losses were great, made no report; but it is computed that thirty-four thousand dead and wounded (more men than are in Indianapolis) were strewn among the green fields of Gettysburg on that "Glorious Fourth." Of these, sixteen thousand belonged to the Army of the Potomac. Ten thousand Rebels, who had received no hurt in the battle, were captured. Six thousand six hundred and forty-three Union soldiers were taken by the enemy. The whole Union loss was twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-six. The total Rebel loss was about twenty-eight thousand.

Indiana suffered heavily. The Nineteenth, Colonel Williams, had thirty-four killed, one hundred and nineteen wounded, fifty-seven missing—more than two thirds of the regiment. General Meredith, beside being struck on the head by the fragment of a shell, was severely bruised by the fall of his horse.

The Twentieth had thirty-two killed, one hundred and nine wounded, and eleven missing—largely over one-third of its numbers. For the second time, its Colonel was killed in battle.

Colonel Wheeler served as Captain in the Twentieth, seven months; as Major, seven months; as Lieutenant Colonel, seven months; and three months as Colonel. He was a brave and beloved officer.

The Fourteenth, Colonel Cavins, had seven killed and twenty-three wounded. Captain John P. Blinn, former Adjutant of the Fourteenth, was mortally wounded while doing duty as aide to General Harrow. He died a Christian soldier.

The Twenty-Seventh lost twenty-one killed, ninety-six wounded, and several missing. Colonel Colgrove was in

command of a brigade. His faithful horse, which bore the marks of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam and Chancellorsville, was shot through both fore-legs at Gettysburg, and permanently disabled.

The Seventh lost two killed, nine wounded and ten missing.

The Third cavalry, Colonel Chapman, had five killed, twenty-three wounded and seven captured. Major Lemon, an esteemed and efficient officer, was mortally wounded.

Howard's escort, the two companies of which consisted respectively of eighty-five and eighty-six men, lost one man.

Rev. Mr. Monfort, the Indiana Military Agent in Washington, started to the battle field with five assistants and with supplies for the wounded, on the fifth of July. He had so much difficulty in securing means of conveyance, that in two days he only reached Littletown, eight miles from Gettysburg. He made a report, of which the following is an extract:

"At Littletown, hundreds of wounded were in church and school house, in barns and shops. Here we found Dr. Garver, Assistant Surgeon of the Nineteenth Indiana Volunteers, sick, but giving his attention to the wounded, and having been detailed to wait upon Lieutenant Colonel Dudley, who was dangerously wounded, and who has since lost a leg by amputation.

"Along the line of travel, we met hundreds of the wounded, who, being able to walk, but bearing in many cases dangerous hurts, had been permitted to make their way as best they could to the nearest depot, which was some twenty-seven miles from Gettysburg.

"The road from Littletown was thronged with the wounded—hungry, faint and weary. We met a benevolent gentlemen selling bread at fifty cents per loaf. Others were heard of who had *cultivated* the grace of benevolence, and could readily ask one dollar per loaf!

"No battle field of which I have knowledge will bear *any comparison* with Gettysburg.

"It furnishes abundant evidence of the severest contest in which our army has ever been engaged, and that which

intensified the horrors of this conflict is the utter destitution which prevailed for six days after the battle. There had been no supplies to any considerable amount carried with the army, and no train arrived until seven days after the battle. Add to this the fact that the Rebel army had consumed the provisions of the surrounding country, and you will be able to judge of the destitution.

"The Surgeon of the Second corps hospital gave me a list of supplies when the army commenced its pursuit of the Rebels: A few stretchers, eight pounds of chloroform, one box of bandages, sixteen rolls of plaster, three pounds of lint—and sixteen hundred wounded!

"Dr. Haines, Assistant Surgeon of the Nineteenth Indiana, was left in charge of Seminary Hospital, with several wounded, and without supplies of any kind. Finding in the cellar of a deserted house, a crock of lard, he filled an empty fruit can with lard, took a sheet from a bed, tore off a strip, prepared a wick, and soon a lamp was burning. By this light, he dressed wounds the first evening. Having no bandages, he went into the town, and entering a house, took from the beds fine sheets, which he converted into bandages and lint.

"Within three hundred yards of the headquarters of the Second corps hospital, I saw, on Sabbath morning of the twelfth instant, twenty-seven bodies of dead Confederates, unburied, the food of worms. The living, too, in many cases, were found, whose wounds were alive with the maggot. It was not possible, with the supply of surgeons left, to do all that was needed to be done.

"There was very great destitution of food and clothing until Wednesday the 8th, when the railroad, being in running order, supplies were beginning to come in. I should think there were not less than ten thousand soldiers supplied with shirts and drawers, within seven days, by the different relief societies. Provisions came, too, in very great abundance. I had the pleasure of loading a six-mule team, several times, with provisions for our wounded in the different corps hospitals.

"Such generosity as was displayed by the citizens of Get-

tysburg and surrounding country toward the suffering, has never been surpassed.

"The weather has been favorable to our wounded. I met a number of men upon the battle field, from Indiana, with sorrowing hearts, seeking the resting places of their dead, and surgeons sent from the State, rendering good service wherever needed.

"The gratitude of our brave sufferers, and the commendations which we were compelled quite frequently to hear in regard to our State Administration, caused a feeling of pride that we were Indianians."

On the fourth of July, the Twentieth Indiana was thrown forward as skirmishers, and had a severe engagement, in which it lost one officer and several men.

A number of captures was made by parties or individuals, moving independently over the field. Harry Shaler, a private in Howard's escort, riding on a distant part of the field, came unexpectedly upon a squad of nineteen Rebels. A poncho, thrown across his shoulders, fortunately concealed his dress. He effected a further disguise by boldly ordering the squad to remove several wounded men from the field. As soon as, under his direction, the party was at a safe distance, he put his revolver to the head of a Lieutenant, the commander of the squad, and demanded his sword. It was reluctantly surrendered. Harry then marched his nineteen prisoners into a Union camp. In another excursion, he captured a captain and five more men, making the sum of his captures amount to twenty-five.

General Schurz, while riding with four of Howard's escort, captured half a Rebel company.

During the night which followed the last Rebel assault, several troops of horsemen penetrated to the enemy's rear and discovered Lee's preparations for retreat. Their reports were confirmed by the next day's reconnoissances.

On the morning of July 7, General Meade began a forced march through the lower passes of South Mountain, pursuing a course which was parallel with that of General Lee, although somewhat longer. Steady rains and heavy roads impeded progress, but the pursuers were in superb spirits.

The nearest approach to complaint to be found in a number of private letters written at this period, occurs in the following odd passage from Charlie Noble:

"General Howard and staff are at dinner. They sit down to a table and have all the good grub they want, while we poor dogs have to cook our own meals—a piece of salt junk and a cup of coffee. But all right. If my time was out, I'd enlist again. A braver man than General Howard never blowed his nose. He is called the Ney of the Army of the Potomac."

The mountains swarmed with stragglers. The roads were full of wagons and ambulances. Farm houses and barns, all along the route, were crowded with wounded. Buford's cavalry gallantly cleared Boonsboro pass, and the road several miles eastward, engaging the enemy sharply at Boonsboro, Beaver creek and Yorktown. The Third Indiana was engaged in skirmishes on the sixth, eighth, ninth and tenth of July.

On the eleventh and twelfth, Meade drew up and sat down before Lee, who, at Williamsport, had been three days waiting for a fall in the Potomac. The Rebel General was strongly intrenched, but he was almost destitute of ammunition, and seemed at last to be within the grasp of the Union army. What, therefore, was the dismay of that army, after waiting two days in grim patience, to find itself on the fourteenth in line before vacated fortifications.

The cavalry alone had a slap at the enemy. In a sharp two hours' engagement with his rear guard, near a pontoon bridge at Falling Waters, it inflicted a loss of sixteen hundred, while it suffered a loss of but one hundred and eighty-five.

The escape of Lee was the cause of universal and profound regret. "The fruit seemed so ripe, so ready for plucking," sorrowfully remarked President Lincoln, "that it was very hard to lose it."

The much-enduring Army of the Potomac, inured to reverse though it was, felt the disappointment of its not unreasonable expectations to be intolerable. The soldiers, however, with characteristic faith in their leader, looked be-

yond him for a scape-goat. They easily fixed upon Halleck, who, by holding "Fighting Jo. Hooker" and the "Grey Eagle" of Indiana under arrest during the glorious days of Gettysburg, had rendered himself obnoxious.

Again young Noble boyishly expressed the general sentiment: "It was the same," he said, "as if you had a fly between your fingers, and should open one and let it out. I do not wish Halleck any harm, but I should like to hear of him kicking the bucket."

Thomas O. Harter, who, the previous year, rendered valuable assistance to General Pope, while acting in his capacity of spy during the latter part of the Gettysburg campaign, was captured. He was detained several days, but managed to effect his escape before the Rebels crossed the river. He asserted, as the result of his observations, that the Rebels were so reduced in numbers, and so disheartened, that Meade could have tied every man; that if twenty-five resolute men had found their way into Williamsport on the night of Sunday, July 12, they could, in the confusion, have destroyed the whole Rebel army.

Disappointment and indignation were not confined to the Northern army nor to the Northern people. The sudden and utter frustration of its haughty hopes struck a foreboding terror to the heart of the South. But its spirit was as far as ever from being subdued.

"What though the field be lost?" said the *Richmond Dispatch* of July 17, in the words of the fallen angel—

> "All is not lost! The unconquerable will
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield—
> All these remain."

CHAPTER VII.

MISCELLANEOUS AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

"As well the soldier dieth who standeth still, as he that gives the heaviest onset."—*Sidney.*

On the 24th of October, 1862, General Buell was ordered to transfer his command to General Rosecrans, and to report himself at Indianapolis. In December, a military commission was convened at Cincinnati, to investigate and report upon the operations of the army under the command of Major General D. C. Buell in Kentucky and Tennessee.

After two days' session, it was adjourned to Nashville. The conclusions which were reached by the commission partially exculpated the accused, or suspected, officer, and partially, though not to the same degree, inculpated others.

No evidence worthy of consideration was found against Buell's loyalty.

No censure was pronounced upon his policy toward the inhabitants of disaffected districts, as it was not in violation of orders, nor inconsistent with the conciliatory policy of the Government.

The failure in forestalling Bragg in the possession of Chattanooga, and in dislodging Kirby Smith from East Tennessee, was judged to be due to General Halleck, who, while he ordered prompt movement, required railroad repairs so extended as to render his orders nugatory.

For the invasion of Kentucky, Buell alone was held responsible in the eyes of the commission. Had he been less dilatory in concentrating, he might have joined successful battle with the enemy before the Cumberland Mountains. The odium of the surrender of the troops at Munfordsville was thrown upon General Wright, excepting so far as Buell's failure to attack Bragg south of the Cumberland

Mountains made him responsible for that failure. General Wright, relying upon the timely advance of the Army of the Ohio, had given positive orders to the commander of the post to hold out, leaving him no power to consult his own discretion.

In regard to the last disaster, the battle of Perryville, as much blame attached to McCook for delay in entering the field, as to the commander-in-chief for his ignorance of the situation.

The examination relieved General Buell of much of the opprobrium with which his military career had closed. The deportment of the deposed officer was dignified throughout all the trying scenes to which he was subjected. When first made aware, August 18, that his removal was under consideration, and was delayed only at the request of General Halleck, he wrote to the latter, "I beg that you will not interpose in my behalf. I respectfully request that I may be relieved. My position is far too important to be occupied by any officer on sufferance. I have no desire to stand in the way of what may be deemed necessary for the public good."

When actually removed, he retired without any of that striving after effect which marked McClellan's withdrawal from the Army of the Potomac. He now quietly submitted to the sentence of the commission.

It may be that there was no great merit, except in so far as it showed good sense, in the unobtrusive character of his departure from the army. No tender ties united the soldiers and the man who had formed them into an army, and had led them from the Ohio to the distant Tennessee, and from the Tennessee, over the spurs of the Cumberland, back to the Ohio. They pinned neither their faith nor their love to one who had met with so much failure and so little success. Moreover, while most courteous to the citizen, Buell had shown himself cold and inflexible to the soldier. He was so strict a disciplinarian, so severely obedient to regulations, that he seemed to have no sympathy with an individual. If a stroke of his pen, or a shake of his head, might have

mollified an offended or embittered regiment, it was all one to him. He maintained inviolate his proud reserve.

On the eleventh of December, while the Thirty-Fourth Indiana, not yet brigaded, was lying at New Haven, Kentucky, Lieutenant Colonel Ryan, at the time in command of the regiment, gave Major John L. Wilson a written leave of absence, informal because without the signature of the General in command, to return to Indiana after his horse. Major Wilson was gone only a few days; but meanwhile General Nelson arrived at New Haven, took command, and reported his absence as requiring discipline. Discipline was administered without notice or investigation, Major Wilson being summarily discharged from the service.

General Nelson, on learning the particulars of the case through Colonel Steele and Lieutenant Colonel Ryan, relented, and with Colonel Ammon, just made brigade commander, requested the revocation of the sentence and the reinstatement of the dismissed officer. General Buell was inexorable. He maintained that, "Whatever hardship there might be in the case, his general order having gone forth, he could not rescind it, as the precedent would be bad."

The regiment then applied to Governor Morton. Every company sent petitions, containing an aggregate of nine hundred and three names of rank and file, for Major Wilson's re-appointment. After inquiry into the circumstances, Governor Morton unhesitatingly complied. But Wilson, unwilling to forgive an injustice, which, although it was admitted, was not acknowledged by the perpetrator, declined.

The injured officer afterward occupied responsible positions, to one of which, that of Paymaster in the United States Army, he was appointed by President Lincoln, with the confirmation of Congress.

Such inflexibility of will as General Buell evinced was not calculated to win affection. Doubtless men would greatly admire infallibility in a commander, but in default of that superhuman virtue, they are willing to accept only the magnanimity which is capable of acknowledging and correcting a mistake.

Nashville was the centre of considerable activity during

the progress of the Buell and Bragg marches and countermarches. Colonel Miller, who succeeded General Dumont in command of the post, continued a strictly just and vigilant administration, repressing the effervescing Secessionists within, and restraining the armed Confederates without.

On the night of the fifteenth of August, with fifteen hundred infantry and four pieces of artillery, he set out to make an attack upon Morgan at Gallatin. He arrived at daylight, but succeeded in striking only the rear of the roving chieftain, always as fleet in flight as he was forward in a foray. Miller denied himself the excitement of a pursuit; but he had scarcely set his face again toward Nashville, when Morgan, deceived by his forbearance, came galloping back, and burst upon him in an impetuous attack. Miller received him with the utmost steadiness, overmastered him, and drove him off faster than he had come up, with the loss of seventeen men killed and many wounded. Miller lost but two.

On his return, Colonel Miller began to fortify Nashville, but he was superseded and sent to Murfreesboro. He was recalled directly, and put in command of a brigade which included the Thirty-Seventh Indiana. Preparations were now made to defend the city, in case of assault during the withdrawal of the army from Tennessee. Capitol Hill, which towers up in the centre, was turned into a fort, with the Twelfth Indiana battery posted on its four corners. Fortifications were built and manned on the outskirts of the town. Supplies and tidings were soon cut off; and the city was threatened on every side by numerous small bands of the enemy. The stores of soap, candles, coffee and sugar were consumed. Toward the last of October, the troops were reduced to half-rations. However, they made frequent sallies from the city, drove back the enemy, and obtained the necessaries of life.

At one o'clock on the morning of October 1, Colonel Miller, with a part of his brigade, marched out of Nashville, to attack four hundred guerrillas thirteen miles distant. He surprised them at daylight and routed them, killing forty

and mortally wounding their commander. He returned with a large number of horses, cattle and sheep.

On the night of October 6, General Palmer with cavalry and artillery, and Colonel Miller with two thousand infantry, undertook an expedition against Lavergne, fifteen miles south of Nashville, and occupied by General Anderson with three thousand troops. Their success was brilliant, in spite of the incautious attack of Palmer on the north of the town, a half hour before the concerted time.

On the night of Sunday, October 19, Colonel Miller, with a detachment of infantry, a battery and a regiment of cavalry, started to intercept a force under Forrest, as it was crossing the Cumberland river seven miles above Nashville. He appeared at the point at daylight, and threw the Rebels into confusion. They re-crossed, upsetting in their haste a flatboat and sinking a cannon with which it was loaded, and betook themselves immediately to their horses and a scattered flight. With few exceptions, they escaped, Miller's cavalry having failed in a movement which had been ordered upon their rear, but they left behind them a quantity of small arms.

November 5, a few days before the head of the returning army appeared, the outer defences of Nashville were attacked by Breckinridge, Forrest and Morgan. The Twelfth battery, in Fort Negley, and all the artillery within the fortifications, did such good service that the attack was repulsed without the necessity of calling the infantry into action.

The army of the Ohio, when General Buell resigned it to the hands of General Rosecrans, presented a woful contrast to the army which, in the beginning of the year, marched down to Pittsburgh Landing and swept the enemy from the field of Shiloh. It was broken in number and in spirit, half-fed, ragged, barefoot, and scattered over the whole face of Kentucky and a portion of Tennessee, with sick in hundreds of hospitals and almost every road-side cabin, with more than twenty-six thousand men furloughed at their homes, and more than six thousand deserted throughout the North-West. The main force continued on the march until, during November, it reached the vicinity of Nashville. Here it

settled down, and snatched a little rest while awaiting railroad repairs and supplies.

Remaining behind in Kentucky, chiefly along the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, were our Seventieth, Seventy-Fourth, Seventy-Fifth, Eightieth, Eighty-Seventh, Hundred-and-First, Sixty-Fifth, Eighty-Fourth, Thirty-Third, Eighty Fifth, and, after its exchange, Seventy-First infantry, Fourth cavalry, and detachments of the Fifth, with our Thirteenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-First batteries.

These troops, left like pools after the subsidence of widely overflowing waters, were not in the least danger of stagnation. Morgan, Forrest and Wheeler careered over the State, hitting a loyal head wherever they saw it, stealing a good horse wherever they found it, and, by the connivance of the country people, escaping scot free. In snatching small opportunities to pick off individuals, and to capture squads, they were eminently successful, gaining by vigilance and alacrity, more than by the display of courage and skill, the palm for dashing boldness.

Generally, our infantry was hurled headlong in pursuit of Rebel horse, as if it was supplied with as many and as strong legs as cavalry. When the enemy was on the line of the railroad, the pursuers were put aboard cars, and dashed at break-neck speed through a country which was full of hills and precipices, and was inhabited by a hostile and unscrupulous people. Perhaps as many men were lost by the fatigue and exposure of the race, and the treacherous accidents of the railroad, as by the fire of the skirmish. Yet hostile encounters were not infrequent.

Four hundred men and officers of the Seventy-Third were guarding trestle-work at Muldraugh's Hill, shortly after it reached the field, when they were surrounded by a large force of Rebel cavalry. They made resistance, holding the enemy off an hour and a half; but in the end they were obliged to surrender. They were paroled and sent to Indianapolis.

On the thirtieth of September, the Seventieth surprised a troop of cavalry at Russellville, rushing down upon the camp in gallant though somewhat irregular style. "Was ever such

a funny charge made—with the officers all in front!"—exclaims Major Samuel Vance, describing the affair. Forty-five horses were captured, and many saddles, bridles, blankets and guns. Thirty-six of the enemy were killed and wounded, while but one man was killed, and none wounded in the Seventieth.

The Captain of company K, in a private letter, alludes to the gallant bearing of George Vance, who was included in a rapid and bold movement to intercept the enemy's retreat. Young Vance was one of the most promising youths in the Seventieth, and was most dearly beloved. At a later period of the war, he was mortally wounded in firing a salute. The apparently useless death of one so bright and good, so gentle and manly, made darker a family circle already shrouded in grief.

November 30, Major Hill, with the Second Indiana cavalry, was sent from Nashville to intercept or overtake a party of Confederate cavalry. Near Hartsville, he discovered the object of his search, and dashed upon it as it was going off in triumph with a Union train and its escort. After a chase of eighteen miles and a fight in which twenty of the enemy were killed, he captured two hundred prisoners and recaptured the train and escort. Hill was highly complimented by Rosecrans in special field orders.

The Second remained at Hartsville, and though reduced to three hundred and twenty-five able men, furnished escorts when required, threw out each day thirty men for advanced videttes, and daily patrolled for a distance of ten miles, seven roads which led to the vicinity of the camp. Though the position was strong, being on a hill and in a wood between Hartsville and the river, with ravines on each side, its isolation rendered necessary the extremes of caution and vigilance. An Illinois officer, Colonel Moore, was in command. The outpost consisted of a brigade which had been withdrawn by Thomas from Dumont's division, and included beside the late reinforcement of the Second cavalry, about fifteen hundred infantry with two pieces of the Thirteenth Indiana battery.

At daylight the morning of December 7, a bitter cold

morning, the camp was roused by a courier announcing the rapid approach of the enemy. Already he was in sight, not three-quarters of a mile away. Major Hill hastened with a single mounted company to meet and retard him, while Colonel Stewart, who had joined the regiment but the previous evening, after a long illness, with the remainder of the Second dismounted, moved out to protect the camp and cover the formation of infantry. As soon as the line of battle was formed, the troopers ran to their camp, saddled their horses and galloped to either flank. Rebel artillery opened the engagement, and joining with musketry, pressed up close, killing the horses of Nicklin's guns, and pushing back, and after an hour's struggle, breaking the infantry line. Moore surrendered. Stewart, at a distance from him, and on broken ground, drew his companies together and held out fifteen minutes after the display of the white flag. Nearly one hundred Indianians cut their way out.

The enemy, with his prisoners, was across the river and in full retreat, when, having marched ten miles in two hours, Harlan's brigade, including the Seventy-Fourth and Seventy-Fifth Indiana, of Dumont's division, appeared on the ground. It rescued a few prisoners and saved a large amount of property. Major Stewart escaped, and Major Hill was re-taken by the skirmishers of the Tenth Indiana.

The prisoners, although they had eaten no breakfast, were marched until morning without food. They were taken to Murfreesboro, and the privates, after being robbed of their blankets and stripped of their overcoats, were paroled and brought back to our lines, where they were exchanged. The officers were sent to Libby, Colonel Stewart spending three months, on the way, in an Atlanta prison, where he suffered a return of his fever.

Toward the close of the year, General Dumont, after heroic struggles to remain in the field, in spite of confirmed ill-health, was compelled to relinquish his command and retire from military service. He was succeeded by General Reynolds, who prepared to join the main army at Nashville. Instead of moving southward, however, the division hastened northward, all the troops in Kentucky and the northern

part of Tennessee being suddenly summoned to meet, pursue, or in some way circumvent John Morgan. The bold raider had crossed the Cumberland, and was well on his way toward the Ohio before he was discovered. He reached Bardstown, whence he was driven back by a much larger force. Reynolds marched to Cave City, through rain and mud, and marched back to Gallatin, and further southward through mud and snow. Meantime, every reconnoitring and foraging party from the army at Nashville came in contact with the enemy.

On the 27th of November, Colonel Kirk, with a portion of his brigade and two companies of the western squadron of the Third cavalry, pushed two miles beyond Lavergne, with the loss of eleven wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Hurd was wounded.

On the seventh of December, Matthews' brigade, with two guns from Swallows' battery, the Seventh Indiana, guarding a forage train, was twice attacked by a considerable force. Lieutenant Colonel Balfe, in command of the Thirty-Fifth, was wounded and obliged to give place to Adjutant Mullen, who ordered the regiment to change front and charge bayonets with a cheer. The order was promptly obeyed, and the attack was repulsed, but he who gave the command never spoke again. He was shot through the brain. The Thirty-Fifth loved him, and long missed his cheerful young face.

The Rebels lost one hundred. Matthews lost forty, and saved his train. He was publicly thanked by Rosecrans.

Henry M. Williams, a young officer on Van Cleve's staff, in a letter dated December 17, mentions a small affair with the enemy, and also describes an interview under the protection of a flag of truce:

"Our division is in the advance on the Murfreesboro pike, and we find great reason to be watchful. You may have seen in the papers an account of the capture of our cavalry outposts. I had been out that day posting those very videttes, and had left them scarcely two hours when the whole party were captured, about forty-five men. A flag of truce from the enemy had arrived, and our men, feeling perfectly

secure while it remained, had dismounted, and were easily taken. It is probable they will all be returned with an apology. The morning after this affair, I took out fifty infantry to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. Found one killed and one wounded on each side. The secesh wounded has since died. In conversation, he said the old Union was good enough for him.

Flags of truce come and go almost daily. I went with one the other day, in company with Lieutenant Colonel Hepburn and Lieutenant Wilson. We had a very pleasant interview with some Rebel officers, one of whom was Major Prentice, son of George D. Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, a very gentlemenly Southern bloat. Another was Lieutenant Colonel Hawkins, a very young man, whose mother lives near our present camp. He formerly taught school in the neighborhood, but was among the first to take the stump for war. As we were parting, he spoke feelingly, almost eloquently, about our troubles, asking why we did not let them alone, saying that the country was large enough for both of us, &c., &c. You may rest assured that I was not at all backward in speaking my mind.

"All that I met enquired anxiously what would follow the late Democratic successes. I urged Governor Seymour's remark, that he was for the war, and had only made use of such men as the Woods, to carry the election. They answered that Seymour's speeches were against the war, to which I could make no reply. I afterward added that we had now four hundred thousand more men in the field, that the President was Commander-in-Chief, that Congress would not dare withhold supplies, and that we would probably get along well enough. So you see, mother, staff duty is varied and pleasant thus far."

The old tale of sickness among new regiments was repeated in every division of the army. No precaution and no care on the part of privates, and no humanity and no wisdom on the part of officers, were able to prevent or to control, to any very decided extent, what seemed to be a predestined ordeal.

On the sixteenth of November, a private, Lewis Ketcham,

in the Seventieth, writes: "As a general thing, the regiment was very glad to get away from Bowling-Green. I believe there would not have been a hundred men left, if we had staid there much longer. We buried eight and ten, and sometimes more, every week, and there was no end to deserting."

As late as the first of March, an officer in the same regiment says: "My company seems to be fated. After I had come to the conclusion that so many had died, surely no more would be taken, four died in less than a week. Strange that a life in the open air, with really but little exposure—for we have not seen hard service—should result so unfortunately. I am weary of being captain. It is so terrible to see men die whom one has persuaded from their homes."

There were, however, many ameliorations to camp life, especially as ladies sometimes dared the dangers, not by any means imaginary, of travel through regions infested by guerrillas, to give their society to their relatives, and their charities to the needy. How opportune and pleasant were very slight attentions, may be inferred from a few extracts from letters. The following is from a member of the Thirty-Third:

"Miss:—I infest you to read a few lines merely to let you know that I am well and have not forgotten you, and hope when this comes to hand, it may find you the same. I received your kind present, which I send you a thousand thanks for, as nothing could have come in a better place than did that book; for I was lonesome, and had nothing to read to amuse myself with. Please excuse my apology, I did have the Testament, but wanted something for a change. I will take good care of the book and never part with it, for I wanted something to remember you by; for I never did or have since saw the lady that could solace the sick with so much benignity as you did. You have no idea how much we missed you when you left us."

"*October 27—Camp of Seventieth Indiana.* Nathan and I were making our bed by the light shining through the cracks of the stove, our light had just gone out, when in came a

letter for each of us, and a star candle from Mrs. Bates." A visitor, amused by the vanity of soldiers, writes as follows:

"*Bowling-Green.* All Saturday and Sunday we sewed hard, putting linings and pockets in overcoats, as our boys brought not only their own, but the coats of all their friends to us. It is delightful to do anything for them. But it is the funniest thing in the world to see the poor fellows stand before our big looking-glass. As they have nothing but little bits of pocket mirrors, which reflect one feature at a time, of course they have not really seen themselves—sunburn, buttons and all—since they became soldiers. They can hardly tear themselves away. When, after many a lingering look, they do get to the front door, they are sure to run back for something they pretend to have forgotten—in reality to take a parting glance. They havn't a bit of modesty about it. I think I should die laughing, if I wasn't so sorry for them. I tell them that they put me in mind of the young men in the town of Union at the beginning of the war. Captain Cramer was the first to volunteer and get a uniform. Of course he had his picture taken. And what should every young fellow in the town do, but borrow Captain Cramer's suit, run down to the wagon—the daguerreotype office was a big covered wagon—and get his likeness. Perhaps it gave them resolution to enlist, for they did, one and all."

The writer adds: "I must tell you how we smuggled a woman along on her way to visit her sick husband, somewhere about Nashville—she had no idea where. She was distressed to death, and bent on finding him, but she had no more sense about traveling than a baby. She had come from Minnesota down to Louisville, easy enough, but there she was at a loss. She told me in the jam at the depot, just as we were hurrying out to get on the train. I had no time to think, but I said, 'Come ahead, stick close to me, I'll do what I can.' I shook my pass in the conductor's face, without giving him a chance to read it, so we were off without any trouble. We left the woman on the train. I can't imagine what would become of her."

Over all travelers to the army, anxious and distressed about some sick Indiana soldier, and ignorant of his where-

abouts, officers from our State, assigned to that work in connection with other objects, had a benevolent care.

In December, Governor Morton appointed Dr. Hutchinson, of Mooresville, Military Agent in Nashville, with authority to transact business in aid of suffering and distressed volunteers from Indiana. Dr. Hutchinson was instructed to register the names of sick and disabled soldiers; to inform himself with regard to their location, condition and wants; to see that they were furnished with accommodations, medical attendance and food; to procure from the proper officers descriptive lists for those who might be without them, in order to obviate difficulties in regard to pay or discharge; to examine the condition of hospitals, and call the attention of proper authorities to any neglect or abuse; to keep himself advised of the location, condition and movements of regiments; to assist citizens who were seeking friends in the army or in hospitals, or who were endeavoring to get information about them, or to get furloughs, discharges, transfers, or anything else for them; and in short, to do all that was possible for the health and happiness of the soldier. He was directed to cooperate with the military authorities of the department, and with the Sanitary Commission in Indiana; and to make frequent communications to Mr. Hannaman, both informally, by means of letters, and formally, through official reports.

The system of military agencies was the outgrowth and the complement of the Indiana Sanitary Commission, which was the first organization of the kind in the United States. The origin of the Commission was due to the conviction on the part of Governor Morton and other men of forecast, that the war would be long and desperate, and that the soldier would require from a benevolent, or more properly an affectionate people, not an occasional but a perennial spring of relief. Its establishment was made easy, and at the same time was rendered obligatory by the vast accumulation after the siege of Fort Donelson, of voluntary offerings, which could be saved from waste or prodigal use only by systematic distribution.

The Commission was organized in March, 1862, with William Hannaman, president, and Alfred Harrison treas-

urer. By means of agents employed without wages or salary, or any pecuniary remuneration other than the defrayal of actual expenses, it supplied the soldier with whatever the Government failed to furnish for his comfort and advantage in the hospital, in the camp, on the march, or on the field. The agents went with each shipment of goods to the army, and distributed stores to every regiment, making it more directly an object to preserve the health of troops in the field, than to restore the sick in the hospitals. They did everything in their power for the prevention or relief of suffering, from writing a letter for the ignorant or sick, to chartering a steamboat for the wounded. In the army, their services were confined to Indianians; while in hospitals, they dispensed their charities impartially.

When permanent hospitals were established, not only along the border and throughout the North, but in the armies, it became necessary to add to the system of itinerating agents, a stationary or permanent agency. Dr. Woods, of Centreville, was appointed Military Agent for Louisville, the last of October, 1862. Dr. Hutchinson, as already mentioned, was appointed for Nashville in December. The Military Agents were at first under the control of the Commissary General of Indiana, but, as they were necessarily agents of the Sanitary Commission, it was soon evident that they were properly within the jurisdiction of the President of the Commission. Accordingly Mr. Hannaman was made General Military Agent. No man was better calculated to direct and apply the generous gifts of a warm-hearted people. Having experience of toil and economy, he was acquainted with the value of money; having suffered, he was able to sympathize with sorrow; being a Christian, he knew the priceless worth of life; long and widely known to be honest, accurate and thorough in his business, he was above suspicion.

CHAPTER VIII.

STONE RIVER.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The word repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth,
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
There is no peace on earth, I said;
For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—*Longfellow.*

Rosecrans at Nashville, and Bragg at Murfreesboro, rapidly reorganized and refitted their forces. The former accumulated a vast quantity of supplies. The latter added to the size of his army by large drafts from the South and West. Both were resolved not to repeat the indecisive history of the summer and fall. Each questioned, it would seem, the propriety of receiving combat on a selected position, or of challenging it by an advance, and at the same time held himself in readiness to respond to the decision of his adversary.

The country between Nashville and Murfreesboro is traversed by two good turnpikes, several tolerable country-roads

and a number of intolerable cross-roads. The soil is deep and sticky. High, steep banks of numerous creeks, rugged hills and hollows, cedar brakes, oak groves and thickets, afford many secure coverts to the cautious scout or the retreating foe. Through a region so favorable for defensive warfare, in the middle of winter, when storms and mud rule the season, and in the face of a strong and active enemy, a movement could not be lightly undertaken by the most ardent leader. Accordingly both Bragg and Rosecrans bent all their powerful energies to the thorough accomplishment of every preparation.

Rosecrans took the initiatory step. The day after Christmas, in the dusk of morning, and while rain poured down from the wintry skies, he set out. His column consisted of forty-four thousand three hundred and sixteen men, of whom fifteen thousand nine hundred and thirty-three formed his right wing, and were under McCook's command; thirteen thousand two hundred and eighty-eight constituted his left, and were in Crittenden's command; and thirteen thousand three hundred and ninety-five were in his centre, under Thomas. They were in heavy marching order, with knapsacks on their backs, and with haversacks containing three days' rations. The remainder, seventeen hundred, formed a brigade of engineers.

The subdivisions of both right and left wing were three, each including three brigades. The centre consisted of five subdivisions, but as one, Mitchell's, was required to garrison Nashville, another, Reynolds', and two brigades from a third, Fry's, were detained near Gallatin and along the Louisville and Nashville road, but two divisions, Negley's and Rousseau's, with Walker's brigade of Fry's, were on the march.

Cavalry skirmishers spread far and wide in advance. The main cavalry force guarded the flanks. One company of the Second Indiana in Minty's brigade, was in the left wing accompanying Palmer's division. Klein's battallion was in the right wing in Johnson's division.

Thomas moved a little west of south, on the Franklin road, depending on cross-roads for getting to his position in the centre, when that should be required. He was beyond

the reach of the enemy's skirmishers, and encountered no opposition. McCook directed his march straight south toward Nolensville, and met the enemy at the start. During the day his advance sharply engaged a body of hostile skirmishers, pushing them first to a defile in a range of rocky hills, and, when strengthened by a six gun battery, they attempted to make a decided stand, driving them out with the loss of a gun.

Crittenden on the Murfreesboro road also met with warm opposition. Late in the afternoon Hazen's brigade moved into the woods, toward the enemy's left flank. The foremost regiments, Sixth Kentucky and Ninth Indiana, were surprised by a volley fired into their ranks. By a strange oversight the Ninth had empty guns, but, not losing their self-possession, the men loaded, advanced as skirmishers, and drove the enemy rapidly. The Ninth lost but one killed and two wounded.

The weather was not cold, but the rain impeded the march and delayed the wagon train. At night, the troops, who were as wet as if they had waded a river, slept without tents and with but few blankets, and stood on the picket line without fires. The next day while the army crawled along, there was constant fighting on its outskirts. Crittenden was stationary until noon. Meantime the pickets of the Fortieth Indiana, which had been engaged during the night in his front, continued skirmishing, losing one wounded.

Hascall's brigade with Estep's battery, cleared the enemy out of the houses and hills of Lavergne, flung into Stewart's creek a fire kindled on one end of the bridge, and captured a Confederate camp on the south bank of the stream, with twenty-five Rebel skirmishers. The Fifty-Eighth lost five men wounded in the affair.

Hazen's brigade, with a detachment of Michigan cavalry as advanced guard, went eastward to save a bridge over the same stream, on the Jefferson road, pushing against opposing cavalry, which fell back, but with provoking unwillingness.

Lieutenant Colonel Suman, of the Ninth, proposed to the Michigan horsemen to make a charge. Accordingly, and with loud cheers, they dashed directly down the road, Suman

in the lead. As high fences were on each side, the chase was unbroken a quarter of a mile, when a forest on right and left allowed the flying force ground to form. The pursuers stopped and opened fire, while Suman galloped back to hasten the march of the infantry. He had gone but a short distance when a small body of hostile troopers filed across the road in his front, and summoned him to surrender. Two cavalrymen, who accompanied him, threw up their hands, and surrendered without a word; but he fired his revolver, emptying two saddles, cut through the line, reached his regiment, and led it, accompanied by artillery, to the point of action. The enemy did not stay to meet the reinforcement, and the bridge was saved.

A fog, which enveloped the army in its whole length and breadth, hung deepest and longest over McCook's front, greatly favoring hostile sharpshooters, as they tenaciously held or reluctantly relinquished their positions. Klein's battalion lost two killed and several wounded.

In the middle of the forenoon, Kirk, who had the infantry advance, concentrated his brigade, directing Edgarton's battery upon the rebel artillery, and when that proved insufficient, opening Simonson's guns. The enemy was dislodged, but on account of the fog he was allowed to retire unpursued, and to remain unmolested in another position several hours.

At twelve McCook was forced to halt by the appearance of the enemy in line of battle. Again he brought his batteries into play, and following up the fire by throwing forward the Sixth and Twenty-Ninth Indiana, and the Thirty-Fourth Illinois, he pushed through the village, and to Wilson's creek. Kirk crossed the stream a half mile below the road, the bridge having been burned, but he was compelled to halt by the early and extreme darkness of a rainy night.

During the day two men were wounded in the Twenty-Ninth Indiana.

Rousseau and Negley, after a wretched march toward the centre of the line, reached, the former Nolensville, the latter the Murfreesboro road, on the right of Crittenden.

The third day, Sunday, the army rested, except that Rous-

seau joined Negley, and Willich reconnoitred several miles in McCook's front.

Monday, the 29th, the march and the attendant skirmishing were resumed at an early hour, and were continued throughout the day, the one hot and vindictive, the other slow and cautious. Camp after camp of the enemy, with fires still burning, showed that the armies were in close and closer proximity. The Thirty-Sixth Indiana, in Crittenden's front line, waded Stewart's Creek waist deep. The Fifteenth and Fifty-Seventh also waded the stream and kept the enemy from returning, while the bridge, which had been partially destroyed, was repaired. Wood's division reached Stone river. Harker's brigade, our Fifty-Seventh and Seventy-Third in advance, crossed the river, driving back in disorder, and with sharp firing, a force on guard at the ford. The Seventy-Third lost one man. The brigade, however, was recalled when it was discovered, contrary to the previous report of scouts, that Breckenridge's entire division was at hand, and was but little in advance of the main Confederate army.

The left wing and Negley's division of the centre, encamped on the west side of the river, not seven hundred yards from the enemy's intrenchments. The right wing bivouacked at Wilkerson's cross-roads, reaching the point with great effort long after dark. Many of the troops were still without blankets; few fires were allowed; it was again raining, and the night was cold, dark and dreary.

The axes of the pioneer brigade resounded through the woods long before dawn of Tuesday. The troops breakfasted early. The right and centre opened out, preparatory to taking position in line with the left and parallel to the course of Stone river, west of Murfreesboro. The first step provoked opposition, and ground was gained only foot by foot and at bloody cost. The Fourth battery fought a Rebel battery and drove it under cover. Pressing on, Bush became engaged in a second duel, and after two hours, and with the loss of four men killed and three men wounded, captured the guns of the second battery. He pushed through a wood and took up a good position on open ground.

The Thirty-Seventh Indiana lay under the fire of skirm-

ishers and sharpshooters from early morning until after midnight, protecting a battery. The regiment lost one killed and two wounded. The Eighty-First in a brisk skirmish lost Lieutenant Wilde, a good soldier, who was mortally wounded. The Eighty-Second, Colonel Hunter, with its brigade, at an early hour of Tuesday morning started back to Lavergne, where Wheeler, having gained Rosecrans' rear with three thousand cavalry, had burned McCook's wagon train. The brigade was in time to save the mules. Making no attempt at pursuit, it returned to the front, whence the Eighty-Second was immediately ordered to move again toward Nashville, to meet and guard a train of supplies.

During the night of the thirtieth Baldwin's brigade supported a cavalry reconnoissance, marching four miles to the right of our lines, approaching but carefully avoiding an entanglement with the enemy, and returning to its position without an encounter.

Before midnight the army was formed in line of battle. Its front was toward the east, except that Willich's brigade, on the right of the right wing, bent back southward. It was more than three miles long, one extremity resting on high wooded ground south of the Franklin turnpike, the other on the bank of the river. The right and centre lay on broken ground, which was comparatively open in front, but which in the rear was mainly a wilderness of gnarled and scrubby cedars.

McCook's divisions from right to left were Johnson, Davis and Sheridan. Negley alone formed Thomas' front, Rousseau, who came up quite late in the afternoon, resting in Negley's rear on the Murfreesboro pike. Palmer was on Crittenden's right in line with Negley. One brigade of Wood's division, Wagner's, was in line with Palmer. His two remaining brigades, with Van Cleve's, were on the rear and left, extending down to the river.

The right wing was extremely thin, stretched indeed to the utmost, while the left was compact. The line might suggest a club, or perhaps a lasso, the left and centre being the coil, which by a skillful cast encompasses the unwary victim.

McCook was ordered to engage the enemy at daylight of the thirty-first, and hold him three hours at every hazard, while Crittenden, supported by Thomas, should ford the river, sweep up toward Murfreesboro, take possession of town and railroad, move west on the Franklin road, and getting in the rear of Bragg, cut off his retreat.

Bragg was no unwary victim. His plan was laid, his position was taken, and his movements were made with the most judicious consideration. His army was on high ground, about a mile west and north-west of Murfreesboro, and intersected the river, his centre and left being west, and his right wing east of the stream, with the course of which its line corresponded. The ground on which the centre and left stood descended abruptly in the rear to the river, which was fordable nearly everywhere, and sloped gently in the front to a narrow valley clothed with oak and cedar. Breckenridge was in command of the right, Polk of the centre, and Hardee of the left. Wheeler's cavalry, which had returned from its raid round Rosecrans' rear, covered the left flank. Cavalry also protected the right.

Bragg's intention, exactly in accordance with Rosecrans' desire, was to throw Hardee upon McCook at the earliest possible hour of the thirty-first, but he meant by the very weight of his assaulting column to break the wide-stretched right wing into fragments, then swiftly with both Hardee and Polk to crush Thomas, and gaining the Murfreesboro turnpike, to cut Rosecrans off from Nashville.

The plans of the two commanders were thus in one respect the same, each aiming to reach the rear of his antagonist, and sever it from its base. The condition of numbers was in Bragg's favor, as he could not have had less than fifty thousand men, and probably had sixty-two thousand. Rosecrans reckons it at the latter figure, while he had on the field but forty-three thousand. In other respects the hostile armies were so well matched that if the decree had been announced that numbers were not to be taken in account in the decision of the battle, it would have been impossible to divine the result.

There were twenty-six regiments and five batteries of Indi-

ana troops in the gallant Union array, beside a battalion of cavalry on either extremity. They stood from right to left, in front and in reserve, in the following order: The Thirty-Ninth, Lieutenant Colonel Jones, and Thirty-Second, Colonel Von Trebra, in Willich's brigade; the Thirtieth, Colonel Dodge, and Twenty-Ninth, Lieutenant Colonel Dunn, in Kirk's brigade; the Sixth, Lieutenant Colonel Tripp, and Simonson's battery, in Baldwin's brigade, which had the rear of Johnson's division; the Twenty-Second, Colonel Gooding, in Post's brigade; Eighty-First, Lieutenant Colonel Timberlake, in Woodruff's brigade, which was in Davis' reserve; Bush's battery in Sill's brigade; Thirty-Seventh, Colonel Hull, in Miller's brigade; Thirty-Eighth, Lieutenant Colonel Griffin, in Scribner's brigade; Eighty-Eighth, Colonel Humphrey, and Forty-Second, Lieutenant Colonel Shanklin, in John Beatty's brigade; Thirty-First, Colonel Osborn, in Cruft's brigade; Ninth, Colonel William H. Blake, in Hazen's brigade; Thirty-Sixth, Major Kinley, in Grose's brigade, Palmer's reserve; Fifty-Eighth, Colonel Buell, and Estep's battery, in Hascall's brigade; Fifty-First, Colonel Streight, and Seventy-Third, Colonel Hathaway, in Harker's brigade; Fortieth, Colonel John Blake, Fifteenth, Colonel Wood, Fifty-Seventh, Colonel Hines, and Cox's battery, in Wagner's brigade; Eighty-Sixth, Colonel Hamilton, and Forty-Fourth, Colonel Williams, in Fyffe's brigade; Thirty-Fifth, Colonel Mullen, in Price's brigade; Seventy-Ninth, Colonel Knefler, and Swallow's battery, in Sam. Beatty's brigade.

The last day of the year 1862 opened slowly upon the hostile armies which lined the banks of Stone river. The dim gray sky was like a face blurred with weeping.

The flowing stream and the intervening valley, with grove and brake, house and field, lay silent, while the clouds of night tardily dispersed, and the damps of dawn rolled upward. Van Cleve moved to the brink of the lower ford. Wood set out on his march to the upper ford. McCook's line awaited the onset of the enemy, or the order to move out and coax him from his intrenchments. Detachments of the Thirty-Second, Thirty-Ninth, Thirtieth, Twenty-Ninth and Twenty-Second Indiana, and the Seventy-Seventh

Pennsylvania, formed a heavy skirmish line. Company B of the Thirty-Ninth patroled the woods six hundred yards in advance. Klein's battalion prepared to move toward the rear. Suddenly the left wing of the Confederate army came sweeping down and up toward McCook, without drums, without artillery, which followed less swiftly, and regardless of the sharp picket-fire. It tore away the skirmish line like cobwebs, captured an advanced and unresisting battery, and dashed heavily upon the main line of battle. Its weight was sufficient to break the line, and it broke it, although there was a manful struggle to stand fast.

The advance companies of the Thirty-Ninth fled toward the right, and rallied behind a rail fence, where Lieutenant Neal and half the little command fell. The remnant rallied again in a cedar thicket to save a gun. Kirk withdrew from Willich's brigade the five reserve companies of the Thirty-Ninth, and added them to his own command, which, as he was severely wounded, shortly after devolved upon Colonel Dodge. It could not be rallied, except in fragments. Colonel Dunn, seeing the Thirtieth take a stand upon an elevation in a corn field, moved toward its rear with the Twenty-Ninth. Other troops collected round the nucleus, and a line consisting of the Seventy-Ninth Illinois, Thirtieth Indiana, now under Lieutenant Colonel Hurd, and a part of the Thirty-Fourth Illinois, extended to Baldwin's brigade, which, though heavily attacked, had not yet faltered. The new line stood until the ground was torn, the stubble was ablaze, one of the Illinois Colonels had fallen, Colonel Dunn was captured, the horses attached to two of Simonson's guns were killed, and the guns were lost. Retreat was resumed in confusion and disorder. It was directed toward the Nashville turnpike. Colonel Baldwin yielded his position only after he had made every effort to rally his brigade. The Sixth held its ground to the last moment. Three times its colors fell and rose. Three times the color-bearer was wounded. Nearly all the guard were killed or wounded.

Willich's scattered brigade deprived of its commander, it knew not how, without orders, and ignorant of the ground, succeeded in moving in the same direction. It took advan-

tage of every thicket and fence to obtain or preserve some approach to order. Colonel Jones, with the pickets, which had barely escaped capture at the first onset, and annihilation at the first stand, caught sight of the banner of the Thirty-Ninth, and following it, joined the companies which had reinforced Kirk, but in the flight had been swept far to the right. With Colonel Gibson, who had part of a regiment, he repulsed every attack, and as he neared the turnpike united with squads of cavalry and teamsters for the protection of an ammunition train. The colors of the Thirty-Ninth fell and rose, fell and rose again, and at last dropped to rise no more, except as a trophy in the enemy's hands.

The Thirty-Second, with one gun, was harassed by cavalry, but it drew up in square, and with presented bayonets repulsed each attack. Klein's battallion was also engaged with cavalry, and after the first encounter conducted itself with gallantry.

While the right of the right wing was thus struggling and straggling to the rear, its centre and left were shaken and driven. It was about seven o'clock when the Twenty-Ninth broke away from the five companies of the Twenty-Second which were in the battle line. Davis' division stood long enough to give McCook some faint hope of holding the remainder of his wing. But brigade after brigade broke and scattered. Once Woodruff's brigade, in which was our Eighty-First under its first fire, swung back upon the enemy and regained its first position, though to hold it but a moment. William Abbott, the color-sergeant, clung to the colors after he had received several wounds, and dropped them only when his hand fell nerveless from a mortal hurt. Lieutenant-Colonel Tanner was shot, and unable to drag himself from the ground, lay there hours defenceless under fire, and in the midst of hoofs and wheels.

Sheridan was drawn into the whirl not many minutes after Davis. Twice he changed front under a withering fire. Four times he repulsed assaults. He was almost surrounded before he retired. Bush, who had driven the enemy from Davis' retreating lines, guarded and followed Sheridan's rear,

losing one caisson, after every horse had been shot, and spending all his ammunition. In a dense wood his two rear guns were forced to halt by retreating infantry. The artillerymen remained faithful, until one gun was stuck fast in the trees, nearly all the horses were killed and the enemy was within forty yards.

McCook's command was now gone—Johnson's division crumbled to atoms, Davis' broken to pieces, Sheridan's beaten off the field. More than two miles to the right, a torn and bloody line, over which even the enemy's rear had passed, was all that marked the morning's battle front. Before ten in the forenoon there was but one little foothold for hope on the whole field—that small portion of the front which had as yet been unassailed. Could that breast the nearing tempest until a new line was formed out of the still disengaged troops in the extreme left and reserve, and the fugitives in the rear, the tide might yet be turned. It had been impossible to reinforce Johnson and Davis, so sudden had been their overthrow; and Rousseau had failed in an attempt to move through the cedars in the rear and right of Sheridan, his artillery having been utterly obstructed, and his right brigade attacked at disadvantage and forced, in the dark woods, into a desperate fight. But Rosecrans gave his orders to Negley and Palmer to hold their line at every cost, while at every cost he worked to brace it up. One reported to him that General Sill was dead. Another repeated that McCook was slain. Garesché, his beloved friend, fell at his side, his head torn from his body. "Brave men must die in battle!" said the General. He recalled Van Cleve from the further side of the river, whither that General had reluctantly led his division shortly after daybreak, while the ominous roar and rattle were three miles off.

Van Cleve turned with alacrity. He left Price to guard the ford, and having already sent off Fyffe to protect his train, then threatened in the rear, he advanced on the double-quick with Beatty's brigade over more than a mile of field and wood. General Wood, who had followed Van Cleve to the river, followed him now, and also on the run, toward the right. As they neared the turnpike they were forced to

move slowly, and at intervals were compelled to stop by wild masses of fugitives. The disorder which obstructed their march was miles in extent, and terrific in aspect. Horses and mules, furious with terror, were driven, and beaten, and cursed by furious teamsters; cavalry, infantry, artillery, provision-wagons and ammunition-wagons were inextricably entangled; pursued and pursuers were pressed close and intermingled; stars and stripes and stars and bars fluttered and flaunted almost within touch; shells shrieked overhead, and cut a murderous course through the mass; troops struggling backward shamelessly faced troops struggling onward, and when indignantly questioned, loudly gave the name and number of their regiment.

The innocent inhabitants of the forest partook of the affright and disorder. From cedar-thickets flocks of little birds wavered and circled above the field. Wild turkeys, rabbits and raccoons fled for shelter to the very fore-front of danger, rubbing against the legs and attracting the attention of the troops. More than one soldier, true to the manly instinct which cannot refuse protection to appealing helplessness, held nestling in his coat when he left the field, some little quivering creature.

Meantime there was no pause in the swift battle. Polk and Hardee moved on in double lines, artillery firing over the heads of infantry, attacked Negley's right in front and flank, forced it back, and uncovered Miller's right. Ordered to hold his position to the last extremity, Miller had begun to rearrange his lines. He continued his movement, and at the same time directed such a volley of artillery upon the enemy as checked his approach, though without diminishing his fire. Resting the Eighteenth Pennsylvania on a battery on the right, the Twenty-First Ohio on a battery on the left, and giving the centre to the Thirty-Seventh Indiana and Seventy-Fourth Ohio, with a battery, he bent his line like a bow. He struggled hard and long with varying success. The Pennsylvania regiment, under a misunderstanding, fell back when Stanley retreated, but promptly resumed its position under Miller's direction. Colonel Hull withdrew the Thirty-Seventh from the front to get ammunition, but the

teamsters had fled, and he hastened back to his post with such cartridges as he could gather from the fallen.

Captain Shook describes further the part taken by the Thirty-Seventh: "Our regiment was ordered to advance over the rise on our right, since the change of position become our front, and if possible gain the woods, a few rods distant, through which the Rebels were advancing. Our cannon were pouring the grape into their line. Our men advanced gallantly, and bravely held the position several minutes. The enemy's first line wavered and fell back, but advanced again immediately. We were moved back five yards, and ordered to lie down and still keep up our fire, while artillery fired over us. The ground was strewed with dead and wounded Rebels, and we were again ordered forward. After a hard struggle we gained our former position. We poured the contents of our rifles into the enemy's ranks, which were just beyond a thin wood. In a short time we were overpowered by numbers, and the sixty rounds of ammunition, which every man had at the beginning, being almost gone, we were moved back to our first position on the edge of the woods. We here lost three guns, seventeen horses being killed. This sharp contest lasted about one hour. I had forty-eight men in the fight on this part of the battle field. Ere we fell back to our first position, twenty had fallen, killed or wounded. We remained at the edge of the woods but a few moments, as artillery opened upon us terribly, and the regiment which had relieved us was pressed back."

The ground on his front and flank was smoking with the enemy's fire, and a bullet had cut through the side of Miller's neck, when he retired. He left five guns on the field, the horses having been killed, but he marched without disorder, without haste, carrying many of his wounded, and loading and firing from the cartridge boxes of the fallen. Encountering a strong body of the enemy on the line of retreat, he drove it off, and cleared his road.

Palmer's division—Cruft's, Hazen's and Grose's brigades—now bore the brunt. It was attacked before Negley retired, and at disadvantage, while changing its position, the enemy sweeping up, still in double lines, with artillery firing over

infantry. Hazen, Palmer's left, had been posted in a cotton field, but as his position was open to fire, not only in front, but on both flanks, he moved out to take possession of a knoll which, while less exposed, was more commanding. It was while making this movement, before he was twenty yards out, that the enemy fell upon him. He was forced back, and at the same time compelled to throw his right, the Sixth Kentucky and Ninth Indiana, to Cruft's left. He withdrew his other regiments about fifty yards to a slight elevation, covered with scanty oaks, in a sharp tract or point of ground between the turnpike and railroad, which, converging for a long distance, cross about a quarter of a mile above the river, Wagner's brigade, which had occupied that position, having been advanced to the left.

Grose moved to the protection of Cruft's rear, and faced to the rear. The Thirty-Sixth Indiana had scarcely taken its position on the right flank of the brigade, when a volley from cedar-thickets in its front riddled its ranks. Every mounted officer, except the Adjutant, had his horse shot under him.

During the heavy assault on its front, it was separated from the brigade by the passage behind it of a retreating regiment of Regulars. At the same time, two companies were torn from it and driven quite adrift. The Thirty-Sixth retired, and shortly rejoined the brigade, when the enemy was driven from the rear.

Meantime, the front was not less sorely beset, the enemy having succeeded in getting a column into a wood which covered the greater part of Cruft's line. The Thirty-First, which had occupied the right since the enemy appeared, except a few moments when it was short of ammunition, three times drove back an assailing force. Captain Waterman picked up a fallen man's rifle and did good service with it. Sergeant-Major Noble buckled on a cartridge box, snatched a rifle from the ground, and stood in the front rank. Surgeons Morgan and McKinney established themselves close in the rear to stanch without dangerous delay the brave blood so freely flowing. Every man did his duty. But Cruft was compelled to retire. He left the cedar-wood full

of his dead. The faithful surgeons refused to abandon their patients, and yielded themselves prisoners to the conquering enemy.

Hazen now concentrated his little force by moving the Ninth Indiana from the right, across the cotton field, under the galling fire of both artillery and musketry. He was alone in the front, but he was equal to his opportunity. When his ammunition was nearly gone, one regiment with fixed bayonets, and another, which had no bayonets, with clubbed muskets, held the ground until Grose's brigade reinforced them. Schaefer, the last of Sheridan's brigadiers, followed Grose. Van Cleve, with Beatty's brigade, marched up through fugitives and teams, crossed a field beyond the turnpike, gained an oak wood, formed in line of battle, and under a heavy fire steadily advanced. The Nineteenth Ohio and Ninth Kentucky, (veteran regiments, the Nineteenth Ohio especially one of the noblest in the service,) were in the front line, the Seventy-Ninth Indiana and Eleventh Kentucky in the rear, until nearly a half mile had been gained, when the ammunition of the front beginning to fail, the command was given to halt and wheel by company into column. The front halted, wheeled, marched, and the rear passed through. Never in the graceful manœuvres of the parade ground, stimulated by waving handkerchiefs, bright eyes and brave music, did the Seventy-Ninth Indiana and Eleventh Kentucky step so proudly as now, under the inspiration of the steady tramp of their comrade regiments and the death-dealing fire of the enemy. Without the pause of a moment, they took up the fight and the advance.

By this time, Fyffe and Harker had gained the front of the fugitives and formed on Beatty's right, though yet in his rear. Harker's advance regiment struck the enemy in the cedars, and retreated over the Seventy-Third Indiana, which was lying down. The latter sprung to its feet the moment the retreating regiment left the ground clear, and met the pursuers sharply face to face. Both columns stood firm until the Seventy-Third dashed forward in a charge, when the Rebels fell back. The regiment pushed on alone, an order, which did not reach Colonel Hathaway, having withdrawn the rest

of the brigade. Captain Tibbetts was killed; Captain Doyle was mortally wounded; all the members of the color guard, except the bearer, were killed or wounded; a third of the regiment had fallen when the Adjutant, who was mounted on the only horse remaining, discovered a force preparing to advance on the left flank, and not fifty yards distant. A rapid retreat, not so hasty but that the wounded were saved, enabled the regiment to join the brigade. In the advance, companies A, B and F of the Fifty-First, under Lieutenant Colonel Colescott, deployed on the extreme right as skirmishers, lost largely, and were saved from destruction chiefly by Colescott's skill. Fyffe's flank was exposed by the falling back of Harker, and the Eighty-Sixth Indiana, being on the right, suffered greatly. So near were the Rebels, that many of the men were unable to get away when ordered to retreat. Both color bearers were shot down, one killed, the other disabled for life, and the colors were lost. The brigade was withdrawn only after it was nearly surrounded.

Beatty's regiments were now isolated, and far in advance. Van Cleve, who, though wounded, retained command of his division, despatched an order which brought back the rear line without delay. The front was in thick woods, pressing the enemy's front, and unconscious of danger to its flank—when two aids, Lieutenant Percival to the Eleventh, Lieutenant Sheets to the Seventy-Ninth, gave the order and started them steadily and swiftly on retreat. Lieutenant Sheets turned to gallop back, but in winding among the trees lost the line of direction, and when he came upon open ground found himself fronting the enemy. Turning, he saw Rebel skirmishers pressing up behind him—evidently in advance of a line of battle. Only far to his right, beyond a field and a high rail fence, could he see the Union blue. His horse was new and untried, but spur and rein and voice and the fast coming fire of the enemy stimulated the creature to its utmost speed. The field was crossed, the fence was leaped, and the friendly line was gained.

At the same time that Van Cleve's division and Harker's brigade moved toward the right, Hascall changed the front of his brigade to the rear, preparatory to starting in the same

direction. He had not gone more than two hundred yards, when by the throng of fugitives from the right wing he was compelled to halt his whole brigade, with the exception of Estep's battery, which followed Van Cleve. After struggling an hour to advance, he was able to get a single regiment to the relief of Hazen, and in the end to follow with his three remaining regiments. He recalled Estep's battery, but before it arrived, was fiercely engaged with the force which overlapped Hazen. Repulsing it, he reformed his line, throwing the Fifty-Eighth Indiana in his front. General Rosecrans, riding up at the moment, addressed the men, directing them to hold their fire until the enemy was close. The Fifty-Eighth obeyed the injunction, firing so straight into the face of the Rebels in the next assault, as to stagger them and send them back with one volley. They were soon up again, and for the third time assailed Hascall's front.

Meantime Wagner was as warmly engaged. From the point between the roads, he had been ordered to cross the railroad, post his battery on the left, and hold the ground to the river at all hazards. Cox took position on the crest of a hill, directly before the ford. The regiments lay down near under cover of woods. They were not any too soon. Rebel infantry in mass strove to cross the railroad in front of them. Again and again, as if spurred on to madness by their success on the right, they threw themselves into the withering fire of Cox's guns. At length they were compelled to desist. The intermission was short, but it was most opportune, as Cox was nearly out of ammunition. Wagner took advantage of it to throw his regiments further to the front, where, on open ground they again lay down, to avoid, as far as possible, the fiery rain of artillery.

They lay until the storm slackened; until they saw the Rebels draw near and nearer, heard officers urge their men on, heard the men bring their pieces to a charge, and utter the shrill yell which precedes the fierce onset, then they fired a deadly volley. An uncertain and breathless moment, smoke hid the field. It lifted slowly, and straining eyes saw in place of the glittering line of threatening bayonets the gray backs of the foe in flight.

Cox was now supplied with ammunition. He resumed his fire, facing at times three batteries, the most annoying of which was beyond the river, and continued it during long hours, while his supporting regiments lay on the cold ground. Late in the afternoon it was evident that the enemy was preparing for another assault. "They are bringing up their last reserves," said Lieutenant-Colonel Lennard, of the Fifty-Seventh, looking toward the Rebel line. "If we can only hold them this time, the day is ours," he added as he rode along the front of his regiment.

The Rebels had gained a position not more than three hundred yards distant, and were moving up. The Fifteenth and Fifty-Seventh advanced on the double quick and firing, met them, repulsed them, and threw themselves on the ground, while Cox and Estep, who had been silent during their advance, opened fire again. Rebel guns, eighteen in number, which had also been silent, also opened fire. Colonel Hines was severely wounded by a shell, and was carried from the field, but not until he had delivered the command, with instructions, to Captain McGraw, Colonel Lennard having previously been shot and disabled. The Fifteenth and Fifty-Seventh, lying close to the earth in a slight depression, were partially sheltered from the batteries in their front, but they were enfiladed by the guns beyond the river. There could be no possible advantage in remaining in the position while every sweeping shell made terrible havoc, but they could not rise without encountering the fire of our guns. Cox and Estep were informed of the situation, when, changing the direction of their fire, they allowed the two regiments to make their way to a less exposed position.

The action of the Fortieth, which served under both Hascall and Wagner in the engagements on the left, may be best described by Major Leaming. The following letter was hastily written on the battle field to his wife:

"Our entire right wing gave way, a great part of it in much confusion. The stragglers came rushing back toward our position (we were just to the left of the pike) in a perfect panic. For a time all seemed lost. Our men fell back across a large open field between the pike and the woods in

which they had been posted, the Rebels pursuing and yelling with all their might. After our men had got well across the field, a battery of eighteen guns, posted on the hill to the left of the pike, was turned on the Rebels as they advanced in four lines, and grape and cannister were showered among them until they could stand it no longer. Our brigade had been withdrawn from the position first held, in order to support the right wing in its retreat, and as we were in an open field, I had a fine view of the effect of the fire of our batteries. The loss to the enemy here was awful. As sometimes from four to six guns would fire at one time, at not more than one to two hundred yards, full into the face of the advancing lines, whole companies were swept down as grain by a reaper. They soon broke and ran back to the shelter of the woods, whither they were followed by our merciless shells. In the meantime we had been shelled by some batteries of theirs planted in front of the position we held at first. Grape, cannister and fragments of shell fell around us like hail. The regiment was getting disordered. Blake received an order to report to General Wood as under arrest. He started off, and Neff was, of course, in command. Just at this time an order came for us to march across to relieve the Fifty-Eighth, of Hascall's brigade. This regiment was sharply engaged with a force in front, but was manfully standing its ground. The Fortieth marched over the railroad, into an open field, and lay down on a hill-side just in rear of the Fifty-Eighth. We were exposed to the full fire of the force engaging the Fifty-Eighth, and being above it, were in much more danger, as it is a fact beyond all doubt that perhaps nine-tenths of all the shots in battle pass too high, and that there is more danger to men one hundred yards to the rear than to those in front. There was also a battery in full view of us taking the Fortieth as its target. But the boys lay like heroes under this the most fearful trial that troops can be put to, that is, exposure to fire without a chance to return it. We lay there for a half hour, when Royse came to me and told me that Neff was wounded soon after we arrived at this place, and that I was in command. The Fifty-Eighth by this time had expended its ammunition, I

called the Fortieth to attention, and moved forward to relieve it. As the fine fellows sprang to their feet, I saw three lying in their places, never more to respond till the last trump shall call to attention the universe. A large number of wounded had been removed. We started, as I have said, to relieve the Fifty-Eighth. When we were near enough, I called out to them that we would take their places, and in five seconds they had retired, and we were ready for the Rebels. The party that had fought the Fifty-Eighth soon retired. I ordered to cease firing, and rode out in front of the regiment to see what was coming next. I was not long in finding out. A large brigade of Breckenridge's corps was formed about a half mile in front of us, and in a few moments came across the open field directly upon us. The order was given that no one should fire, and our boys lay flat and motionless. As their line advanced the fire from three of their batteries was directed on us; and the limbs from the trees overhead cut off by their shells, wounded and bruised quite a number of our boys. I rode over to the right of the regiment to see what support we had there. I could see nothing at all to our flank on the right, nothing to our rear. On our left was the One Hundredth Illinois behind the embankment, at nearly a right angle to our position. This was well enough, but I was uneasy about our right, especially as the weight of the advancing brigade was moving toward the right of our line. But nothing could be done just then by me to remedy the matter, so I merely sent a notice of the advance to Rosecrans, and left him to prepare as he thought best. As soon as the enemy was within one hundred and fifty yards, the One Hundredth Illinois commenced firing. I had intended to let them come close up to us, then fire, and charge bayonets. But they halted as soon as the Illinois regiment commenced on them, and I was compelled to give the order "*Commence firing.*" The boys did so with a will. I stood watching them and the effect of their firing on the enemy. I cannot express to you how proud and happy I was when I saw their coolness, and the determination in every face. I encouraged them in every way I could, and as, unable to stand

our fire, the Rebels began to run, I shouted to the boys to give it to them. They yelled out a shout of triumph, and it seemed to me, shot as if it were not necessary to load, and they could indeed "fire at will." They disappeared into the woods on our right, and we had nothing but the fire of their batteries to stand. This continued for several hours, indeed till dark, but happily all the shell and shot passed to our rear, although not more than a few rods. At dark the battle was nearly over, and ceased soon after.

"Just after we had driven our visitors off, I rode out to see the effect of our fire. The ground was literally covered with their dead and wounded. A prisoner we took said that the Louisiana regiment he had belonged to was almost exterminated; that one captain came out without a man left, and another had only ten.

"Now I know you would like me to say something about myself. Well, my little lady, folks say I did my duty. That's enough, is it not? But I cannot give too much praise to Royse. He behaved like a hero. All, officers and men, did their duty nobly, and I am glad to have so brave a set of fellows under my command. I must not forget to say that in all probability the Fortieth was the only regiment which had been engaged that rested on the night of the great battle on the same ground that it occupied the night before."

At the same time that Rosecrans, by the rapid advance of the left and reserve, checked the enemy in front, he succeeded, by posting disengaged regiments, among which was the Eighty-Second Indiana, (just returned from escort duty,) to gather up stragglers, in forming the greater part of the right wing along the turnpike,—Johnson on the right of Rousseau, and Sheridan and Davis turned toward the rear, with cavalry still further to the rear,—and in massing the guns of Stokes, Guenther, Loomis and Simonson so as to sweep the open field on the right of the road. Here there was irregular fighting during the greater part of the day.

The following rough outline of this day's battle is said to have been given by a private to an old Hoosier at a street corner:

"You say you can't understand about army wings, they

being crushed, falling back, &c. Well, here it is in short: Suppose our army to be like a bird at Stone River, head toward Murfreesboro, its body, Thomas' corps, being the centre, McCook's corps, the right wing, spread wide open, and Crittenden's corps, the left wing, not opened out. That will do well enough for illustration. Well, Bragg's army pile in on McCook's wing at its tip, and break off an inch or so by capturing batteries and several hundred of our men. And the feathers fly mightily all along that wing, and it is overpowered, and falls back in retreat, just as the bird would fold its wing, until it laps right up 'long side the centre. That's the way it was done. But they didn't move our head nor centre, though,—nary! Well, the Reb. cavalry, of which they had a powerful slue during this fight, came round on our rear on the big Nashville road, where were our hundreds of wagons and ambulances. There, we will say, is the bird's tail; and the supply wagons, and doctors' tools, and niggers, we'll call them the tail feathers. Now, them feathers flew some, you better believe!"

In the evening a council of the general officers of the army was held in a little log cabin on the right of the turnpike, within short artillery range of the Rebel front. The gloom with which it opened was not relieved by a statement of the situation. The supply trains had been sent back toward Nashville to get them out of the way of the Rebel cavalry; some of them had been destroyed, and the line of communication was interrupted. Twenty-eight guns were captured; two-thirds of the field were lost. Willich was a prisoner, having been captured after his horse was shot, while returning to his brigade after an interview with Johnson. Kirk was mortally wounded. Sill, Roberts and Schaeffer were dead. Wood and Van Cleve were disabled. Ten Colonels, ten Lieutenant Colonels, six Majors, and an uncounted number of Captains were wounded, captured or killed. Sheridan alone had lost seventy-two officers. The United States brigade of Regulars had lost twenty-two officers. More than seven thousand were gone from the ranks. The men were hungry, tired, cold, disheartened, and were sorrowing for the loss of their comrades.

Except Rosecrans, Van Cleve and Thomas, the Generals were all men who had not yet reached middle life. They were awed by the events of the day, and after they had given their reports, were silent. Retreat seemed the only reasonable course, and as the supply trains had already been started, it might commence at once. But the mortifying and painful word was unuttered. Rosecrans was determined yet to win. If communication was cut, the army could live on corn. A stand might be made on the south bank of Overall's creek, but he preferred to maintain his present ground,—the line which had been formed along the turnpike under the fire of the enemy, and the position held by the left. The open ground in front of the present right was swept at all points by our artillery, and could not be covered by the enemy. The history of the day had not shaken the confidence of the General in his soldiers, nor of the soldiers in their General.

During the night the wounded lay upon the field between the lines calling for help, which could not be given them, as the moon shone, and any movement, even on their part, caused the enemy to fire. Nevertheless a few dragged themselves within the Union lines, and told the sad condition of dying comrades.

Before day, Crittenden re-united his division, bringing them all together on the left of the turnpike, and took up a new line of battle about five hundred yards to the rear of the former line; and Walker's and Starkweather's brigades came up from Stewartsboro and rejoined Thomas.

New Year's day was bright and beautiful. It was the day on which the President issued his proclamation of freedom to the slave, and clothed the Union soldier in the refulgent panoply of justice. Surely there would be other token than smiling skies of Heaven's approval!

The armies closely confronted each other, skirmishing constantly, and cannonading occasionally, but chiefly preparing for battle. Both leaders continued their original plan of massing their forces on the left, in order to cut the communications and to cut off the retreat, each, of his antagonist. Van Cleve's division, under General Beatty, crossed the river and took position on high ground, behind and before

which were open fields. The left was thrown forward, so that the line was nearly perpendicular to the river. Grose's brigade crossed some distance down the river, and took its post near a hospital, which had been established on the thirtieth.

The Thirty-Sixth Indiana built a barricade, under cover of which it repulsed a strong and sudden attack. Captain King was shot through the head and killed instantly, while gallantly encouraging his men. The regiment left its defences and pursued the storming party, but without engaging it again.

In the early part of the day, Wood's division, now under the command of Hascall, lay a half-hour under a heavy artillery fire. Gibson's brigade reconnoitred cautiously on the right, and its skirmishers repulsed a cavalry charge. Wheeler's indefatigable cavalry captured another train and a piece of artillery, going up the road as far as Lavergne.

Thursday night, Bragg withdrew portions of the force he had massed on his left, and increased the weight of his right, in order to meet Rosecrans. Early on Friday morning, he opened a fierce artillery fire on Hascall, from the east bank of the river, and almost immediately disabled Estep's battery, which was obliged to withdraw, the men hauling off two of the guns. The infantry held its ground, other batteries opened, and in a short time the hostile fire ceased.

The day seemed passing in a series of indeterminate engagements, when, like a sudden tempest harbingered by no cloud nor thunder, the Rebel right was flung upon the Union left. Beatty's first line,—the Fifty-First Ohio, Eighth Kentucky, Thirty-Fifth and Seventy-Ninth Indiana,—was lying down partially in woods, partially unprotected, and all around was still, when a trumpet-like voice in the direction of the enemy gave the order: "Forward! Double-Quick! Guide Centre! March!" No explanation from returning skirmishers was necessary. "My blood ran cold!" said afterward a young officer on Beatty's staff, "I knew what was coming. The order was repeated three times before the Rebels moved. Then out from cover, and over the wide flat in our front, they came, swift, steady, silent, in six splendid lines of

assault. They were within sixty or seventy-five yards of us, when up sprang our troops and fired. A moment's check, and the column rolled on as solid as ever. Then there was a hand to hand struggle, with horrible confusion. I was as near to the Rebels as to our men. My horse was shot three times. But the fight was as short as it was desperate. The first line fled, the second line broke, the third line staggered back. We were pushed to the river, some had crossed; the Rebels cheering madly, were close behind us; the great field between the river and the hill from which we had broken, was gray with them; and their batteries had gained the crest when reinforcements arrived, for Rosecrans had his wing so compact that forces could be shortly thrown to any point, and fifty two guns wheeled into position on the west bank, poured out an awful and incessant fire. The Rebel rear ranks at first closed up the gaps, but suddenly the whole mass broke, scattered and fled, exactly as a glass bottle flies to pieces when a stone is cast against it. In twenty minutes they lost two thousand men. Cheers flew to the right and left along the ranks."

Before the Rebel lines broke, Miller's and Stanley's brigades, under the command of Miller, rose from a recumbent position near the river bank, and rapidly advanced. They were ordered back, but not receiving the order until they were across the stream, and the enemy was flying, they took up the pursuit. Van Cleve's division rallied and returned. Grose moved up. Davis pushed forward. Four guns of the Washington battery, a celebrated battery from New Orleans, were captured. Crittenden's corps and Davis' division re-occupied the ground from which Van Cleve had been driven, but the fall of night prevented a continuance of pursuit.

The Thirty-Fifth behaved splendidly in this engagement, and lost fearfully. One-third of its ranks fell, with Captains Kilroy, Crowe and Prosser. While Prosser, shot through both thighs, lay on the field breathing out his life, he retained his command, directing and encouraging his men.

Thomas' report for January 3, opens with the following paragraph:

"Soon after daylight, the Forty-Second Indiana, on picket in a clump of woods, about eight hundred yards in front of our lines, was attacked by a brigade of the enemy, evidently by superior numbers, and driven in with considerable loss. Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin, commanding the regiment, was surrounded and taken prisoner while gallantly endeavoring to draw off his men under the fire of such superior numbers."

The occurrence is thus related by Colonel Shanklin in a letter hastily written with a pencil, and on a scrap of paper:

"I was taken prisoner this morning about daylight while out on picket duty. I was advancing my line of picket according to orders, till I got too far ahead, and was close to one of the enemy's batteries before I knew it. The regiment nearly all got away. I was in the fight all day Wednesday. It was a terrible battle. My horse was shot under me early in the day, and I was on foot all day. The whole responsibility devolved on me. I know I did my duty. At night my feet were so sore that I could scarcely walk. The night was sleepless. The next day we continued skirmishing. The next night we had no sleep. Friday, the same until about four in the afternoon, when the Rebels made their attack on our left, and we were heavily repulsed. At half-past ten our regiment was ordered on picket with orders to keep advancing and feel the enemy's lines. The men had eaten nothing for two days. It rained steadily all night. We were always wet through. At dawn the enemy commenced shelling us and throwing grape. We could do nothing but leave the woods. I could not keep up. I was utterly worn out. My feet were so sore that I was almost indifferent whether I was taken or shot. Rebel skirmishers, supported by a whole brigade, surrounded Lieutenant Schermerhorn and eight of our men, with myself. I ordered the men not to fire, as resistance would be useless, and surrendered. The Rebels seemed perfectly satisfied, made no attempt to pursue our regiment, and their cannon ceased firing. Had they followed to the edge of the woods they could have shot down our men as they passed over the open field, half mile wide, by the dozen."

The day was rainy. The ground was soaked with water. Both armies were so weary that but little of either skirmishing or cannonading occurred. Batteries, however, were posted on the left, within gunshot of Murfreesboro.

In the rear, Wheeler, who had left the Rebel front at nine the previous evening, attacked a heavily guarded ordnance train, but was defeated and driven off.

At night Thomas, with a sharp fire of artillery, followed by the charge of four regiments, cleared the cedars in his front of skirmishers, and captured a number of prisoners. Our Eighty-Eighth, which was one of the charging regiments, suffered heavily. Colonel Humphrey received a severe bayonet wound. Sunday morning no advance was made, and no enemy appeared. Cavalry was sent out to reconnoitre, and burial parties were detailed.

It was soon evident that the enemy had retreated, and that the victory, or at least the battle ground, was incontestably ours. It was bought at a terrible price. The army, through the mouth of its leader, humbly ascribed the glory to one higher than man: "Not unto us, O God, not unto us, but to Thy name give the glory."

The total Union loss on Stone river was eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-eight. The total Rebel loss, as given by General Bragg in his official report, was fourteen thousand seven hundred men. The Union killed were one thousand five hundred and thirty-three; wounded, seven thousand two hundred and forty-five; missing, two thousand eight hundred. Of this loss about two thousand five hundred fell to the share of Indiana.

None of our regiments numbered five hundred before the battle, and some could not count three hundred.

The Thirty-Ninth lost one hundred and eighty-seven killed and wounded. On the morning of the first day, company I lost seven killed, seventeen captured, twelve of whom were wounded, and nine wounded not captured—total thirty-eight, being the heaviest loss sustained by any company in the army on that dreadful day. This company which suffered so heavily was the oldest of all Indiana military organizations, having been the first to offer its services to Governor

Morton after the fall of Fort Sumter, and having removed unbroken, and with the same designation, from the Sixth, on its return from West Virginia, to the Thirty-Ninth. Of Lieutenant Neal, who fell at the first onset of the enemy, Lieutenant Colonel Jones says: "No truer gentleman, no better soldier nor braver man belongs to the great patriot army."

The same officer speaks of Surgeon Gray as having done all that mortal man could do for the wounded. The Thirty-Second lost one hundred and sixty-seven.

Many of the noblest soldiers of the Sixth were wounded or killed.

The Twenty-Ninth lost fourteen killed, and fifty-two severely wounded, beside many slightly wounded, and many captured. Lieutenant Dunn was wounded and captured. Captain Stebbins, a generous and manly officer, was killed by a cannon ball. He was a native of Tennessee, and met his death but a few miles from his once happy home.

The Twenty-Second lost sixty-six. Lieutenant Colonel Tanner, left on the field wounded, was captured.

The Eighty-First lost eighty-eight. Of Lieutenant Morgan, who was killed, a comrade writes: "He was one of those mild and yet brave men, whom to know is to respect and love. He was as calm as a summer's morning, when a Rebel bullet struck him, and his sweet spirit passed away."

The Thirty-Seventh lost 131. Lieutenant Holman was killed by a shell. Colonel Hull was severely wounded.

Of the Thirty-Eighth, Colonel Scribner says: "I am satisfied that it would have suffered extermination rather than have yielded its ground without orders." Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin commends its patient endurance of cold, hunger and fatigue during the five days of battle, also the soldierly deportment of Major Glover and Adjutant Devol, and the untiring faithfulness of Chaplain Carson. Captain Fouts was killed. He was brave, true and affectionate.

The Fifty-Eighth lost one hundred and ten. Lieutenant Blackford was killed. Captains Downey and Alexander were badly wounded.

The Eighty-Eighth lost fifty-six.

The Thirty-First lost fifty-five.

The Thirty-Sixth lost one hundred and thirty-two. Major Kinley was severely wounded early in the action, and the command devolved on Captain Woodward, who says, "Not a man of the Thirty-Sixth flinched during the eight long hours that it assisted in maintaining the position against the furious assaults of the enemy." Captain Shultz was mortally wounded.

The Fifty-First lost forty-nine.

The Seventy-Third lost one hundred and four. General Rosecrans complimented the regiment at the close of the first day for its courage.

The Fortieth lost eighty-five.

The Fifty-Seventh lost seventy-five. The Fifty-Seventh was under fire, either actively engaged or supporting a battery, during ten hours.

The Eighty-Sixth lost forty-eight. Major Dresser was wounded in both legs, and had two ribs fractured, and his shoulder dislocated by the fall of his horse.

The Thirty-Fifth lost one hundred and thirty-four. Captain Kilroy was killed, Captain Prosser was mortally wounded, Captain Crowe was also wounded.

The Seventy-Ninth lost fifty-one.

The Forty-Second lost one hundred and four, including Lieutenant-Colonel Shanklin, captured.

The Forty-Fourth lost eighty-five, including Colonel Williams, captured.

Of the Ninth, besides privates, of which the number is not given, Lieutenant Kesler was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Suman was wounded.

Swallow lost twelve from his battery, Bush lost twenty-six, Simonson lost nineteen, Cox lost five. Estep's battery lost so heavily that it was necessary to make a detail from infantry to assist in working the guns, but the number has not been published. One man in Klein's cavalry was killed.

Orderly Cook of the Second cavalry resigned his horse to his General when the horse of the latter was shot. Bugler Depenbrock, together with a Michigan cavalryman, received thanks for bringing to the front on the evening of the thirty-

first, a horse for Colonel Minty, who was on foot in rear of dismounted skirmishers, running for their horses.

Lieutenant Wooten was thrown from his horse and severely hurt, yet he pressed to the front on foot, until he obtained another horse, and remained on the field throughout the engagement.

The following Indiana generals and colonels in command of brigades received special commendation in the report of Rosecrans: Wood, Hascall, Cruft, Davis, Miller, Grose and Wagner. Captain Wiles, of the Twenty-Second, on his staff, he also commended.

Dr. Sherman, a brigade surgeon, distinguished himself by his devotion to duty in circumstances of unusual exposure.

A large proportion of losses from the regiments belonging to the right wing, were from capture; nevertheless, the Thirty-Ninth, which lost the largest number of prisoners, two hundred and thirty-one, had also the most killed, thirty-one. The killed in the Thirty-Fifth were twenty-nine, making that regiment second to the Thirty-Ninth.

The Thirty-Seventh, Thirty-Eighth, Eighty-Sixth, Eighty-Eighth and Forty-Second, make no mention of loss by capture. In the last, however, nine were taken with the Colonel.

There were one or two little bits of ignominy in connection with the battle of Stone river, but it were an ungrateful task to record them. If, to nerve himself for the contest, the soldier drank from the bewildering bottle, and became a senseless clod, or if, in the din, and dust, and smoke, and death, and anguish, he dared not join in the fell charge, and skulked behind a rock or tree, or if his scared and numbed senses took no note of orders in the retreat, and he fled wildly, at least let his weakness be forgotten. He was "in the service." In cooler moments he had the heart to serve his country, and even as skulker or fugitive, he was a thousand times better than the traitor who staid at home and rejoiced in Rebel victories. Moreover, the man who played the poltroon in one battle, was not incapable of being a valiant soldier in another. So inconsistent is human nature. He who never astonishes himself by failure in the stern hour of trial has reason to be happy.

Darwin Thomas, of the Eighty-Sixth, in his letters home, gives some interesting items of his own experience in the battle:

"We left our camp to move upon the enemy without tents, and with as few wagons as possible, and before the battle was half over the wagons had gone in haste to Nashville, taking our blankets with them. So we were left in the rain the remainder of the time, with nothing but fire for shelter, and some nights, when near the enemy, not even with that. Many of the men complained of such fare, but I stood it all with ease.

"It seems almost astonishing that I have been so favored with good health. I have already passed through the whole vocabulary of soldiers' hardships, and have been sick no more than I should have been at home. I have had the headache twice, once on my way down the Ohio from Cincinnati, and once during the battle. One night during the battle we all got hungry about twelve o'clock, and notwithstanding I was not well, I started back to Nashville to find our wagon, and have it come up, but I was so tired I concluded to dismount and sleep awhile in a fence corner, as the train of wagons was moving up, and I could wait for ours to come along. I took a nice little sleep sitting on a stone with my head against the fence, and waked up with my head almost well, and strange to say, just as my wagon was passing. We took supper at one o'clock in the morning, and slept till the cannon waked us at daylight. We needed no other reveille. But before night many of our poor boys went to sleep again, and are still asleep beneath the sod.

"Just at twelve on the night of the thirty-first we were relieved by other troops, and marched back to our proper place on the left, leaving our poor wounded boys calling for help on the disputed field. It was as much as we could bear to leave companions, with whom we have been so much in the long march through Kentucky, lying helpless on the chilly battle field. But many of them were past suffering.

"On the second Breckinridge massed a force in close column thirty thousand strong, and charged across an open field in our front, with a design to capture our division, which was

alone across the river. Then came what is said to be the hardest fighting that two armies can do. Bullets flew by the bushel from artillery and musketry. Fifty-two of our cannon opened upon the poor fellows who are made to perform such deeds of valor through fear of death. No field was ever so blue with flying lead. Very many of my friends, and those whom I esteemed on account of their bravery, are among the dead. One of the staff fell badly wounded, and had his horse killed, very near me. Colonel Fyffe was thrown from his horse, and dragged some distance. I was with him all the time on the field, but all the little flying deaths missed me."

"Any man on a horse was a target for the sharpshooters, and any group of horsemen for the artillery. All the time we were not in action, we were compelled to keep behind hills, so that we could not be seen by the enemy's glasses, and even then to shift from place to place. Sharpshooters posted in trees shot at us nearly a whole day. You can form no idea of such a battle without being on the field where you can see a hundred pieces of artillery posted on all the commanding points along a line extending two or three miles around you; lines of infantry filling all the low places, the enemy advancing in solid column across an open field, our first line rising from the ground and delivering such a volley of musketry as to make you think everything under the sun had burst, our artillery opening, the enemy's artillery galloping up and pouring in shot and shell. Why you never heard such a noise! Any amount of thunder won't compare with it. But when you are in the midst of the firing, you don't notice the big noise so much as the meanest of all sounds, continually going past your ear, with their whiz, whir, zip, spat and thug! as one of the Minies hits some poor fellow and sends him to the ground. I don't know why I was not hit, for it seemed to me that everybody was shooting at me, and every time I saw a man fall at my side, I thought the ball that was to knock me off was right at hand. Even after the hardest of the fight was over, and I thought myself safe, here would come a big shell across the country, and tearing up the ground, fall right by the side

of me. I more than once had to laugh at men, who, when walking along, would hear one of these things coming, and squat down with their backs turned in the direction of the sound, just as though they were playing 'sock,' and run when it would light, but not to pick it up."

"Many citizens were wounded in the battle. They go limping about the hospitals. But it is very hard to distinguish citizens from soldiers, as they all wear the same kind of clothes, such as they are. Their clothes alone are enough almost to declare war against. A line of Rebels marching through the woods is the ugliest sight I ever saw. A great deal of the hatred entertained by our men toward them, I suppose, arises from the fact that they are so dangerous. During battle, the skirmishers that are sent in front of each army when there is no hard fighting going on, are continually shooting at one another, hiding and slipping about from tree to tree, sometimes to see which can get the advantage of the other. In this, the dirty color of the enemy's clothes enables them to move about without so much danger as we are in with our light blue overcoats, and they often knock one of our boys over without being seen. When the battle comes, they are so much better than their appearance, that they fight wonderfully, but they are compelled to do it by officers. When a desperate charge is to be made, such as was made upon us of the left wing by Breckinridge, they form their columns and place a strong guard in the rear, to shoot every man who attempts to fall back or leave the ranks. An army that is kept together is irresistible when it moves with celerity. The great trouble in battles is to keep men together; so many of them get confused and don't shoot with good effect, but it is not to be wondered at. Very few men keep their presence of mind when balls are cutting their hair and tearing their clothes.

"Our regiments are all very small since the battle, many were wounded, and many are sick. The four regiments in our brigade average about three hundred men for duty. If the convalescents were all up from Nashville, and the sick from the other places ever get well and come up, the Eighty-Sixth will, perhaps, number five hundred men. Only half

the men who leave home are fit for service. The officers resign and go home, and the privates die. A regiment of five hundred men, well drilled, which has had all the poor men sifted out by service, is worth two new regiments of a thousand men each.

"It made me feel sad last night as I was making out the list of casualties in our brigade, to write 'killed' opposite the names of many of the boys by whose side I had so often marched, and eaten, and slept, and who had talked to me so often of when the 'war is over, and we get home.'"

While the battle of Stone river was still in progress, Governor Morton despatched from Indiana surgeons and nurses to the relief of the wounded. Dr. Bobbs left Indianapolis Saturday night, January 2, and left Louisville the next day with eighteen gentlemen of his profession under his direction. He pursued the line of the railroad, but in consequence of Morgan's recent raid, enjoyed the luxury of a passenger car but a small part of the way, being compelled to resort first to a freight car, next to a wood wagon, and at last to proceed on foot. The company was further prepared for sympathy with the soldier by reaching Nashville near midnight, cold, hungry and unprovided for. As but a single ambulance could be obtained the next morning, only six of the surgeons were able to proceed on their journey. The day after, however, the remainder, except Dr. Bobbs, who was recalled, followed to Murfreesboro.

Meantime, the nurses, twenty-eight warm-hearted Christian women, chiefly from Indianapolis, under the care of Mr. Merritt, one of the most devoted and able of the Sanitary Agents, traveled up the Cumberland. Their smooth journeying was varied by an exchange of dinners with an equal number of soldiers who were aboard the same steamboat. The soldiers partook of the delicate and sumptuous meal usually prepared for passengers, with the unusual attendance of ladies behind their chairs. They then, with more honesty than gallantry, insisted that their fair attendants should eat fat pork and "hard tack" off their bruised and battered tin plates, and drink coffee, sweetened with brown sugar taken from a tin pan without spoons, out of their tin cups, a lost

one of which was replaced by an old oyster can. The "serio-ludicro-tragico-comico" affair no doubt gave the ladies the same lesson which the hungry and shivering doctors conned, while, with spectacle on nose, they ran around Nashville at midnight, seeking food and lodging.

Seven of the ladies were immediately sent back from Nashville on board boats loaded with wounded. The others were divided between Nashville and Murfresboro. As all the nurses and surgeons were devoted in their attentions, as hospital supplies were abundant, and all the churches and other public houses which could be made comfortable were assigned to their use, the wounded suffered less from neglect than after any previous battle, at least in the West.

Lieutenant Colonel Shanklin, who was captured January 3, never returned to the army. He was detained a short time at Chattanooga, also at Atlanta, and was eventually confined in Libby prison. He was of an exceedingly sensitive, tender and loving nature, and gradually became a prey to melancholy.

April 19, 1863, he wrote to his wife: "I have seen each boat leave, with bitter disappointment. It is four months and over since I heard a word from you. If I get off, I shall go straight home. I want once more to know what home is."

He reached the home which he had remembered with unutterable tenderness in the camp, on the march, on the weary field of blood, and in the crowded prison, and he saw once more the gentle being who was "dear as the ruddy drops which visited his sad heart." She urged him, his mother and other friends entreated him, to resign his commission, not again to expose a life now more than ever precious. "No," he replied, "in what better cause can I peril my life? Somebody must die, why not I? Gladly would I die, if I felt that my death would aid the cause of my country."

But the choice was not left him. A higher power withdrew him from the strife of earth to the heavenly Savior he had learned in his sorrows to love. Disease attacked him within forty-eight hours after his return, and his system, impoverished by the privations of prison, succumbed without a struggle on the twenty-third of May, 1863.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE IN THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

On the fifth of January, 1863, the army of the Cumberland advanced to Murfreesboro, where it remained until the last of June, finding its chief occupation in repairing roads and building fortifications, in scouting, foraging, and escorting trains, while it did not neglect the study of the art of war. The new regiments were extremely diligent in drilling, the battle having sharply convinced them of the value of military knowledge. Very strong fortifications were thrown up round Murfreesboro, and at other points as they were occupied. General Rosecrans made use of every means to promote efficiency. He was lavish of praise to the meritorious, and utterly ruthless toward the undeserving. Before the advance to Stone river he sent to the parole camp in Indianapolis, with nightcaps on their heads, fifty men who had unjustifiably surrendered to the enemy.

On the morning of December 31, while the battle was in progress, several company commanders of the Eighty-Sixth Indiana requested Colonel Fyffe to put Lieutenant Colonel Dick in command of the regiment, stating that they had not confidence in Colonel Hamilton. Fyffe rode immediately to Colonel Hamilton, and desired him to perform certain movements with his regiment. Hamilton excused himself, saying that Colonel Dick had been in the habit of drilling the men. He was ordered under arrest, but he so earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain on the field, subordinate to Colonel Dick, that the order was withdrawn, and his sword was returned to him. His deportment throughout that trying day was heroic. The very men who had complained of him could not refuse their admiration.

When it came to the ears of General Rosecrans that Ham-

ilton had been arrested on the field for incompetency, he seized upon it as an opportunity to show to the officers of the army that he intended to have them perform their duty if it cost half of them their heads, and immediately issued an order dismissing the Colonel from the service.

Colonel Hamilton, like nearly all his brother officers, was inexperienced and unlearned in military matters, when, with a raw regiment, he was compelled to hasten to the field. He joined Buell's army at Louisville, and had no opportunity during the long and hard march through Kentucky to instruct either himself or his men. At the end of the march he welcomed to the second place in his command Colonel Dick, a thorough military tactician, and an experienced soldier, and allowed the instruction of the regiment to fall into the hands of one so well fitted for the work. Such was the fault for which he was publicly disgraced. Whether it was due, in addition to the circumstances over which Hamilton had no control, to deficiency in energy or to excess of modesty, it was expiated in the front line of the bloody battle on Stone river.

On the twenty-third of February, at eight o'clock in the morning, a Lieutenant of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana was marched by the guard to the front of his regiment, which had been formed on the color line. He was halted and compelled to stand while he was stripped of his shoulder straps and an order was read dishonorably dismissing him from the service of the United States for abandoning his company in the midst of action.

General Rosecrans endeavored to form a Roll of Honor of men conspicuous for manly and soldierly virtues. For that purpose he issued an order that two privates and one non-commissioned officer should be chosen from each company in the army, one commissioned officer from each regiment, and one field officer from each brigade. The order was disapproved by the Department. The General accordingly relinquished a distinct organization, but he was unwilling that the men who had been placed upon the Roll of Honor should remain undistinguished in the common throng, and he directed them to wear a red ribbon in their button

hole. They were indifferent, however, to the distinction, or at least to the device. The American soldier sometimes depreciates empty and useless honors. The power which thrills his soul and nerves his arm is not Glory, but Duty.

The army was reinforced chiefly from the troops which had been guarding Kentucky. General Reynolds with the greater part of his division arrived early in January. The Nineteenth battery, after a heavy march, reached Stone river the day after the last engagement. With the One Hundred and First regiment, which followed, it was put in Hall's brigade, of Reynolds' division. The Eighteenth battery, which reached the front nearly at the same time, and the Seventeenth and Seventy-Second regiments, were put in Wilder's brigade, which included, also, the Seventy-Sixth Indiana and the Ninety-Eighth and One Hundred and Twenty-Third Illinois.

Colonel Coburn's brigade, including the Thirty-Third and Eighty-Fifth, arrived in February, and was thrown forward to Brentwood. The Sixty-Eighth and Eighty-Fourth and Fourth cavalry were brought up from the rear during the course of the spring, and the Eighty-Fourth was advanced to Franklin.

On the nineteenth of January the army was divided into three corps,—the Fourteenth, Twentieth and Twenty-First, commanded by Thomas, McCook and Crittenden.

The heavy rains of winter greatly restrained the action of the army, and enforced the monotony of prolonged camp life.

The soldier's pen, in letters home and in his diary, portrays his manner of living, and, at the same time, unconsciously betrays the noble patience of his character.

Extracts from letters of Darwin Thomas:

"I wish I could see the faintest prospect of peace. Every time I see the word peace I look at it as the prettiest word I have ever seen. *When will it come?* If the war continues long I don't expect to see the time, for such fighting as is done now will soon kill every man. I don't know where the enemy has gone. I hope a good way off.

"Murfreesboro has been quite a place for business, and has had, I should think, about two thousand inhabitants, but

there is no business done now, and nearly all the houses seem empty. As we came through I saw only about a half a dozen women; one of these was in a great rage on account of having to do her own washing, since we had *coaxed* her negroes away. She was a nice looking woman, but considerably ruffled as she rubbed away at the wash-board, growling about the 'blue coats.'"

"We are intrenching vigorously in our front, and forwarding with some speed the fortifications inside of our lines. It would surprise you to see the works that are begun, the strongest kind of earthworks, and inside of these are block-houses, made of the largest sized trees, also, magazines and water tanks. If we are allowed time to finish them we can certainly withstand the attack of the whole Confederacy. You must remember, too, that away out in front of all these works is that same army which gave the Rebels such a pounding not long ago in the open field, and made them run from their own ground.

"I am sorry you are uneasy about me. When you think of the hardships I am liable to, you must remember that I am stout both in heart and body; and of the danger, that it is inevitable. Let your first hope be that I may do my duty, and then, if you choose, that I may be spared to see you again. Soldiering is not so hard as it is often represented to the people at home. A person gets used to it, and if he has good health, can get along very well since it must be endured. I have not been disappointed in the work, nor am I in the prospect of the duration of the war. No dark hour discourages me, for I think it may be the hour just before the dawn. I believe the only way of settling the cause is by war, and with an army in the South, and a worse gang of traitors in the North, to fight, there is no telling what will come to pass. I should like above all things to be at home, but I should not be contented there while it is the duty of every man to be in the army. Every one can see that the country *must* be saved, that it would be a disgrace to the human race for us to fail in this war. If we do fail it will be because there are more traitors than patriots in the country, which can scarcely be true."

"In answer to your inquiries. First, the Sabbaths are spent just as other days are. Second, I have but very little to eat, no fruit nor vegetables. It would be a good thing if the people at home would send to the army canned fruit, butter and so forth, marked, *Sanitary Stores.* The sick often die, I am sure, just for want of something that they can eat. They get low-spirited when they think of home, and go right down. You may believe all you hear about sick soldiers."

"The rain is checked up for a day or two, and the weather is pleasant and spring like. The grass is growing, the birds are singing, the soldiers have nice, new clothes, which they very much needed after the wear and tear of a week's fighting, and lying down flat in the mud, either to hide from the enemy, or at night to sleep. It always rains half the time at least during so long a battle, and you can imagine how much damage is done to the clothes of men who must be out night and day. The paymaster is here, too, and by the time we are all paid the army will be in 'never a better condition.' Our pickets are kept strong. Picketing, foraging, and working on the fortifications are regular employments. No regiment gets more than one or two days' rest in a week."

"Our cavalry are doing fine business, scouting through the country in every direction, pitching into the enemy just as he did into us at Nashville."

"You ask how much pay I get. I have never inquired. I am not particular what I get, so that it pays my expenses. A man in the army, exposed to death all the time, don't care much for expenses unless he has some one at home to support."

"How are the sympathizers in Indiana by this time? I should not be surprised if they should get discouraged in their attempts ere long; for stopping the war is not going to be so popular as they hoped. The men in this army are going to make it a regular business to hang all who did not support them while fighting to save their homes from invasion, and while guarding them in the enjoyment of peace; and all who have written letters to soldiers trying to render them discontented and insubordinate, are to be hanged by the heels. A letter was received by one of our boys not long

ago, stating that the object of the war was changed; that the change of sentiment in the North was surprising; that not another recruit could be raised in Warren county, either volunteer or drafted, and many things against the Administration that are calculated to poison the minds of those who are as weak as the writer is traitorous. The man who wrote the letter shed tears last spring, and said that the time had come for every man to do something. But as soon as the country is saved from a draft, and his sons are in no danger, he does everything he can against the operations of the army. If such conduct is persisted in to any considerable extent, the object of the war will be changed, and the seat of war, too.

"Put aside the idea of closing the war in a few months or a few years. Let the time be nothing, and the object everything. The Government will be very fortunate if it succeeds in putting down the rebellion in any length of time, or at any cost, other than an overrunning of the Northern States by hostile armies, and the desolation of the homes of good people as the homes of Rebels are here. Even at this cost the Government will be sustained, for there are now enough men who see that to allow the States to be divided is to lose their country—to fight till all learn. Preparations for war should be as active as when the war began. I hope none among Republicans will become weak-kneed, and thus consent to prolong the war."

"Sunday in this country is hard to distinguish from other days. Many soldiers let it pass by unnoticed, but I have not been so long in the army but that I feel a little decenter, and fancy, as I did when a boy, that the sun shines a little brighter than during the week. General Rosecrans always observes the Sabbath when it is possible. On our march from Nashville we rested on that day, and after the battle, on Sunday morning, before he knew that the enemy had gone, he determined not to renew the contest till Monday."

"The weather is quite cold, and I am glad that I have a house to live in. When we leave here I shall have myself to break in again. Before I got to Nashville I felt as if I could march all over creation in a few days if my boots were good."

"It would do me no good to see some one from home, and afford the one who should come but little pleasure. I notice quite a number of ladies here visiting their husbands. Colonel Hawkins' wife spent four weeks with him just before the battle, and started home when he started for the field. He was almost the first man killed in our brigade. He was Colonel of the Thirteenth Ohio, and is one of the men I am going to talk about when I get home. Colonel Fyffe sent me to him the night before the battle to tell him to be ready to march straight into Murfreesboro early in the morning. He replied: "Some of us may get there." It was in the first of the battle that I saw his horse leaving the field without a rider."

"Mother, it pleases me very much on opening a letter, to see your hand-writing. If you could see what I have seen, you would not think it necessary to ask your son for a prominent place in his heart. Every soldier thinks of his mother first. The dying soldier never forgets to mention her. In the first part of the battle, we rode past a young man of the Rebel army, who was lying alone on the field. His face was covered with blood from a wound in his head. He was calling for his mother. "Where is my mother? I must see my mother." We set him up, gave him a drink, and passed on. I presume his troubles were soon ended."

"Dear mother: How rich I feel every time I write the word mother! After giving up everything as I have done, and counting everything lost, I don't believe I could live if I were not cheered by the thought that I still have a mother. I can look ahead and face the enemy, but I can't look back to the home of my childhood without emotion."

I am very anxious about the success of our arms, but am satisfied to leave the matter to those who have the control of our affairs, and I will try to be 'patient of cold, of hunger and of watching,' till peace shall come."

"*May* 17. Well, we have been sorely defeated again in Virginia. I wish they would stop fighting there, sacrificing men for nothing. That army had better lie still a year or two yet, until the Administration can comprehend the magnitude of the work and provide the necessary means to per-

form it. I expect it will be necessary to allow the enemy to invade the free States yet in order to arouse the country to a sense of its danger. No man ought to be contented at home now; but the people have gone to sleep again throughout the North, or they are quietly wondering if this war will ever come to an end, while their friends are suffering and dying far from home."

"We have all been cheered up within the past few days by good news from home, brought to us by T. Buchanan Read, of Cincinnati. He addressed our brigade yesterday. He commenced by saying: "Soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, I come to you the bearer of good news. I come in the name of the people of Ohio and Indiana, to tell you that you are not forgotten," &c. Then he read the resolutions adopted at the mass meetings held in Cincinnati and Indianapolis, also a letter which Governor Morton had written to him on hearing that he was about to start to the army, asking him to say for him to the soldiers, that they should have the support of Indiana, whatever the consequences might be. You ought to hear the shouts of the soldiers from all States whenever Governor Morton is mentioned. The name of Rosecrans can scarcely raise a louder shout. Mr. Read gave us every assurance that we should be defended in the rear while fighting the enemy in front. Our army is daily becoming more efficient on account of discipline and better regulations. But everything depends on the loyalty of the people, for bravery and discipline will not shield the army from bullets nor from sickness, and the ranks must be recruited."

It was cruel that our self-sacrificing soldiers should be offended and afflicted by disloyalty in the North. Their letters invariably show the keenest feeling in regard to the subject.

In the previous November Henry Williams wrote to his father: "It is galling in the worst degree to think of the result of the elections. As Ed. Edsall, of the Thirtieth, remarked to me the other day: 'The treason sympathizers have conquered,' and further: 'Old Abe will have to end the war speedily, or the next Congress will do it for him, and

in a way of its own.' If the soldiers could come home suddenly, some men would tremble in their shoes. Soldiers can wish for nothing better than to feast over the political death of high traitors at home. With many it should be a social as well as political expulsion."

Again, six months later: "I could not rest quietly at home until the Rebellion is entirely crushed, or on the straight road to destruction; much less could I live where half the people are virtually traitors. The army is the natural receptacle for the outraged patriotism of young men.

"Many a Rebel has suffered from the ire engendered by the treachery of Northern Copperheads. Since opposition to the war has assumed a definite shape, there is no doubt that our soldiers fight with more determination than ever before."

Palmer Dunn, who was captured at Stone river, but released on parole, and was allowed to return to his home on account of his wound, wrote on the twenty-second of February to his brother:

"It is Washington's birth day. Well do I remember how it was celebrated two years ago at Miami University. And to-day all the students who took a prominent part in that celebration are in the Union army to help sustain the sentiments they there uttered. Truly did Professor Sering tell us that we were then living in 'stormy times.' The storm has abated none during the two years. It has increased in violence. The waves are larger and the wind is blowing a perfect gale. Our good old ship, now crippled, seems drifting at the mercy of the wind. But there are brave hearts and stout arms on board, straining every nerve and muscle to control the vessel, and with God's help the good ship will safely reach the port with all on board.

"I sometimes feel discouraged when I find so many of our young men apparently so little interested in the war, seeming to have no idea of the greatness of the cause for which we are contending.

"I am in hopes that the conscription act will be passed by Congress this session. I wish to see every possible effort put forth by our Government to bring the war to an honorable and speedy termination. There must be but one way,

that is to conquer the South, and make it return to its allegiance. Let our States assure their soldiers that their hearts and prayers are with them. Let them vote men and money. Let each and all put their shoulders to the wheel, thus proving to the Government their undivided loyalty and earnestness. Then, and not till then, will the Union be restored."

Extracts from the diary of Captain Shook, of the Thirty-Seventh:

"*January* 11. Our chaplain preached the funeral sermon of twenty-six of the men of our regiment who were killed in the action before Murfreesboro. His text was: 'The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.'"

"*January* 14. I visited the battle ground. Dead horses were everywhere. The trees were torn and twisted by cannon balls. Bushes and limbs were shot to pieces. Graves of men were thick over the whole field. But a few days ago those who now lie slumbering here, were full of life, health and hope. In a few moments they were cut down, their earthly career ended, their places in our ranks left blank, and their hearth stones at home left desolate. With no monument to tell the passer by, many brave and noble boys rest here, far away from home. This was a sad and dreadful contest for our little regiment. The regiment did its whole duty. Although the first fight, the men fought like heroes of a hundred battles."

"*Twenty-second.* Our regiment had to furnish one hundred and sixty men for picket. It took about all we could raise. Our men are much under the weather.

"*Twenty-fifth.* I visited the burying ground and the grave of Arthur McCuen. Poor Arthur! He was wounded in the thigh, the bone badly fractured. He bore his sufferings without grumbling. He had fought bravely. There was no better, braver, nor more upright soldier.

"*Twenty-eighth.* Ground covered with snow, air piercing. We have to furnish pickets again to-day. It takes all the privates to fill the detail. We received to-day the *Despatch* of the twenty-second, containing the traitorous resolutions of Ed. Ferris, offered in the Indiana Legislature. If the North is to be divided in sentiment and action, we may as well

give up the old ship at once. It makes the blood boil in a soldier's veins to think that he has left his home, and undergone the privations and dangers of a seventeen months' campaign, to have all he has done counteracted by those who should be his friends.

"*February* 8. The news from the North is rather discouraging. So much dissension and discord. It is a deplorable thing.

"*Ninth.* All the privates again put on picket. The boys are much chagrined.

"*Tenth.* All able for duty went foraging. It appears that we are doing our full share of duty. It is very hard on the men.

"*Twenty-fifth.* I cannot see why more men are not sick, considering the amount of duty they have to perform, and the weather. At least every third day, for over two months, they have been completely drenched with rain, and have been on duty, at an average, every alternate day, and they have improved upon it. A man can do almost anything."

Henry Campbell, a boy in years, and almost child-like in appearance, yet as manly in endurance and action as the stoutest of his comrades in Lilly's battery, describes the rainy weather of Murfreesboro:

"The weather here is very changeable, raining almost every other day. It will be clear one day, and the next morning it will look as if we were going to have another clear day, when, about nine o'clock, it will begin to get dark, and about ten it will commence raining. It commences just as easy as it can; first one or two drops, then stop, then a little harder till it gets to raining steadily, which it continues to do all day long."

The following letters are from members of the Seventieth, which remained at Gallatin until June, when it advanced to Lavergne:

"I must tell you about my visit to Mitchellsville, and hunt for the Captain's trunk. As soon as I heard it was there I proposed, as the surest and quickest way of getting it, to go for it myself. Getting a pass, I went to the depot. The morning train had just gone, but there was a train with sol-

diers waiting for an engine to go up to Munfordsville. The engine came just as the tavern bell near by rang for dinner, so I jumped on the train, wood cars, and was off without dinner. We passed the tunnel, a dark, dismal, dangerous thing, and switched off the track about a mile further on. The soldiers, Thirteenth Kentucky, got off, ran about, cracked hickory nuts, and seemed to enjoy themselves hugely. We were waiting for the passenger train from the North, but *three* and *four* o'clock came, and no train! At five I began to be uneasy. What under heavens was best to be done! It was getting colder, and to sleep with the Kentucky boys was out of the question. I had overheard them say they had but few rations, and a soldier never has a spare blanket. The best thing I could do was to start full speed for Mitchellsville, a long twelve miles! Passing the pickets I showed my pass two or three times, and hurried on, thinking what I might have done, and what was best to do. I might have waited, and had a comfortable night's rest in camp, but my pass was dated, and a short time to go on, too. I might have started when the train first stopped, *had I known it!* The farther I went the faster I went. I grew more uneasy every step, remembering the trains had been fired into lately, notwithstanding guards were all along the road, and remembering Pa's only advice, 'Never wander off alone.' So I resolved to try the first house I came to, but every house I passed looked deserted; one with fine cedar trees was all dark and torn to pieces inside. At last I came in sight of a large white house, some hundred yards off the road, which seemed occupied. I went to the gate; there was a bright light inside, and rather loud talking. I went to the door. A rather old looking man, hearing my story, asked me in by the fire, saying, "Come in, I can't turn you out in the cold!" I sat down before the fire, and a tremendous one it was, too—some ten feet long, and all ablaze. The old man sat down in one corner, by the bed, rocking a cradle, a young woman in the other corner, picking away at cotton, and a young darkey, black as night, stood in the kitchen door, with a straw hat on big enough to sleep under, staring at me from head to foot. The conversation, of course, was on politics for an

hour or so, I sympathizing with their situation. Nearly everything had been taken by one army or the other.

"The old man, when he heard I was from Indiana, said he loved Indiana boys. They used to come to him to get things, but always paid for them, and never took things that he wanted himself. If he could leave this place he would not stop until he reached the Indiana shore. They didn't like Lincoln's freeing the negroes, but I explained that as well as I could, and they thought I was right. They hadn't heard any news for so long that they seemed very glad to hear what little I knew. 'I tell you, stranger,' the woman said, 'if this war don't end soon our children will go about beggin'. I wish to God there could be an understandin' on both sides among the common soldiers, and every one, to a man, lay down his arms, and live in peace at home, and let these here fellers what's got the war up, and what don't jest keer how long it lasts, jest so they make money, fight as long as they please.' I told her that would be fine, indeed, and I wished the same.

"Here politics dropped. The next question was, 'Are you a single man?' I had to think what he meant, then said I was; that I was yet quite a young man, only eighteen. 'The girls all pester me,' the woman remarked, 'for marrying an old man, but I tell 'em if I'd married a young man I'd a been a widder long ago.'

"She then went up stairs, and came back saying the bed was ready. The black boy took the light, and we went up. A small feather bed was lying on the floor, with quilts, white sheets, and everything quite civilized. The boy looked at me as if I were some superhuman being. When I commenced winding my watch he said, 'I don't see how ye tells de time ob a night when's dark. How does ye tell de time den?'

"The wind blew cold through the cracks, but you'd better believe I had a good *ten hours* sleep. I hadn't been well for weeks, but it seemed to cure me. The next morning I ate a hearty breakfast of corn bread, pork, and a glass of buttermilk, the first bite I had tasted since the morning before. I gave the old man a greenback, thanked him for his kindness,

and walked on three miles further to a water-station. In half an hour the same train of soldiers came along, and I reached Mitchellsville about noon. I went to every sutler—to every grocery—to the express office, to the post office—and back to the express office, when, at last, much to my joy, I found the trunk. I jumped on a freight train and reached Gallatin about dark.

"I forgot to tell you the woman was standing in the door of the house when I passed on my way back, and, recognizing me as I touched my hat, she waved her hand and called the old man and darkey to the door. In passing the place which had made me so uneasy the night before, I felt more like putting my thumb to the end of my nose than tipping my hat.

Your loving brother, LEWIS."

"GALLATIN, *March* —. The funeral of a poor soldier who died in his tent last night, reminds me of Bowling-Green, as it is the first funeral I have seen or heard since we left there. Everything is the same except an ambulance in place of the army-wagon, and the slow, soft music of a few fifes and muffled drums sounds sadder, more distinct and melancholy here in the woods. There is a good deal of sickness in our company. Strange! We were the pride of the regiment for awhile in health, our men the largest and strongest. Bob is back from the hospital and is progressing finely. His three merry ha! ha! ha's! sound so natural I have to laugh every time I hear them.

"Bob Langsdale is wasted away to almost nothing. It is painful to look at him.

"I took John Cleland's things to him in the hospital. He looks wretchedly, and has suffered very much. I wish his father would come for him.

"Did you ever hear of the scouting expedition about twenty of us made before we left Pilot Knob one dark night under our Lieutenant?

"We went to a Mr. Taylor's house intending to surround it without any notice. We moved rapidly, but unfortunately we ran over no less than forty negro huts, with forty negroes in each hut, and forty dogs at least to each negro. Every

negro wanted to know what was up, and every dog set to barking! So, you see, the surrounding of Taylor's house was at once known miles around, and the old squire had time to barricade his doors. Through the keyhole I could see an old rusty sword on the table, and chairs without number piled against the opposite door. The Lieutenant in vain entreated to be let in. At last he said: "Mr. Taylor, you are a very unreasonable feller, sir! If you don't open this door immediately, sir, I shall be under the painful necessity of bustin' the door in, sir! Men, fetch a rail." Mr. Taylor defied, and at the same time entreated, while the Lieutenant kept repeating his address, putting in a single sentence, 'You are an unreasonable feller, painful necessity of bustin' the door, men, fetch a rail,' with his name, position, business and determination to search the house. Certainly the longest rigmarole ever anybody got up at an enemy's door in the dead of night. Mr. Taylor conquered, however, and we, sullen and silent, marched back to camp.

"How I long to hear the bells sound, 'Returned soldiers and Peace!' Their music will be sweeter to me than the great Parliament bell in London! L."

"Gallatin, *April* 27.—About day-break, General Paine told me to detach four wagons and follow him on a side road, while the rest of the train, twenty-six wagons, went on to Hartsville. We pulled up at a grass widow's house—husband in the Rebel army—took breakfast, and loaded our teams with corn, leaving her just enough to keep the wolf from her door. I was then sent back to surround a Mr. Smith's house, and allow no one to escape until the General's return. There we remained, cooping up a house-full of chattering females until two o'clock, while he went on and told the patriotic citizens of Hartsville, that on his next visit their town would be burned, and every soul would be driven South, if they suffered any more Rebels to cross the river.

"The windows and doors of every other house throughout this entire region are nailed up, and the women have united their families in inhabited dwellings, so that the sentimental soldier has scarcely ceased moralizing over a deserted home before he beholds a house with nine gaunt women in

the door and countless hordes of youngsters at the broken windows.

An old man (a few octagenarians are left) asked me where General Paine was from, when his pretty niece flashed out, "From the devil, uncle; what makes you ask such a question? S."

The mail constantly brought to the army letters which were full of consolation and strength; but in the West, as in the East, it also disseminated seeds of evil. A letter written on the twenty-second of January by Mr. Buskirk, a Democratic politician of Vigo county, to his brother, who was in the Eighty-Fifth, furnishes the following paragraph:

"There is a determination in the minds of the people of the Northern States that the proclamation shall not take place. The revolution is complete. I think there will be a committee appointed in this State to take charge of the management of the Indiana troops from the Governor, and then Old Abe will have to withdraw his proclamation, or they will withdraw the troops. This will end the matter in some way."

The soldier deserted, as did another to whom Mr. Buskirk also wrote. Influenced by letters of similar character, fifty men deserted from the Eighty-Fifth before the winter was over.

January 13, Wagner's brigade made an ineffectual pursuit of Rebel cavalry, which had captured several steamers, loaded with wounded, on the Cumberland.

January 31, General Jefferson C. Davis, with his division of infantry and two brigades of cavalry under Colonel Minty, started west to intercept Wheeler on his return from a raid into Kentucky. The cavalry captured one hundred and forty-one of Wheeler's men, including two Colonels, and joined the infantry, which, without opposition, had taken possession of Franklin. After a twelve days march, the whole force returned to Murfreesboro with little loss. The Twenty-Second Indiana accompanied its division.

March 2, General Gilbert, who was in temporary command at Franklin, ordered Colonel Coburn to move his brigade from Brentwood to that point, as the enemy was de-

monstrating in the vicinity, and had made an attack on his southern outposts. Coburn promptly obeyed. His brigade consisted of four regiments, the Thirty-Third and Eighty-Fifth Indiana, respectively under Lieutenant Colonel Henderson and Colonel Baird, the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, Colonel Utley, and the Nineteenth Michigan, Colonel Gilbert, with the Eighteenth Ohio battery, Captain Aleshire.

At an early hour on the fourth, Coburn set out from Franklin on a reconnoissance. His force, increased by the addition of the Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Ohio and six hundred cavalry under Colonel Jordan, amounted to two thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven men. He was provided with four days' rations, and was accompanied by some eighty foraging wagons. He was ordered to proceed to Spring Hill the first day, and there to divide his command, sending one portion to Raleigh Hill and the other portion to Columbia. The latter was to return to Spring Hill the same day. The former was to join at Raleigh Hill a force coming from Murfreesboro, or, in the event of the non-arrival of that force by nightfall, it was also to return to Spring Hill. No information was given him as to the forces or numbers that were to meet him, or move in concert.

Four miles out from Franklin, Rebel horsemen were discovered, apparently a thousand, with a section of artillery. Coburn brought up his troops at once, deployed his cavalry on the right of the road, and advanced it, posted the Thirty-Third Indiana and Twenty-Second Wisconsin on the right, with a section of the battery, the Michigan and Ohio regiments, with two sections of the battery, on the left, and the Eighty-Fifth Indiana about a half mile in the rear, with the train. His guns were on slight elevations, and had a range of nearly a mile directly down the road. In every other direction the range of fire and even of vision was restricted to a quarter of a mile by the long, and in many places precipitous swells and ridges from fifty to two hundred feet in height, into which the face of the country is broken. The enemy opened fire. Coburn replied. A brisk cannonade was kept up an hour, resulting in no injury to Coburn, and

in the loss of fifteen men and several horses to the enemy. Before it ceased three regiments, with a portion of the cavalry, advanced. The enemy disappeared before them, but soon after showed himself on high hills to the left, and was reported a mile further to the left on the Louisburg road, moving toward the rear, with a force of twelve or fifteen hundred. Coburn withdrew his advanced infantry to its first position, sent his cavalry to reconnoitre on the left, and despatched a courier to Franklin.

General Gilbert received the courier's tidings with incredulous surprise. He would not believe that the enemy, in strong force, had advanced so far within the range of Rosecrans' cavalry, and so near his own headquarters. "Coburn must be scared!" he sneeringly remarked. However, he ordered the return of the forage-train, while leaving the reconnoissance to pursue its way unencumbered.

Colonel Coburn, who had waited three hours for orders, immediately sent back the forage wagons, half of which had already been loaded, and resumed the advance, skirmishing slightly. He lost one gun, disabled, and three men slightly wounded in the skirmishing on the left. At night he halted, and apprehending an attack, put the command on the alert, a considerable force sleeping under arms. Artillery ammunition was sent for and obtained, and a portion of the cavalry was newly armed with Spencer rifles.

Soon after daylight two negro boys, about twelve years old, were brought into camp. They said that they had been with Van Dorn's army, and that it was out on the road north of Spring Hill and moving up to take Franklin. Coburn despatched the boys with a messenger, and some mounted men to headquarters.

General Gilbert made no reply. He probably thought Coburn was more scared than ever. The latter sent patrols out on the flanking roads right and left, and scouts to scour the country in every direction. At eight, no force having been discovered on his immediate flanks, he moved on, his cavalry and one piece of artillery in advance, with a line of skirmishers extending about a half mile each side of the road. The skirmishers of the enemy in the road, and in the woods,

fields and hills on either flank, retired slowly before the slow advance.

Meantime scouts reported a small party of the enemy, apparently an outpost, on the Louisburg road, and a small force of cavalry was detached to test the hostile strength in that direction.

After an hour's march the expedition reached a range of hills running at right angles with the road, and forming the northern boundary of a plain or valley which, on the south, is also bounded by a range of irregular hills. As the advance entered a depression which allows the passage of the turnpike and railroad, the enemy opened a fire of artillery from woods immediately in front, raking the road. Coburn posted two guns, with his Indiana regiments, on the right of the road, and three guns, with his Michigan and Wisconsin regiments, on the left, on the ridge, which, at that point, is about fifty feet above the fields in front; he stationed dismounted horsemen on a cedar knoll on the extreme left, the main cavalry on the rear of the left, and the Ohio regiment a third of a mile in the rear to guard the ammunition train. The moment his arrangements were complete a troop of his cavalry made a demonstration on the left, and his Indianians, under cover of a steady artillery fire, advanced to charge the battery on the right of the road. They moved forward regularly and steadily in the face of shell and canister, as well as musketry from a brigade which stood behind a bank and a stone fence. They had reached a depot building, called Thompson's Station, in the middle of the plain, when large numbers of the enemy appeared on their left, rallying to the threatened battery. At the same moment scouts reported the advance of a thousand horsemen, a mile to the left, on the Louisburg road.

Coburn being now fully convinced that he was pressing against an overwhelming force, determined to return. He directed Colonel Jordan, on the left flank, to make a feint attack, to resist every attack, and to report the enemy's movements. He then proceeded to withdraw his Indiana regiments. They were pursued by the enemy with loud cheers and a galling fire of artillery and musketry, but they rallied

on the ridge in good order, and repulsed three successive charges of threefold their own strength, at one time driving the assailants back beyond the station. Captain Seaton, with two companies of the Thirty-Third, posted on an eminence some distance to the right, kept back all approaches in that direction.

Aleshire's battery on being ordered, as the troops fell back, to fire more slowly and carefully, ceased altogether, and began to withdraw on the plea that the ammunition might be exhausted. Staff officers, however, examined the chests, and found that the supply was ample for retreat. Shortly afterward, Coburn sent back for ammunition for his infantry. To his indignation and dismay he learned that his wagons were gone, and that his cavalry, his artillery and his reserve had also left the ground. Colonel Jordan, the sentinel who had been put out on the left flank with orders to watch it well, had turned his back on the field, and, without fighting, without resisting, without reporting what the enemy was doing, or what he himself was doing, had made off toward Franklin with every man and horse of his command. Without orders and against orders, he had directed the reserve and the ammunition train to follow him, thus robbing of their only chance of safety the troops who valiantly held the front while he pursued his ignominious flight. The battery had also fled without the loss of a horse or a man, and notwithstanding the repeated efforts of staff officers to halt it and turn its fire on the enemy.

Deprived of the two most formidable arms in retreat, cavalry and artillery, and hotly pressed by a constant foe in front, the harassed commander was constrained to hold his ground. Retreat could but end in a disgraceful and fatal flight. A heavy force bore down upon his right. A heavy force appeared on his left, planting guns as it gained positions, enfilading the Michigan regiment, and at last making a furious assault on the whole left. It was repulsed. It returned to the charge. The Nineteenth Michigan fell back to the rear of the Twenty-Second Wisconsin, but again the enemy was repulsed. He charged up the road to gain the space between the Thirty-Third and Twenty-Second. All

the troops on the right of the Thirty-Third were swung round to its left. The Twenty-Second was sorely pressed. It gave ground. Lieutenant-Colonel Bloodgood ran away with two-thirds of the men. The remaining third, driven back across the road, retired to the left and rear of the Eighty-Fifth.

The enemy in repeated unsuccessful assaults on the Thirty-Third, Nineteenth and Eighty-Fifth lost several prisoners and the battle-flag of Armstrong's brigade. At length he was driven from the front. Coburn quickly moved into woods on the right and rear. It was of no avail. Van Dorn's game had been successful, and a flanking force was thrown round the brigade. The enemy had come through gaps in the hills on the left. He occupied the entire opposite slope of a deep ravine, and was in position behind trees and fences, and across the road. He raked the road with his batteries. He poured a galling fire on the new line. He hung in thousands on every advantageous post. He thronged along the route of retreat. And there was no sign of the reinforcements so eagerly and so reasonably looked for.

Two hours after Jordan's flight the faithful band, reduced to a thousand and fifty men without a shot in their cartridge-boxes, formed in line, fixed bayonets, and made ready for a desperate charge up the stony and broken steep. Through the whiz and whistle of the enemy's bullets, and the scream and crash of his shells, every beating heart listened for the word of command. That word was not uttered. It would have been massacre.

Coburn had seen a fourth of his comrades fall. He could witness the sacrifice of no more. He surrendered, with what shame and grief and wrath only they can know who have been abandoned by friends to the contumely of defeat, and the bitterness of captivity.

Not only had many of his subordinates failed him, his very commanding officers had apparently played him false. General Gilbert had thrown him forward unwarned in the face of overwhelming numbers, had sent him no assistance though fully informed of his situation, and had refused to move to his rescue, though he had force enough and was beg-

ged to do it by his subordinates, though he was distant but nine miles, and the contest raged five long hours. General Rosecrans, thirty miles away and with no information, had sent orders for Coburn to move on, and had halted the co-operating forces, a brigade under Steedman, and a division under Sheridan, when they were almost within sight and were well within sound of the battle.

Up to Lavergne and over to Murfreesboro the roar of cannon was heard. In many a camp in a long stretch of miles our troops anxiously listened and waited for orders to move. None were issued.

Coburn went down as the noble ship sinks which has breasted the storm and swung off from the rock, but whose long-boat and life-boat have been stolen by a cowardly part of the crew, and whose distressful minute guns, resounding far over sea and shore, fail to elicit any response.

Van Dorn's entire army was engaged, six brigades under Generals Martin, Cosby, Starns, Jackson and Armstrong, and Colonel Whitefield, numbering from twelve to fifteen thousand men, armed with good carbines, Mississippi and Enfield rifles, and with twelve pieces of artillery,—six and twelve pound guns. Van Dorn had ferried Duck river at Columbia two weeks before, and had been encamped at Spring-Hill a week.

The officers and men of the Indiana and Michigan regiments, and such of the Wisconsin regiment as remained with its Colonel on the field, were perfectly observant of their duty. Advancing boldly, retiring steadily, assailing fiercely, withstanding firmly in unflinching line, with fixed bayonets waiting the order to rush upon death, they were true soldiers; but at no time were they more heroic than when they patiently laid down their arms and gave themselves up to a cruel imprisonment. Rebel newspapers acknowledged their merit, saying that by their courage, pertinacity and manhood they had redeemed all that was lost in the routs at Bull Run and on the first day of the battle of Shiloh.

The very day of the battle of Thompson's Station, the name of John Coburn headed a list of officers presented to the Senate for confirmation as Brigadier-Generals. But it was not heard afterwards. The captive and defenceless offi-

cer had no "friend at court," and his superiors, General Granger and General Baird, whose absence from duty had, in part, occasioned the disaster, had not the magnanimity to defend his honor. Neither had Rosecrans, whose interference had saved Van Dorn from the heavy flanking forces of Sheridan and Steedman. So, with all his other griefs, Coburn bore with him to Libby the sting of a slandered name. The battle of Thompson's Station was the death-blow to his promotion. Though in command of a brigade since the winter of 1862, and though on every occasion shown to be efficient, he ended his military career as he began it, a Colonel.

It is a consolation to know that at least the unworthy officer, who, "dressed in a little brief authority," and occupying a place of safety, could coldly sneer at the caution of the commander in the field, met his desert. He was brought down from the region of stars to the level of the Captain, and is said to have mightily bewailed the 'Irish hoist.'

On the sixth of March Lieutenant-Colonel Jones of the Thirty-Ninth, in command of his brigade, encountered a heavy cavalry force on the Middletown road. After a spirited engagement he retained possession of the field. Rosecrans addressed a letter of thanks to Jones for the "handsome service" performed by the brigade.

March 18, Colonel Hall, with a force of thirteen hundred and twenty-three men, including the One Hundred and First Indiana, Lieutenant-Colonel Doan, and a section of Harris' Nineteenth Indiana battery, moved north-east to surprise a Rebel camp. He soon met opposition, but he pushed on until he was convinced that he was largely outnumbered by the resisting force, when he slowly fell back. On Vaught's Hill, near Milton, twelve miles north-east of Murfreesboro, he made a stand and skillfully posted his men to resist an attack which he could no longer avoid,—three regiments in the front line, the Hundred and First forming the left, the Hundred and Fifth Ohio as reserve in support of the artillery. The enemy, cavalry under John Morgan, advanced at a gallop, but being checked by Harris' guns, which were admirably handled, dismounted, and moved on foot more cautiously and with frequent halts. Approaching close, he

threw himself in full force on the left wing. The Hundred and First swerved at the first encounter, but almost instantly regained its steadiness, and twice hurled him back. The enemy repeated the effort on the right, his artillery, meantime, keeping an incessant fire on the centre. The result was the same. He then attacked the rear, and was again discomfited. He continued the struggle three and a half hours, and withdrew only when he was thoroughly defeated. Morgan and nearly three hundred of his men were wounded, and sixty-three were killed,—while Hall lost but fifty-five.

On the twenty-fourth, Scribner's brigade marched to the assistance of Colonel Wilder, who was engaged in a severe skirmish at Hoover's Gap. Throughout the next day he was subjected to a storm of shot and shell. On the following day Wilder pushed the enemy out of the Gap, and as far as Winchester. The Thirty-Eighth lost one killed and fifteen wounded in the affair.

Wilder's brigade, or the "Lightning Brigade," as it was more frequently called, was provided with Spencer rifles. It was famous for the celerity and boldness of its operations, and was a terror to the enemy. Traversing almost every road and by-path, in a circuit of many miles, about Murfreesboro, it captured horses and mules enough to mount the entire brigade, and to equip a light battery of four twelve-pound howitzers.

Lilly's mountain howitzers were capable of throwing shell one thousand yards. They could be taken to pieces and transported on the backs of mules. Consequently they were peculiarly adapted to the roads of the region.

On the evening of the first of April Colonel Wilder started out to scour the country north, north-east, and south.

Henry Campbell, in a letter to his mother, partially describes the expedition:

"Murfreesboro, April 13, 1863.

"We left Lebanon for a place called Big Spring, a fine large farm belonging to a brother-in-law of General Anderson's. All along the road the negroes were plowing. The wheat looked well. In some places it was six or eight inches high. We camped on a hill near a large barn, in which we

put all our horses. While feeding them we found a box full of hams that had been hid under the straw. We took possession of them, and brought them home for our mess. We left camp at eight in the morning. Five miles from camp we captured about five thousand cigars, and about two thousand dollars worth of tobacco that was stored in a tobacco manufactory by the roadside. The tobacco and cigars were given out to the troops who were with us. We arrived at Rome at eleven o'clock, and staid there all the afternoon and night. Rome is a small town on the Cumberland river. It is surrounded by seven high hills, the river, a small creek, and a bluff about one hundred feet high. There is only one way to get in and out of the place, that is by a road over a high bridge across the creek. The most of the town was burnt last year by the gunboats when they first came up the river. We started the next morning to Carthage. The last two or three days we have been marching over classical ground—journeying from Lebanon to Rome, and from Rome to Carthage. After a few miles of very bad roads we entered a beautiful little valley, with green wheat-fields all the way up the hillsides. The ground is very rich on these hillsides. The wheat was about twelve inches high. The farmers here plow hills that are almost straight up and down. At Carthage we found a brigade which had been there for the last month, and a steamboat which was loading up hogs and cattle. We went on over very bad roads to Cany Fork, and camped for the night. The next day we marched over a very high mountain and rough roads to Middleton, where our forces were divided. The infantry and one section of our battery was sent on to Alexandria, to go from there to Liberty, while the other section and all the cavalry turned off, and went through the woods by a cow-path, for it was not anything better. It was the worst road I ever saw. It was up one side of a mountain and down the other, so steep that eight horses could hardly pull a gun up, and so rocky that it was like stairs, two feet deep. We marched about twelve miles, and halted for the night at a place called Smith's Mill. The boys started the mill, and ground up a great lot of flour.

"Tuesday morning, we had marched about five miles when

we passed the residence of Colonel Stokes, of the First Union Cavalry. He is greatly feared by the Rebels on account of his knowledge of them and the country. We have passed a great many Union people. Just after we had passed Stokes' house, we were ordered to keep closed up with the cavalry, as the Rebels were reported to be ahead in force. After marching about a mile farther, the report was confirmed by our advanced guard capturing five Rebels—miserable, dirty looking fellows, dressed in the usual dirty manner and belonging to the "Third Confederate Regulars." They looked worse than negroes, and were mounted on horses that looked as if they hadn't seen corn for a month. One of them had on a United States infantry overcoat. A little farther on, we captured a company of Rebels and a Lieutenant. Then we were ordered to the front on a gallop. We galloped for three miles over the worst roads in the State, till we reached Snow Hill. Here we went in battery at the foot of the hill, as the Rebels were on the top, and captured another company with the officer commanding. We waited here until the Seventeenth regiment had time to get in the rear of the Rebels by a different road, and then we advanced three miles from the bottom of the hill to the top. The Rebels had piled rocks up for breastworks, but they retreated before the Seventeenth got behind them. This hill is a very strong position, as there is but one way to get up to the top, which is very narrow, something like a "backbone," where two hills are connected by a narrow neck of land, which could be held by our cannon against any force. When we found that the Rebels had gone to Southville, we turned round and went back to Liberty, where we met the rest of the forces. The next morning we started for Murfreesboro. One man out of our battery was captured this morning. He straggled off from the road, and a little afterward we heard two shots fired. That was the last we ever saw of him. We captured a good cow on the last day's march, and we now have fresh milk for our coffee."

In this expedition, Wilder captured five hundred horses and mules, eighty-six tons of hay and forage, four thousand

bushels of corn, and a quantity of flour, meal and yarn, beside rendering assistance to many suffering Union families.

One night, when the brigade was in bivouack, near Smoky Hill, two men, Benjamin Montgomery and John Vance, were captured while picketing an extreme outpost. They were taken into a wood, tied to a tree, and shot three times. They were then cut loose from the tree, and as they fell forward on their faces were shot a fourth time. Montgomery was killed, but Vance retained life and self-control. He lay quiet until the murderers were gone, when he crept away from the spot. He dragged himself eight miles and met a detachment of Union troops, who carried him to Murfreesboro. Two balls had passed through his right cheek, carrying away several teeth and a fragment of the jawbone. A third ball which had entered the right side of the neck lodged inside the left lower jaw. A fourth ball entered behind the left ear and came out at the eye, taking the eye with it. Vance was discharged, but he recovered, and as Sanitary Agent, collecting stores in Tippecanoe county, did excellent service for his old comrades.

April 10, General Gordon Granger, in command of Franklin, with a force of four thousand five hundred men, repulsed Van Dorn with larger numbers, inflicting on him a loss of two or three hundred, and losing thirty-seven. Klein's battalion lost one killed and one wounded.

Ten days after the repulse of Van Dorn from Franklin, Reynolds, with Starkweather's, Wagner's and Wilder's brigades, reconnoitred to McMinnville. He scoured the country many miles on both sides of the main route, and put to flight a force of seven hundred, chiefly cavalry, in McMinnville, captured five or six hundred horses, and protected to Murfreesboro fifty families of refugees who wished to go North. John Morgan barely escaped capture. Dick McCann, another bold raider, was captured, but effected his escape. Reynolds' cavalry pursued and captured one hundred and thirty without loss.

The following letter, written by Sidney Speed, a boy of sixteen, in Lilly's battery, gives the movements, especially of Lilly's battery:

"MURFREESBORO, April 30, 1863.

"DEAR SISTER:—We started on the twentieth, with twelve days rations, and went to Woodbury the first day. We left the turnpike the second day, and went over worse roads than I ever saw before, to get in the rear of, and attack McMinnville. The Rebels got wind of our movements, and when we made a dash into the town, got on a train. But a regiment which we had left where we crossed the road made all aboard the train prisoners, then burned it and came in on the railroad, burning five bridges, and tearing up the track nearly all the way. John Morgan and Dick McCann were both in the town, but neither got on the train. They waited until we were within gunshot of them, then got on their horses and left. Morgan made his escape, for the officer that was in command of our advance would not let the men go ahead of him. But his Secesh friend, Dick McCann, did not meet with such good luck, for as soon as Wilder's scouts saw that Morgan was out of their reach, they pressed on after McCann, regardless of the advance officer's threats. They were soon up with him, but he did not surrender until he was knocked off his horse. That night we burned two large cotton factories, the depot, the court house, several houses of leading Rebels, and seven grist mills. The next morning we went to Smithville, and the next to Alexandria. We camped on the place of a man who helped to kill those boys on the last scout. We took everything that was eatable and wearable, then burned his house. We went on through Tubtown to Lebanon, where we staid a day, and got to go where we pleased. So two of the boys and I mounted on mules and went out about three miles to a Rebel settlement, where they refused to take Lincoln money, so we bought their hams, turkies and chickens with *fac simile* Confederate notes. I laid out thirty dollars in hams at thirty-five cents a pound, and with five dollars bought two turkies and four chickens. The other boys did as well, so we returned to camp well loaded. The Seventy-Second regiment and one section of the battery returned to Murfreesboro together over a by-road as far as Statesville, where we struck the turnpike."

In one of the expeditions in which Lilly's battery was

engaged, Sidney Speed performed an act which would have done credit to an older soldier. The battery was stationed on a hill, and just in front of a log cabin, and the men were rapidly working their guns, when a big Rebel shell fell in their midst without exploding. Speed coolly picked it up and threw it over the cabin, thus, at imminent personal risk, saving, no doubt, the lives of many of his comrades.

The middle of April, Colonel A. D. Streight, with a provisional brigade composed of the Fifty-First and Seventy-Third Indiana, Third Ohio, Eightieth Illinois, and two companies of Tennessee cavalry, with two little mountain howitzers, in all amounting to eighteen hundred men, was despatched by Rosecrans to western Georgia to cut the railroads which supplied Bragg's army by way of Chattanooga, and incidentally to destroy depots of supplies and manufactories of guns, ammunition, equipments and clothing for the Confederate army; his route to be directed by circumstances, his supplies to be drawn, and his command to be kept well mounted from the country. General Dodge, with a force withdrawn from Corinth, or from an encampment near that place, was to distract Rebel attention by a raid through northern Alabama. Boldness and celerity to the highest degree were essential to the success of an expedition which must carry men through the heart of a hostile and armed country. Of the former there proved to be no lack, while to a deficiency of the latter was due the ruin in which the adventure resulted.

A portion of the command went by way of Nashville to Fort Henry, whence it went up the Tennessee to Eastport, while the residue of the brigade went down the Cumberland to the Ohio and then up the Tennessee. At Nashville, Streight was provided with several hundred horses and mules, which were either young and unbroken, or old and broken down. At Fort Henry he added to these several hundred more which were in good condition but unshod. At Eastport, in the confusion of landing, he lost nearly three hundred of his best animals, and nearly two days in search of the runaways, at the same time exhausting a large number of the feebler remnant. On the morning of April

22, he joined Dodge, in whose rear he proceeded several days. The appearance of his brigade was more ridiculous than formidable. Some of his men were on foot, some were on bare-backed, bony beasts which moved with difficulty, while others strove to retain their seats on capricious creatures, which reared, and ran, and halted, moving sideways and backward without reference to spur or rein. At Tuscumbia, Streight and Dodge separated. The former proceeded toward Moulton, his advance accomplishing thirty-four miles the first day, and the next evening attacking and capturing Moulton, which was defended by Roddy's Rebel cavalry.

The entire command was by this time mounted, a sufficient number of horses having at length been captured, but unremitting activity was required to supply the place of the exhausted animals which fell along the route. The thirtieth of April, Streight having then cleared Day's Gap in Sand Mountain, a large body of the enemy under General Forrest began a series of annoying and almost uninterrupted attacks on his rear, and, notwithstanding every effort on his part to avoid battle, twice on that day forced him to severe engagements. The Rebels, after firing upon the rear a short time with musketry, opened with artillery in so decided a manner that it was impossible to refuse, or any longer to avoid the challenge. Decoyed by retreating skirmishers, they came unexpectedly in contact with Streight's line, and recoiled before a close fire directly in their faces. Before they could recover, Streight's infantry was upon them in a bayonet charge, while his artillery opened a steady and deadly fire. Captain Sheets, commanding the Fifty-First, was mortally wounded, Lieutenant Wilson was severely wounded, twenty-nine others were wounded, killed or captured. The Rebels lost upward of one hundred men, and two pieces of artillery.

The wounded Union men were left here in a field hospital, under the care of Dr. Spenser, of the Seventy-Third. Late in the afternoon, after having been hardly pressed two hours, Streight halted, faced about, extended his line as far as possible, and awaited a threatened attack. He was assaulted

on the left, on the right and the front, with variety of movement on the part of the enemy, but with unvarying boldness and cunning. He met courage with courage, and cunning with cunning, holding his ground until ten at night, when Forrest's withdrawal enabled him to continue his march. He spiked and left on the field the guns he had taken in the morning. His rear continued to be painfully harassed, but no general attack was again attempted until May 2, when, after crossing Black creek, burning behind them the bridge and destroying a quantity of Rebel stores, the troops had halted for rest and food. The engagement which followed was severe. Colonel Hathaway supported the two mountain howitzers, which the Rebels were resolved to capture. Nearly every gunner fell, and at last the good and gallant Hathaway received a mortal wound. "Let me die in the front!" he entreated, as his men carried him from the field.

The enemy fell back, and the little Union force spurred on. Sixty miles lay between it and Rome, where it hoped to cross the Coosa, and check Forrest's pursuit by burning the bridge. Captain Russell, of the Fifty-First, and two hundred men on picked horses, moved in advance, with all possible speed, to surprise and take possession of the important point. What was their dismay as they drew near, at eight o'clock in the morning of the third, to find Rome and the bridge so strongly defended as to leave not a ray of hope. A courier, despatched by Forrest, had arrived six hours previously.

About nine the same day, and not more than fifteen miles from Rome, the main force surrendered. It had halted for breakfast, when the hard pressure of Forrest, with three thousand men, drove in the pickets. Our weary soldiers formed once more in line of battle. The little howitzers opened fire. But there was no strength to support the demonstration. Men and horses were alike jaded, and scarcely a round of ammunition remained. Surrender was proposed and accepted, the regiments retaining their colors, the officers and men keeping their private property.

Scouts and skirmishes, and detached expeditions of various kinds, continued through May and part of June.

The following letter is from S. K. Fletcher, Adjutant of the Thirty-Third, a small portion of which, with a few members of the Eighty-Fifth, was detained at Franklin, principally in the hospital, during the expedition to Spring Hill, and in consequence escaped capture:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-THIRD INDIANA,
ROPER'S KNOB, near Franklin, Tennessee.

"DEAR BROTHER: So much has happened since the first of June, that I shall have to go back to that time and come up to this date, day by day. On the thirtieth and thirty-first of May, the whole army left here for Triune, a little town nine miles east, except the fragments of the Thirty-Third and Eighty-Fifth Indiana, Seventy-Eighth Illinois, Seventh Kentucky cavalry, and the convalescents of all other regiments, in all about twelve hundred, or nearly that number of men. Our regiment was left away out by itself, with no pickets outside at all. Of course we had to move, although we disliked very much to leave our nice camp. On the first of June, orders came, and as Captain Freeland was quite sick, and Captain McCrea had gone to Nashville, I had to officiate as commander and everything else.

"Colonel Baird was in command of the post. He had picked out a very nice place to camp, about a quarter of a mile to the left of the big fort. We found bake ovens, beds, &c., in abundance. The old camps were a sight worth seeing. There were beds and houses of all descriptions, chairs, stools, boxes, lumber without end. One would have no idea that so much lumber could be gathered up from the old houses and fences within the limits the soldiers are permitted to rove. It will take a whole army of negroes one season to pull the stakes out of the ground after this war, before it can be cultivated. Just to look over the old camps, you would think there wasn't a forked limb left on any tree within many miles. Every regiment had a lot of Irish wheelbarrows, and our boys got about two dozen of them. We have but four wagons; so when we moved, there was an unbroken string of wheelbarrows passing to and fro between the old and new camp. After we had hauled the first load,

orders came from Granger to fill the wagons with forage and send them immediately after the army, but we hurried our wagons back and hauled a second load before letting them go. I had just got my tent up and my bed fixed, and the boys were working away hard, flooring their tents, making extension roofs, &c., when an officer came riding up full tilt and ordered us to fall in and march to the fort immediately Everything was dropped, and in fifteen or twenty minutes we were in the fort, ready for any emergency, but none seemed to appear. Some officers in the lookouts reported a few Rebels on the distant hills. So we lay round in the shade of the parapets until nearly dark, when we were ordered to camp, leaving one company to remain all night. Next morning, Tuesday, June 2, just after the boys had got everything fixed up in the best of style, orders came to move inside our abatis at the fort. Captain McCrea had returned from Nashville, but was field officer of the day, so I had to take command again. I got on my horse, went to Colonel Baird, found where he wanted us to camp, and went and laid out the ground, just to the right as you go into the fort. I went back and informed the boys that we had to move immediately; we had no wagons now, and you may know there was some *tall cussing* done. Wheelbarrows were soon put into running order, and by night we had a pretty respectable looking camp. I put up my quarters just around the west corner of the fort, backed right up against the ditch, just under the mouth of a big sixty-pound howitzer. All the convalescents and the Eighty-Fifth got moved in and fixed up by Wednesday evening. The Seventy-Eighth Illinois was then camped on this knob, where we are now.

"Thursday the fourth, a little after noon, our pickets were fired on in front, and we were soon all ordered into the fort. I took possession of a splendid little glass which had been lying in my tent for some time, and by that means could see the whole performance. You remember the old cotton gin, and the large field to the left and right of the turnpike, and you remember the little house on the road away beyond the cotton gin, where we saw one lone picket.

Right by that house they had one cannon, and over to the right of that, across the road, they had another; right there their cavalry came in and had their first fighting. Our infantry were at the cotton-gin. They ran our cavalry in, and then our cavalry ran them back again, and made several charges, our big guns lighting a shell in among them, now and then making them scatter in every direction. A lot of Rebels ran in along the railroad and formed behind the yellow cottage and high hedge, just beyond the railroad and the house where the negro was setting out cabbage plants the morning we were there. Our boys tried to throw some shells right through the house, and came near doing it. One shell just passed the left side, bursting right among the Rebels; another struck the ground just to the right, making them skedaddle in a hurry. All this time, a large force of cavalry was passing around to the right, away beyond the town, coming in and forming their line near the college, which stands out by itself to the right of the town. A force of about fifteen hundred crossed the river, coming in just between our old camp and the range of hills beyond. They did not attack at all, but cut the wire and tore up a very little of the track. About this time, the Rebels which first approached had got their cannon into position and were getting the range of our guns well. Most of their shell burst in air. We could see the smoke from the cannon, and then see the little volume from the bursting shell away up in the air, long before we could hear the report of either. Many fell in the rear below the fort, and some struck the parapet, making heads dodge down and dirt fly up. Several passed over the fort, three within twenty feet of me. They were very near spent, and made a noise just like a quail flying. The boys would watch where they struck, and then go out and get them. None of them burst. Sharp skirmishing was going on all the time, just at the edge of the town, but they finally drove our infantry and cavalry through town and across the river. They threw solid shot down the street, breaking some of our horses' legs. They then came into town, and our boys let into them with some shells and solid shot. They knocked one chimney off the court house, one

solid shot went into a parlor, struck a centre table, smashing miniatures, &c. In another house, a woman had put a loaf of bread into the stove, and taken her baby out of the cradle, to go into the cellar, for fear a shot would strike the house, when just as her head passed below the floor, *smash* came a shell right into the kitchen, bursting and smashing everything to pieces.

"Just about dark, we heard sharp skirmishing out to the East, and soon three regiments of cavalry came in to reinforce us. Part of the Sixth Kentucky took in around the Rebs and got into a nice little fight, taking ten or twelve prisoners.

"Everybody was ordered to go into the fort to sleep, after supper. It was very dark and looked very much like rain, and I concluded to go to my tent after we got the boys all straight. It was about ten when I got in, but I had not been in bed long before I heard some one asking for the Adjutant's tent. An order came for three men and one corporal to relieve the gunners who were standing guard at the magazine. This was a job I did not fancy, as the men were scattered all over the fort, but I got up, and in about half an hour had them all right. About two o'clock, again I heard some one asking at the next tent for "Fletcher." He wanted to know where those other two guards were, who were to stand at the gate. I told him I knew nothing of them, Captain M'Crea detailed them, he must go to him. He swore he did not know where M'Crea was, and the man who was on had been on nearly four hours. The thunder was roaring and the lightning flashing, and the rain just commencing to come down. It was hard work to get out, I tell you. I had to tramp the old fort from A to Izzard before I could find the men. It took me about an hour. This is some of the *fun* of a soldier's life.

"Just at this time our pickets started out again. They went clear out to the edge of town and took their old post. Next morning about eight the fighting commenced again. It did not last long, for by this time we had plenty of cavalry. The Rebels hovered about all day, but nothing particular happened. The prisoners we took were all well dressed

in butternut, and had good shoes on. On Sunday, the seventh, we received orders to move to Roper's Knob and take the place of the Seventy-Eighth Illinois, and complete the works on the Knob. This made the boys rip and charge more than ever, but we got the wagons and at it we went, with wheelbarrows, carts, old running gears of wagons, &c. We soon landed on the top of the hill, about a mile from the fort. We encamped on the bench which extends clear around the hill about three-fourths of the way up. It is a real curiosity. You know how round the hill is. The bench is just wide enough for two rows of tents and a pass-way in front wide enough for a wagon. Right on the edge all round is the abatis. It is a beautiful place to camp, not a bit of dust, all nice sod. I have my tent fixed splendidly. A long table on one side, with my desk on the end. A number one bed on the other side. A good floor nailed down and carpeted with coffee sacks—who could have a better house? I would rather live in it than in any parlor.

"Captain Freeland got worse every day after we left camp, and on Monday last was sent to Nashville to the officer's hospital.

"On Monday evening I rode down to Colonel Baird's quarters to make arrangements about our picket. As I rode up to his tent and halted my horse, I saw standing in front of it, just arrived, two individuals on horseback, who looked very much like the pictures of two Knights of old. They rode large bay horses. Each had on a nice white Havelock out of some fine material. One was a large, portly man, with black overcoat on, with light complexion, light stubby whiskers, and bright grey eyes. The other was a young man about twenty-four, with fair complexion and slight curled mustache. With his Havelock on he looked rather effeminate. He held his overcoat across his saddle, was in his shirt sleeves, with a nice colored shirt, neat white standing collar fastened with a red button. Both had swords on. The older one, about forty, was talking with Colonel Baird. I inquired of his adjutant who they were. He said the older one was a Colonel, an inspector, the other a Major. They said they had started from Murfreesboro that morning for

Nashville, that they had missed their road and got away down by Eaglesville; while eating dinner at a house, a squad of Rebels came on to them, capturing their two escorts, and that they merely escaped with their lives. As it was very warm their coats were off, which they had to leave behind with some other things in their flight. The Colonel got off, went into Baird's tent, showed his papers from the War Department, and pass from Rosecrans, his orders to report to Nashville, &c., all seeming correct. He wanted to borrow fifty dollars from Baird to help get them an outfit. Being a Mason, the Colonel loaned him the money, taking his note. He examined a map, showing them the road they had come, &c. Baird's Adjutant, Quartermaster, Sergeant and myself stood and talked with the young man, the Major, asking about affairs in Murfreesboro. They said they were obliged to report at Nashville before morning. Colonel Watkins, of —— cavalry, told him it was very dangerous to travel the road alone after night, and offered them an escort. The Colonel said it would be a very great accommodation, but when Colonel Watkins told him it would take some little time to get ready, he said they must be going, guessed there would be no danger, they would try it alone.

"They got on their horses, bade good evening, and off they went. As soon as they were gone Colonels Baird, Watkins and all present expressed great suspicion that they were not all right. Colonel Baird told Watkins to ride to his camp, and send a few men after them immediately—they could tell them they were an escort, so off he went.

"They had been so engaged that I could get no answer about my pickets at all. I was holding my horse waiting for an answer, when Baird said, 'Get on your horse and ride to Watkins, and tell him to arrest those men, and bring them back immediately.' His suspicions were increasing, and he was becoming quite excited. I was not many minutes going to Colonel Watkins' quarters, I tell you, for I had strongly formed my opinion that the strangers were Rebel spies. I told Colonel Watkins the order, and started back. At the gate, (for he was quartered in a yard,) his orderly stood, holding four horses. He said two of them belonged

to those men; that the Colonel had overtaken them, and brought them to his quarters. I immediately rode back to Colonel Baird to report. Soon up rode a troop of horsemen, with the two knights in front. About a dozen carbines on each side, and in rear, were ready for action. Colonel Baird was at the telegraph office at the moment. So the Major in charge of the squad told them to alight. They said they had not time, they must be getting on to Nashville, and asked for Colonel Baird. The Major told them he guessed they wouldn't start for awhile. So after sitting silent a moment they got off, took seats, and never said a word until Baird and Watkins came up, when they went into the tent. Their papers were again examined. There, standing near them, I got a better view of them. They were both refined, intelligent looking men. The young man said never a word. The Colonel got very indignant at being suspected and arrested; said he had great cause for complaint. Watkins told him he knew every man on Rosecrans' staff, and the name of every Inspector in this army, and he had never heard either of theirs. The Colonel said, 'Don't understand me to say that I am on General Rosecrans' staff, for I am not. I am sent here by the War Department as Inspector over *all* of Rosecrans' Inspectors—over the whole army of the Cumberland.' But he contradicted himself so much that suspicion was becoming greater. So they proceeded to examine them. They pulled out the sword of the young Major. On it was C. S. A. Then the Colonel's sword. On it was his name and regiment, and P. C. S. A. Colonel Baird said, 'Gentlemen, you came very near playing your game and escaping.' 'Yes,' they said, 'We came very near accomplishing our object,' and owned up, making a confession of all. Their papers were all forged, of course. The Colonel had on dark pants, with the staff stripe, (gold cord.) The Major had on our blue army pants, nice boots and spurs. They said they could not get blue caps without going to Charleston or Savannah. So they wore havelocks over the grey Secesh cap as a disguise. I came to camp before their examination was over.

"Next morning I saw all the cavalry formed in square before the long commissary. Some of the boys were reporting

that two spies were to be hung, and I thought there must be something of it from the movements below. So I jumped on my horse and rode down. All stood silent, gazing at one spot. Many were standing on their horses to get a better view. I rode up, and there I saw that *awful* sight, two men dangling in the air, suspended by the neck, from the same scaffold. The Colonel was just making his last struggle. The other was motionless, except that he was slowly swinging round and round as any heavy body will when suspended in air.

"Rosecrans, on being telegraphed to, ordered them to be hung at daylight. They begged to be shot. Baird wanted to transfer them to some other point to be hung, but all the answer he could get from Rosey was, 'Hang them at daylight.'

"The Colonel's name was Lawrence Otley Williams. He commanded a brigade which attacked us on the fourth. The other was First Lieutenant, and Aid to General Wheeler. I can't remember his name. They walked to the scaffold and stepped up into the cart apparently with as much coolness as if they were going to make a speech. They requested that their hands might not be tied, embraced each other, and the cart was pulled from under them. The Lieutenant jumped, broke his neck, and died instantly. The rope did not slip down over the Colonel's neck tight. He tried to hold his hands down awhile, then threw them up, grasped the rope, pulled himself up, and called for some one to pull the rope down tighter on his neck. They did so, and pulled his hands loose, so he *choked* to death. There is a civilized way of hanging a man, but that was the most barbarous affair I ever heard of. Good-bye.

Your affectionate brother,

S. K. Fletcher."

CHAPTER X.

IN THE LIBBY.

"Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
Does hope's fair torch expire."

After the exchange of Colonel Coburn and his return to the army, he wrote a detailed report of the battle of Spring Hill, appending to it an account of his imprisonment. The latter is here inserted:

"I append a statement of occurrences during the time the officers were prisoners, believing it a legitimate matter of report. After our capture we were marched to Columbia, Tennessee, and remained there during the night and the most of the next day, having very little to eat and that meat alone. The next night we bivouacked in the woods, and in the morning received a small ration of bad bread. This was the only bread furnished us till we arrived at Shelbyville, two days after. There we waited one day before receiving a ration of heavy foul bread. Thanks to the Union women there, they courageously fed the famishing men notwithstanding the continual insults and threats of Southern officers and gentlemen. We got regularly a small ration of meat. Two days march from Shelbyville brought us to Tullahoma. The march was a terrible one. The rain fell in torrents, the streams were swollen, and very deep wading, the water was chilling, and the night air cold as early March is in its most inclement moods. Arriving at Tullahoma at sunset, we passed through the Rebel army and by General Bragg's headquarters, and were marched to a muddy spot of ground, used as a mule pen formerly, upon which were scattered some green oak logs for fuel. There was no shelter, nothing to sit down upon, no place for rest but the cold mud. There were buildings and woods near by, but the men were denied their

use. There was dry wood to be had, but it was also denied. The officers were put in an old building which shielded them from the pelting storm that had raged all day and continued through the night. A ration of raw meal and meat was issued, but vessels were not furnished to cook the meal, and it was thrown away. Early in the morning we were waked, and without food were started for the cars. All overcoats, leggins, knapsacks, blankets and extra clothing were taken from the officers and men. I demanded to know by whose order. 'By order of General Bragg, in retaliation for an order of General Rosecrans stripping Federal uniforms from our soldiers.' I replied, 'Strip off any Rebel uniform found on us and I will not complain; but that this was a cowardly and barbarous course, and the men engaged in it deserved hanging.' I demanded an interview with General Bragg, whose headquarters were within two hundred yards, saying, 'that I believed it impossible that a man of his standing would enforce such a brutal order.' This was refused, Colonel McKinstry, his Provost Marshal, saying that the General would not listen to anything.

The men, shivering, half starved, without sleep or rest, were crowded into box cars without seats, and filthy with manure, and started for Chattanooga. They were denied even the privilege of getting sticks to sit upon. Thus we traveled that day to Chattanooga. On arriving there we were placed for the night, without rations, in a large frame building, just erected for a hospital, and were crammed in almost to suffocation. The next day about noon rations were dealt out to us in abundance. We all remember the hard bread of Chattanooga as our only feast in the Southern Confederacy. From this place we were conveyed by rail to Knoxville. For a few hours the Union people of Knoxville were allowed to bring provisions to us and converse with us, but the Rebel citizens became infuriated at this, and the soldiers drove the Union men away. We were then guarded in a muddy open space, where part of the prisoners lay or stood all night, although there was shelter in abundance near by, consisting of large sheds and depots. Here the exposure and cruelties of our march began to tell fearfully on the men.

Some could go no further, and were left. Others by their haggard looks and decrepit gait testified that the hand of death would soon remove them from us. Inexorable as the gallows that for two years has stood by the railroad in the city of Knoxville for the execution of Union men, were the hearts of the Rebel officers.

"From Knoxville we were carried by rail to Bristol, on the Virginia line. Here we were again turned off of the cars to lie again upon the damp ground, recently overflowed by a creek, although there was ample shelter in the town in the large sheds and houses near the railroad. Such was the brutality of the physicians that they totally refused to visit our sick men here. All intercourse with the citizens was forbidden.

"We buried the dead, and urged the sick to drag along to a more humane community. At this place we received a small ration of heavy flour bread. We were then taken by rail to Lynchburg, Virginia. Here many went to the hospitals, and not a few died. Although the city contained a large number of empty houses, the men were marched to the fair-ground, and put into open sheds. After remaining at Lynchburg a few days we were started, in very inclement weather, in box-cars, to Richmond. The snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches. The trains were delayed. The men had not one day's rations, and were on the road in broken and partially open cars, some two and some four days, without food or rest, and chilled through. From these cars they were marched to Libby prison, and huddled hundreds in a room, without fires or light, like hogs in a slaughter pen. Several died within half a day after their arrival at Richmond; many more followed them in the next few days. Neither food, medical attendance, air nor water was furnished, as the barest, sheerest humanity would dictate. The iron-hearted monsters who had charge of the prisons had no regard for suffering, nor for human life. More than fifty men fell victims in prison to the series of barbarities inflicted upon us from Tullahoma to Richmond; others survived but a few days their exchange; many others were disabled for life. Had our enemies given to those who fell by their cruelties the deadly

and instant cup of poison, it would have been a mercy compared to the treatment inflicted. Their conduct toward men in Libby prison is such as only malignant and devilish passions could suggest.

"The needless discomforts of cold, of crowded rooms, of filth, of vermin, of foul food, were added to the shameful and fatal brutalities of the march. The season was bitter cold; not a window in the room was closed with glass. Our food consisted of a scanty ration of bread, and of putrid, starveling meat, totally unfit for use, filling the room with a foul stench on being brought in. In addition an occasional ration of rice or black beans was given us. No sugar, nor coffee, nor good meat, nor vegetables, ever appeared as rations.

"Two wretched blankets were given to each officer, and one to each man. They were lousy, filthy and fœtid. The prison swarmed with vermin. No opportunity was furnished to wash blankets, not even soap and tubs in which to wash our wearing apparel. We became unhealthy by the use of the foul food, and the filthiness of our bedding. Scurvy, itch, erysipelas, inflammatory sore throats, rheumatism, fever, lock-jaw, delirium and death in its most horrid forms were the result. The unrecorded catalogue of barbarities must remain for the final account of the insatiate monsters who gloat upon the anguish of defenceless prisoners.

"Earnestly pleading for the privilege, I, with other officers, was denied a visit to the faithful and dying men who had followed us during the war, though but the distance of ten feet separated from us. No intercourse was allowed. A list of the dead was refused, though asked for in the most respectful terms. The only account we have of them is from their fellow sufferers in the hospitals.

"I have hesitated to add this list of atrocities to the casualties of war, and to record them against their perpetrators, but a sense of duty compels me to expose the shameful and horrid malignity of the traitors who have added to the highest crime against their country the cowardly and cruel tortures of savages upon their enemies.

"Exchanged at City Point May 5, 1863, we were ordered upon a steamboat, the State of Maine, by Colonel Ludlow,

(lousy from stem to stern) and fed, like dogs in a kennel, with bread and meat cut up and cast into two long boxes until our arrival at Annapolis. Here ended our imprisonment and occurred our restoration to duty on the eighth of May, 1863."

Eighty-five of Coburn's small command died of exposure and cruel treatment during captivity. Of these, nine belonged to the Thirty-Third, and thirty were members of the Eighty-Fifth Indiana.

To know them suffering and dying,—men whom he loved and who loved him,—to be almost within earshot, almost within touch, and yet unable to lift a finger to their rescue or for their consolation, or to express to them a word of sympathy, was the most cruel of tortures to their high-spirited leader. He who can read Coburn's report without taking part in his noble wrath and sorrow, is not to be envied.

So much has been published in regard to Colonel Streight's imprisonment that a detailed narrative is here unrequired. His men were treated as other prisoners of war, and, according to the terms of surrender, received an early exchange. He and his subordinate officers reached Richmond and entered Libby prison on the sixteenth of May. In the expectation of being sent North on the arrival of a boat from Fortress Monroe, they submitted with patience to the first days of imprisonment. Boat after boat arrived and departed, and they were at length informed that they were to be retained and treated as felons on the charge of inciting slaves to rebellion, the proof being that negroes in uniform, and bearing arms, had been found in the force at the time of the surrender. The accusation was denied, and at the same time it was asserted that the negroes in the force were officer's servants, of whom one bore arms, he carrying the sword of his employer on account of its weight. No trial was afforded, and the officers remained in the prison, which received additions almost daily. Nearly eleven hundred United States officers at one time, cooked, and washed, and slept in six rooms, each of which was one hundred and five feet long by forty-five feet wide. These rooms were in the second and third stories. The ground floor was divided into a prisoners' hospital, Rebel Commissary Department and offices

for the Confederate officials connected with the prison, except during the summer, when one of the lower rooms was used as a prison for privates. The amount of food furnished the officers was insufficient, and the quality of the food was poor. The food provided for the men was disgusting. Lieutenant A. C. Roach, of the Fifty-First, says: "The rations of the privates consisted of a small slice of bread and about a pint of broth, in which spoiled bacon had been boiled, and which was sometimes thickened with a small quantity of rice or beans, twice each day. The soup was brought to the prisoners in wooden buckets, and I have frequently noticed it when the top was covered with white maggots, which the process of cooking had forced out of the meat and beans. They were not allowed to purchase anything whatever, but we were allowed to send out and make a few purchases of bread, meat and vegetables, so that we were sometimes able to drop a few crusts to them through a crack. They would stand on tip toe, their long, bony, skeleton-like arms outstretched to grasp any morsel that we could spare them."

July 6, all the Federal officers of the rank of Captain, seventy-eight in number, were summoned to a room on the lower floor. They obeyed the order with delight, fancying it the precursor of some change, perhaps of release and return home. Major Turner, the commandant of the prison, stood in the centre of the room, at one end of a little table on which was nothing but a small box. The officers formed a wide circle and awaited further developments with curiosity. Dismay and horror paled their faces when they were told that two of their number were to be chosen by lot for immediate execution, in retaliation for the hanging of two spies by General Rosecrans. The chaplain of the Ninth Maryland infantry, an old, white-haired man, drew a slip of paper from the box and read the name of Captain Sawyer, of the First New Jersey cavalry. Again he drew, and again a name dropped through the deathly stillness, Captain John Flinn, of the Fifty-First Indiana infantry. The two chosen by lot were immured in the cellar, after being informed that their death would take place in ten days.

On receiving an account of this unwarranted proceeding, our Government lost no time in notifying the Rebel authorities that the death of Flinn and Sawyer would immediately bring two prominent Rebel officers to a like fate. Not daring, in consequence, to inflict death, the Rebels indulged their malice by prolonging the dungeon life of the Captains.

In the winter the officers received safely blankets and clothing from home. Their cast off clothes they manufactured into curtains and hung before the bars of the grated and narrow windows, regretfully excluding light with the cold wind.

Provisions also were received from the North, and from General to Lieutenant the officers studied, and under great disadvantages practiced, the art of cooking.

After eight months in Libby, Captain Anderson, of the Fifty-First Indiana, with Lieutenant Skelton, of the Seventeenth Iowa, escaped on the eleventh of December from the hospital by the use of bribery, and the exertion of activity and boldness. Several days of hiding and nights of struggling through swamps and wildernesses, in which they were assisted and fed by negroes, brought them to the Union lines.

A few days after Anderson's departure, Colonel Streight received an anonymous letter encouraging him to escape. He made the attempt, was seized, ironed and put in a wretched and disgusting cellar, where he was detained twenty-one days with no food but half baked corn bread, no water for washing, and no change of clothing.

The next preparations for escape were made by a party of officers, who dug a tunnel from the cellar, to which they gained access at night through the hearth and the flue of the lower room of the prison. The tunnel was sixty feet long, and consumed the nights of three weeks. February 9, at nine in the evening, the candidates for liberty began to squeeze themselves through. One hundred and nine saw daylight at the further extremity. Six or seven hundred, who had impatiently awaited a chance, remained within the prison walls discomfited, but hoping that another night would afford release. The tunnel was discovered and they were again disappointed.

The escaped prisoners, one of whom was Colonel Streight, were concealed eight days in Richmond, by the kindness of loyal people. They then ventured to start on their weary and perilous journey. By avoiding public roads, the light of day, the abodes and the faces of white men, and by enduring hunger, cold, fatigue and watching, and with the faithful assistance of the blacks, they reached Blackstone's Island at two o'clock in the morning of February 28. They arrived in Washington on the first of March.

The prisoners remaining in Libby were removed to Macon in May, suffering much ill treatment and hardship on the journey, but more after their arrival. In August they were taken to Charleston, where the condition of some, who consented not to attempt an escape, was bettered, while that of others was harder than ever before.

In October the unfortunate prisoners were removed to Columbia, where desperation drove many to dare every danger in efforts to recover liberty.

In February, 1865, they were removed to Charlotte, North Carolina, where their imprisonment ended.

CHAPTER XI.

IUKA, CORINTH AND THE HATCHIE.

Death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces.
—*Jeremiah.*

After the march of Buell and Bragg from Corinth and its vicinity, in the summer of 1862, the United States forces which lay along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, from Tuscumbia to Memphis, were compelled to observe the strict defensive. The command of the Army of the Mississippi, reduced by the demands of General Buell to the divisions of Stanley and Hamilton, had devolved on General Rosecrans. Hamilton's divisions comprised but two brigades, of which one was under the command of General Jere. Sullivan, and the other under General Buford. The only Indiana regiments remaining in the division were the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth, both in Buford's brigade. Captain Roberts, of the Forty-Eighth, died on the fourth of July. Captain Mann died a few days afterward. These deaths, and the resignation of five officers, occasioned the promotion of seven lieutenants. In consequence the regiment, as regarded officers, was almost reorganized during the summer.

General Hackleman was assigned in June to the command of the First Brigade of Davies' Division of the Army of the Tennessee. He remained with his division near Corinth. General Veatch, in command of the Second Brigade of Hurlbut's Division of the same army, spent the summer on the march, pitching his tent during the course of it at Grand Junction, Holly Springs, Lavergne and Memphis. In his brigade were the Twenty-Fifth and Fifty-Third Indiana. The middle of September he went to Bolivar, marching from Memphis in eight days. Colonel Morgan's regiment was

ordered to Fort Hall, a mile and a half above Bolivar, on the Hatchie river, and commanding one of the principal entrances to the town.

The Twenty-Third Indiana had been in Bolivar since June, Colonel Sanderson having command of the post. The Ninth battery, at the same point, finishes the roll of Indiana troops who were brought into action in the department of West Tennessee in the months of September and October.

Van Dorn and Price, with Lovell and other small Generals, confronted General Grant with a nearly equal force, and having no fear of his advance, annoyed him with desultory and capricious attentions. The last of August their demonstrations assumed a serious character. While a small body of Rebel cavalry busied itself near Bolivar, and Van Dorn lay in wait south of Corinth, Price advanced toward Iuka, apparently with the double purpose of crossing the Tennessee to interfere with Buell's movements, and of stripping Corinth of its defenders. Grant, constantly on the watch, was instantly on the alert. He diminished the space over which his outposts were scattered, withdrawing troops from Tuscumbia and other distant points on the railroad and river, leaving the battle ground of Shiloh to rest, undisturbed by a sentinel's tread, for the first time in five months, and within a narrower circuit redoubling his force and his vigilance.

Ten days the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Indiana kept a sleepless watch at Rienzi. The Forty-Eighth then marched to Jacinto, where, under General Rosecrans, nine thousand troops concentrated preparatory to moving against Iuka, of which, with a vast amount of basely abandoned government stores, the enemy had taken possession.

A joint attack on Iuka was to be made early on the nineteenth, from the south by Rosecrans, advancing along two roads, the Jacinto and the Fulton; and from the north by General Ord with a force numbering eight thousand. Grant remained at Burnsville, seven miles west of Iuka, and kept in readiness a train of ten empty cars to hurry troops back to Corinth on the first hint of danger from Van Dorn. Ord gained position four miles north of Iuka, and awaited the

sound of guns from the South as a signal to move up. He heard no guns throughout the day, and received no intelligence of the movements or position of his coadjutor.

Nevertheless, Rosecrans made his march and fought his battle. At three on the morning of the nineteenth he moved out in light marching order. Rain and swamp and tangled wood obstructed his way. At noon, skirmishers appeared and contested his advance with a warmth and weight which ominously increased. He made no endeavor to gain the Fulton road, a dereliction which, with the condition of his columns, was reported to General Price by a Rebel spy who had unfortunately been employed as a Union scout.

Shortly after four, as the head of Hamilton's division was halting on the brow of a densely wooded hill, which fell off abruptly to the right and left, skirmishers three hundred yards in advance discovered the enemy. He was in line of battle in a ravine, down which the road went through oaks and gums, beeches and thick-set sassafras. He instantly opened fire. Hamilton threw forward the battery, and the five regiments of Buford's brigade,—the Forty-Eighth Indiana, a little in advance, on the left of the road, and on the summit of the hill, and the others in support of the battery, in the rear, and in echelon. Sullivan pushed up with his brigade, but finding no room in front, he stationed one regiment on the extreme left, in command of a ravine, approachable by the Rebels, arranged the others in reserve, and setting spurs to his horse, reported to General Hamilton for duty at a more useful and dangerous post, which was assigned him on the right of the narrow front.

The Rebels poured a consuming fire upon our Forty-Eighth, and on the battery. Soon every artillery horse and officer, and half the men were disabled, and the guns were captured. Colonel Eddy withdrew his regiment from the front, but again advanced. "The veteran and heroic Sullivan, young in years, but old in fight," rallied the right to the rescue. The battery was torn from the hands of the Confederates, and they were driven to cover. They rallied, returned and regained the guns. Once more they were beaten back. Once more they dashed up and seized the battery, now with

three of its guns spiked, its carriages cut and splintered. Swaying up and down, back and forth, the battle continued, until at dark the bugle sounded, "Cease firing!" Suddenly as it had risen, the tumultuous roar died out, and silence settled down on the forest, unbroken except by sighs and moans from the belt of ground between the lines.

Early in the morning, General Rosecrans cautiously pushed forward his line of pickets. Meeting no opposition, he advanced his whole force one mile, two miles, into Iuka, where he found the six guns for which so many lives had been sacrificed, found also Rebel wounded and Rebel stores, but not the Rebel army. It had fled unmolested over the Fulton road, and was pursuing a safe retreat.

Hamilton and Stanley followed about thirteen miles beyond the town, and took about two hundred and fifty prisoners, but they were too tired to go on, and they marched back.

The battle of Iuka was fought by Hamilton's two brigades, and one of Stanley's regiments. Consequently not more than two thousand eight hundred men were engaged against a force of eleven thousand. Rosecrans reported the Rebel loss at fourteen hundred and thirty-eight.

The Union loss was seven hundred and eighty-two. General Rosecrans deemed it "an especial duty to signalize the Forty-Eighth Indiana" in his report of the battle. Well he might. Thirty-seven noble young men, the flower of the regiment, were killed, sixty-six were wounded, ten were captured. Colonel Eddy was severely wounded in the arm and shoulder. His horse received several balls. Lieutenant Colonel Rugg's horse was killed. Captain Guthridge, Captain Billows and Lieutenant Judkins were severely wounded. Lieutenant Packard was slightly wounded.

The wind carried the sound of the battle from General Ord, and he knew nothing of it until during the night reports through negroes reached him.

Hamilton returned to Jacinto, Stanley proceeded to Corinth. Ord, with Hurlbut and Ross, withdrew to Bolivar. Grant, keeping a sharp lookout for Van Dorn, went back to Jackson.

Although Price's retreat was rapid, it was not conducted with the single aim of escaping pursuit, and being turned toward the west, became an unmolested march, and terminated in union with Van Dorn. The latter officer assumed command, moved north, and absorbing Lovell, reached Pocahontas, on the Memphis railroad, about twenty miles west of Corinth, with a force of thirty-five or forty thousand men. Apparently he meant to pass by Corinth, making, perhaps, a feint upon it. Nevertheless, Rosecrans under the direction of General Grant, withdrew his outposts from Jacinto, Iuka, Burnsville, Rienzi, Danville and Chewalla, and concentrated nearly twenty thousand men.

The fortifications of Corinth were in three lines. The outer line, fifteen miles long, built by Beauregard, chiefly on the east and north, required so large a force as to be of little use. The second line, constructed by Halleck, was more defensible, but still was too extensive. The third line, the late work of Grant, was in the edge of the town, and consisted of a chain of redoubts, with the guns on the south and south-east, placed in such a manner that if they were reversed their fire could be united with that of the guns on the opposite sides of the town.

On the morning of Friday, October 3, Hamilton's division was on the right in Beauregard's intrenchments, Davies' division was in the centre, fronting the north-west, and McKean's was on the left. Stanley's division was in the town, in reserve. Skirmishing the preceding day had given warning of the approach of the enemy along the Chewalla road from the north-west. A force moved out about five miles to meet him. He pressed up hard, and though the force in his front was gradually increased, he outflanked it, closely followed it, and opened a warm fire in front of the centre.

Sullivan's brigade, on Hamilton's left, changed front, and occupied a ridge, which gave it an opportunity to move forward and attack the enemy's flank, could Davies' division stand firm. But when Sullivan began to advance Davies began again to falter.

Hackleman's brigade fought well, but its right, which was made up of parts of several regiments, after having withstood

repeated assaults, fell back, infecting with panic an approaching reinforcement. Hackleman strove to restore order, and to bring the reinforcement beside his steady centre and left. Oglesby, also in command of one of Davies' brigades, seconded his exertions. In vain were all their efforts. They but made themselves marks for the enemy. Both were shot. At three in the afternoon a ball passed through General Hackleman's neck from right to left. His chief of staff, Captain Randall, took him from his horse, and carried him off the field.

Dismay fell upon the hearts of his brigade, and spread through the division. It was at this moment that Sullivan approached, struggling in a tangled swamp, which was divided in the centre by the dry bed of a creek, with banks six feet high, serving as Rebel breastworks. He took the enemy by surprise, and captured eighty-two prisoners. He halted for Buford's brigade, which had been promised in support of his right, but it had been delayed by the swamp and the distance, and was so far behind that when the enemy, rallying, opened on him a heavy fire of grape and canister, he had no choice but to fall back.

When the day closed, and fighting ceased, Van Dorn was within Beauregard's intrenchments. Before he slept he sent a triumphant despatch to Richmond.

The night was beautiful, a full moon shining in a cloudless sky until nearly four o'clock. Fatigue parties worked at intrenchments, ordnance officers distributed ammunition, men cleaned their guns, artillery hurried rapidly to newly assigned posts, cavalry deployed as skirmishers to prevent straggling, and infantry marched back or forward, concentrating on a new and short line, which was drawn almost entirely within the town. While these vigorous preparations for a bloody morrow were going on, death dealt with many a gallant soldier.

The faithful staff and comrades of General Hackleman, sorrowing that they should soon see his face no more, gave him their last service, as silent watchers. Doubtless their thoughts wandered away to the mountains and plains of Virginia, where march, and camp and bivouac with but

the shelter of the soldier's blanket, had been shared and cheered by the brave and kindly soul which was now receding from earth. No doubt fancy carried them back to Indiana, when in days of peace their beloved leader was the centre of a happy home, and the powerful supporter of every thing good, and where he might have honorably remained far from the rude brunt of battle.

"I am dying—but I die for my country," came brokenly from his fading lips. A deep sadness settled on the noble face as he found that the cruel bullet had so torn the organs of speech that he could utter no further message.

It surely is as well. He need give no dying injunction to children or country who lays a true life on the altar of self-sacrifice.

General Sullivan had received a very severe contused wound, and he was forced to resign to another the disposition of his regiments. He was, however, early the next day, Saturday, at his post at the head of his brigade.

Hamilton continued to hold the right, a fort on either extremity of his line. One of these forts flanked the Bolivar road, and the other was in direct range of the entrance into town of the same road. His second brigade was broken up, the regiments acting as supports to batteries, and almost independently of each other.

Davies withdrew a little from the front, joined the left of Hamilton, and extended from Fort Richardson to Fort Robinette, which was in the centre and covered the Chewalla road. Stanley stood next, supporting Fort Williams. Williams and Robinette were on the same ridge, the former commanding the latter. McKean had the extreme left and was protected by another fort.

Van Dorn occupied the centre of his line, between the Memphis and the Columbus railroads, with a battery in his front about two hundred yards from Fort Robinette. Price had the left wing, east of the Columbus road and north of the town. Lovell had the right wing, on and south of the Bolivar road. The Confederate line closed up within a thousand yards of the new Federal works.

The Rebels made their movements with caution and in

silence, until, at three in the morning, Van Dorn opened an artillery fire. No reply was made till daylight. The early battery then was shortly silenced, and one of its guns captured.

Heavy skirmishing between the lines continued about two hours, when the Confederate right emerged from the woods, and bore down steadily and straight along the Bolivar road toward the Union centre. In the face of a stream of fire it came on,—a dark, unbroken, swollen sea,—dashed up against Davies' division, drove it back, went through and over Fort Richardson, killing the commander and seizing the guns, and rolled forward, further to the west, along the roads, over the fields, and up the cannon-crowned steep. "The Rebels advanced not merely on batteries," says an eye witness of their swift onset, "but under enfilading and cross-fires which swept them away as hail beats down dead leaves." Hamilton's division poured an unceasing fire on their flank. On they came regardless. They were in the forts, in the town, round Rosecrans' headquarters, mingled with the Union troops. Now was the time, when their very success had broken their front, to seize them. There was a sudden and swift rally to the aid of Davies. A charge from two regiments on the enemy's front; two well directed volleys; a charge with a cheer from two regiments, led by Sullivan, on his flank, and he was sent reeling back, with the loss of his colors, his wounded, and three hundred captured soldiers.

During Price's assault, a force moving upon a position held by our Forty-Eighth, was checked by a storm of lead. Again and again it moved up, but so terrible was the fire which it met, that it retreated in confusion. Lieutenant-Colonel Rugg, commanding, received a painful wound in the foot early in the action, but he refused to leave the field until his horse was shot under him, and he had limped several times along the regiment, encouraging and cheering the men, who, on their part, never fired without a "Huzza!"

Twenty minutes after Price moved on Rosecrans' right centre, Van Dorn assaulted his left, his forces sweeping up in the same way, as if, like the inanimate forces of nature, they knew neither pain nor fear. The Rebel flag flaunted on

the parapet of Fort Robinette. But the Rebel officer in command was shot in the moment of his triumph; and two hundred men who had followed close on his heels, fell close under the wall. Fifty-six dead men were heaped up together.

Stanley's regiment swarmed over the works and drove Van Dorn back to the woods.

The battle ended. Rosecrans, however, was led by the desperate madness of the last assault to expect another, and he stood until three o'clock, when his skirmishers, pushing back the Rebel skirmishers, found the field occupied only by dead and wounded.

Van Dorn and Price were not favorites of fortune during their military career, but no other time and at no other place were they so utterly overthrown and cast down as on the fourth of October, before Corinth. They made haste to leave the field, and were far on their way when their retreat was discovered.

General Rosecrans rode along his line announcing the enemy's retreat, and directing his troops to "replenish their cartridge boxes, haversacks and stomachs," and to take an early sleep, in order to start at daylight on the pursuit. McPherson, who arrived with a fresh brigade, was ordered to take the advance.

Early Sunday morning the army set out, but by some mishap directing its course above the enemy, it marched eight miles out of the way before it reached the Tuscumbia, where the enemy had crossed.

Meantime, beyond the crossing of the Hatchie, which is about five miles west of the Tuscumbia, the head of the retreating army was firmly confronted.

As soon as General Grant was assured that Van Dorn's movements, as he advanced, were definitely bent toward the east, he directed a division at Bolivar to move to the assistance of Rosecrans, or to the interception of the enemy's retreat. Saturday morning, before day had fairly dawned, General Hurlbut started. He moved rapidly, not halting for water, nor for rest until noon, and accomplishing nearly thirty miles before he encamped. General Ord joined the division

and took command the next day. The march was resumed early on Sunday and in great anxiety, occasioned by rumors of defeat at Corinth. The road was difficult, narrow and dangerous, leading through swamp and jungle, and over precipitous ridges, across which it was necessary to drag artillery by hand. But tidings from Bolivar of the retreat of the enemy, received at an early hour, lifted a weight from every heart, and smoothed the asperities of the march. Immediately afterwards the firing of cavalry scouts announced the proximity of danger.

General Veatch's command, which, at the outset of the march, had been enlarged by the addition of a battery, a battalion of cavalry and two infantry regiments, and which to-day was in front, Lauman's brigade having moved first on the previous day, was thrown into line of battle. Colonel Morgan's skirmishers took possession of a house on the left of the road, from which Rebel pickets had been driven by Bolton's battery. Veatch pushed steadily and sturdily forward, with musketry and artillery firing. On the edge of large, open fields, which were, however, cut up by gullies, he widened his front, leaving the Twenty-Fifth Indiana, which was in advance at the start, still in the centre, and throwing the Fifty-Third, under Lieutenant Colonel Jones, out on the right flank, the Fifteenth Illinois on the left. Moving across the fields with augmented speed, he reached the commanding ridge on which stands a cluster of houses called Matamoras. His battery thundered up the acclivity. His regiments threw themselves down on its summit. Below, in the centre of the beautiful valley of the Hatchie, with the river a mile or somewhat less in the rear, stood the advance of Van Dorn's army.

General Veatch formed his command in line, directed his cavalry to guard his right, and opened an effective artillery fire. Rebel artillery replied vigorously, but inaccurately, the balls striking the trunks of trees far above the height of a man. The fire slackened. Veatch pressed on. Lauman followed. A half mile from the river, firing re-commenced, both artillery and musketry. The action became hot, the Union troops fighting unsheltered, the Rebels availing them-

selves of trees, fences and houses. Little by little the Rebels fell back. At length having abandoned four guns, they reached the river, a deep stream, spanned by a wretched bridge. They crowded over, planted their guns upon the further bank, and turned upon their pursuers.

Already the Fifty-Third Indiana and the Fourteenth Illinois had crossed. The latter having turned to the left, was directly under the bank, quite beneath the range of the guns. The former, endeavoring to obey the order to fall into line on the right, was thrown into disorder by the impossibility of forming in the narrow and bushy space between the river and the bank, as well as by the unbroken sweep of the enemy's guns. The Twenty-Fifth Indiana and the Third Iowa, rushing over the bridge through streams of shot and shell, also crowded over toward the right. After a few terrible minutes of confusion, General Hurlbut, General Ord having been wounded, corrected the blunder by throwing the whole force to the left, which offered, beside shelter, an opportunity to flank the enemy's position. The enemy made no further stand, and Veatch halted his line on the upper bank, to direct the advance and position of his batteries. He was struck by a grape-shot, and disabled. However, the fighting and the firing, except of artillery, was over.

Shut in between the Tuscumbia and the Hatchie, with Ord before and Rosecrans coming up behind, the Rebels had little stomach for fight. Their only hope was to hold the two crossings with small bodies, while the main army should move swiftly up the strip of country between the rivers, and six miles above effect the passage of the Hatchie at Crum's Hill. They succeeded, and burnt the bridge behind them, leaving their tents, camp equipage and broken wagons, strewed over the country.

General Grant stopped the pursuit at this point, to the chagrin of General Rosecrans, who hoped not only to capture the Rebel army, but to go on to Vicksburg.

General Hurlbut's division, in the fight on the Hatchie, captured two batteries, many hundred small arms and several prisoners. It lost five hundred and fifty men in killed and wounded, a greater loss than the Confederates suffered,

on account of greater exposure. The Fifty-Third Indiana lost one hundred and four. The Twenty-Fifth lost eighty. Major Rheinlander was severely wounded. Major McGrain was slightly wounded.

Officers bore unanimous testimony to the excellent behavior of the men. General Grant's words are: "The troops advanced with unsurpassed gallantry, driving the enemy back across the Hatchie, over ground where it is almost incredible that a superior force should be driven by an inferior."

General Veatch, in a congratulatory order, says: "On no field since the war began, has better fighting been done. The forces of the enemy, greatly superior in numbers, were posted in the very strongest positions, and commanded by those veteran Rebel Generals, Van Dorn and Price. You met them, you drove them, you defeated and routed them, capturing a battery and hundreds of prisoners. You compelled them to seek shelter on the east side of the Hatchie. Here the First brigade came to your support, and, with Hurlbut's fighting Fourth division united, you drove them from their last stronghold, and forced them to a hasty retreat.

"While we rejoice in victory, we regret the loss of many brave men. Let us honor the memory of our fallen comrades, and transmit to their friends the story of their noble deeds.

"The wounded who survive will carry their battle-scars, which will speak more eloquently than any words can do."

"It was the first fight for our regiment," says private Drummond Carse, of the Fifty-Third Indiana, "and we were too eager to get into the Rebels. We all yelled like madmen, and not thinking about danger, pitched straight forward. When we saw their infantry lying still waiting for us, we fixed bayonets and went at them. The way they ran was a caution. At our first charge we ran them about a mile and a half, and sent them across Hatchie river, some of them swimming, and lots of them drowning. The bridge was right in a bend of the river. The General straightened out the regiments, then we all gave three cheers, and started. Our regiment was the first over. But the Rebels had the advantage soon. They were on a hill, and poured grape

and canister on us like a hail storm. There was no room for us to form line of battle, for four regiments were piled on about a half acre of ground. But when we made the last charge we went clear to the top of the hill. The fight lasted about seven hours, but it did not appear to me more than a half hour."

Dr. Thomas, the surgeon of the Twenty-Fifth, writes in a private letter:

"The fight continued from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon. The sound of cannon and small arms was incessant. Out of all this, above the din and through the smoke of the conflict could be heard the cheers of our brave and victorious men. The sound of the human voice under such circumstances, so strong, cheering and triumphant, was strange beyond expression. It seemed to come out of the very 'jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell;' as though mortality had triumphed over the powers of darkness; and flesh and blood had taken violent possession of the man of sin."

Months after the battle of the Hatchie a soldier told the following story to a circle of friends in the North: "As I was running over the bridge, through the storm of fire, a ball took off both legs of our Sergeant Major, who was beside me. His name was Moore. He was but a boy, only eighteen. The crowd swept me on. I could not speak to him, nor could I give him more than a momentary glance. But that glance imprinted his face on my memory forever. It was radiant, rapturous." "Did he die?" asked one of the group of listeners. "He was dying then." "How do you account for that expression?" "I cannot account for it," replied the soldier, but added, after a pause, "Of course the shock deadened his nerves. He was unconscious of pain, but not of death. It may be that he felt what poets sing, the sweetness of dying for his country. I cannot tell. But I never can forget his glorified face."

Moore was a member of the Fifty-Third.

The battle on the Hatchie, though more sanguinary to the Federal troops, in proportion to the numbers engaged, being but supplementary to the battle of Corinth, was of less com-

parative importance. At Corinth the enemy lost fourteen flags, two guns, thirty-three hundred small arms, and nine thousand three hundred and sixty-three men, of whom one thousand four hundred and twenty-three were killed.

The loss of Rosecrans, including the pursuit, was two thousand three hundred and fifty-nine—three hundred and fifteen killed, eighteen hundred and twelve wounded, and two hundred and thirty-two missing. The Forty-Eighth Indiana lost nineteen. The Fifty-Ninth probably about the same.

Captain Harris, a member of General Sullivan's staff, while carrying orders on the field, received a wound on the hand. His clothes were torn by bullets. In a private letter he writes: "I am thankful to a merciful Providence for the almost miraculous escapes of the General and myself from the deliberate aim of both sharpshooters and cannon on the third and fourth instants. On the third we both were, in turn, targets for artillery practice; on the fourth for the enemy's sharpshooters. I attribute our preservation to a special interposition of our Heavenly Father, who has been, and I feel will be with us to the end.

"I think a man is entitled to call himself a veteran who can sit on his horse and observe the endeavors made to pick him off.

"I see little mention in the newspapers of the part Hamilton's division took in the battle of Corinth. Both the First and Second Brigades were engaged on both days, and did nobly. On the fourth the First Brigade was kept together, i. e., the regiments were not detached, and their line of battle, firing, &c., was a most magnificent scene; while the Second Brigade labored under the disadvantage of being, as it were, broken up, the regiments acting as supports to batteries, &c., almost independently of each other. But all did well, and to General C. S. Hamilton's division should be accorded the honor of the success of the day on our extreme right.

"You have always heard me assert that the Rebels would fight. Had our men, as a whole, done as well, exhibited the same gallantry and *dash*, the Rebel army would have been annihilated.

"You remember Marshal Macdonald's charge across a

wide plain under a terrible artillery fire. I thought of it as the Rebels advanced, not merely on batteries, but under enfilading and cross-fires, which swept them away as the hail beats down dead leaves.

"Our troops are not credited with any such charges as I saw the Rebels make on the third, when they turned Hackleman's left, and forced the action in which he was killed, although his brigade did, perhaps, as good fighting as has been witnessed in this war.

"However, the result was a grand success. The Rebel army met with an unexpected and total defeat, and fled in disorder.

"You know General Hackleman was an old acquaintance and friend of mine. I was with him but a short time before he was killed. He was everything that the army or the country could desire or demand, and his loss is a great calamity. We have but few commanders in the army, unfortunately, so modest, pure and competent."

The same gentleman, in a letter which is published in "Indiana's Roll of Honor," writes further of General Hackleman:

"Embracing the first hour of leisure and relief from marching, business and fatigue since the memorable third and fourth of October, 1862, I offer my grateful tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of our lost hero and friend, General Hackleman. Dead, but living, an example to his late brother officers; absent, yet present in memory; without an enemy save such as envy makes; the Chevalier Bayard of the army, without fear, and without reproach; the courteous gentleman, the competent General; beloved alike by private and officer, lamented by all; tears fill the eyes of his soldiers at his name; the lost leader is mourned as men mourn for a lost brother.

"On Friday, the third, I twice bore messages from General Sullivan to General Hackleman, and saw him at his headquarters, near the intrenchments, a short time before he was mortally wounded, observing the advance of the Rebel column on the battery and line to his left. It was a life picture, such as only contending armies portray. Once wit-

nessed, the scene is never lost; memory but reverts to it, and some mysterious camera spreads it out anew in all its hideousness. The Rebels charged across an open field, under the well served guns of the battery, near the General's headquarters, and up to the very mouth of the guns attacked, with the desperation of a forlorn hope. Every discharge tore through their ranks; platoons fell as one man; wide gaps were torn, but to be closed by the impetuous rush of brave men. Alas! that such bravery and devotion should die in such a cause.

"Once they falter. Some turn to fly, but the ringing call of their leader again moves the more than decimated band. "Forward!" The intrenchments are stormed, the daring charge successful, our troops fall back fighting, and Hackleman's brigade is to face the foe. Observant, silent and collected, Hackleman turns to his staff and officers grouped around him, and calmly issues his orders. I marked the kindly, affectionate tone in which he gave poor Mills the order: 'Bring up your regiment.' Observing me awaiting his orders, he directed me to report the turning of our flank to General Sullivan. I rode away with apprehension. The roar of battle was momentarily stilled, the combatants moving into order of battle, preparing for the hand to hand conflict which soon recommenced with increased fury; a musketry duel, replying batteries, howling shell, screaming grape and canister, death-winged Minie balls, a hell of withering consuming fire, murderous bayonet stabs, destroying charges, the rush of wounded horses, the repulse, the retreat. Amid cheers, cries, groans and curses, the clear, ringing voice of Hackleman is not heard. His men bear him sadly away, the life-drops purpling the autumn leaves. Pleasant A. Hackleman laid down his life deliberately, willingly, in resisting the flood of wicked treason."

"Poor Mills," of whom Captain Harris speaks, was the son-in-law of General Hackleman. He was a member of the Second Iowa infantry, but he was a native of Indiana, was educated at Wabash College, and was admitted to the bar before he removed to Iowa. His life was spent mainly in Indiana. He was an excellent officer, and distinguished

himself at Fort Donelson, and on the field of Shiloh as well as at Corinth. He was Lieutenant Colonel, and assumed command of his regiment on the fall of his Colonel, Friday afternoon. He at once became a mark for the enemy, his horse being shot under him, his sleeve pierced, and his foot struck though not injured. The next day, after the falling back of Davies' division before the overpowering assault of Price, he seized his colors, rallied his men, and was leading them to a bayonet charge, when he was severely wounded in the foot. Lockjaw set in, and after eight days of patient suffering, he died Sunday evening, October 12.

General Tuttle wrote of him: "Colonel Mills' death is a great calamity. He was truly a hero. I think he was a little nearer just right than any other man I ever knew, high-minded, honorable and brave as a lion."

Colonel Mills unconsciously gave himself still higher commendation: "In the army, I have tried conscientiously and prayerfully to do my duty, and if I am to die in my youth, I prefer to die as a soldier of my country."

CHAPTER XII.

SUMMER AND WINTER IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS.

During the winter and spring of 1862, Missouri was kept tolerably quiet, by the pressure of a large militia force and a small number of United States troops left behind on the withdrawal of Curtis' army. In the summer, the State again fumed and foamed with strife, promoted by the devastations of guerilla bands and the invasion of formidable forces, which were encouraged by M'Clellan's failures in the East to the boldest demonstrations. On the last of June, the Twenty-Sixth Indiana regiment and the Third Indiana battery, formerly Frybarger's, now under the command of a secretly disloyal officer, James Cockefair, were released from their distasteful inactivity of nearly seven months at Lamine cantonment, and were started on a series of marches and fights. During the month of July, the Twenty-Sixth marched three hundred and thirty miles.

Rabb's battery, which had wintered at Fort Leavenworth, joined General Blunt's command at Fort Scott, Arkansas, early in the Spring, and as part of Colonel Salomon's brigade, engaged in several expeditions. In the first part of June, it formed a portion of a force which, having marched through Iola, Kansas, and Baxter's Springs, Indian Territory, routed General Coffey at Round Grove, in the Cherokee Nation. About a month later, Colonel Salomon undertook to meet rebel Indians at the same place, but he was unable to make them stand up to a fight.

At Hicksville on the sixth of August, Colonel McNeil, with one thousand cavalry and Cockefair's battery, engaged a Rebel force between two and three thousand strong, under Colonel Porter, in a desperate four hours' fight, with signal

success, the Federal loss being ninety to a Rebel loss of six hundred and eighty, and the spoils including several wagon loads of arms.

About the middle of August, the Twenty-Sixth regiment engaged in the pursuit of General Coffey, who, with four thousand five hundred men, had entered the State from Arkansas, and penetrated almost to Lexington, but had been forced, by the approach of Union troops from every quarter, to turn again to the South. The pursuit was hot, and continued to Fayetteville, whence the pursuers returned through Cassville to Springfield. Here they were organized into an army called the Army of the Frontier, and placed under the command of General Schofield. The Twenty-Sixth, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, was put in the First brigade, under Colonel Wheatley, and Second division under General Totten.

October 1, Schofield moved south-west and effected a junction with General Blunt, who had come up from Fort Scott. The united force was ten thousand strong. Salomon's brigade, four thousand five hundred, encountered about seven thousand of the enemy at Newtonia. His advance was beaten, but renewing the combat with his whole force, he kept it up several hours with little loss, and retired from the field in no disorder. Schofield moved up on the right, although rain fell heavily and mud was ankle deep, and directed his forces, so that when day dawned, Blunt lay on the north and west, and Totten on the east of the enemy. He lost no time in opening fire. The enemy was equally expeditious in taking to his heels.

The Rebel force was nearly twenty thousand in number, but it was so poorly armed as to have reason to dread contact with disciplined troops of half the number. Schofield pursued rapidly. At Pea Ridge, after scattering the hostile rear guard, he found it necessary to divide his forces in order to follow the divided fugitives. With one portion he reached Huntsville, only to find that the Rebels were already beyond the mountains. General Blunt, with another portion, overtook and routed a body of the enemy at Marysville, capturing four guns.

Blunt established himself at Cane Hill, where, during the following months, he had one or two slight engagements.

Schofield returned to Cassville, and, having lost his health, resigned his command. General Totten went to St. Louis, leaving the Second and Third division under the command of Herron, an able and spirited officer. Colonel Wheatley resigned and returned to Indianapolis, leaving his regiment in excellent discipline and condition. Clark was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Twenty-Sixth.

The evening of Wednesday, December 3, Herron received a summons to the immediate assistance of Blunt, who was threatened by General Hindman with a force of twenty-five or thirty thousand men. Herron was at the time on Wilson's creek, ten miles south of Springfield, and his divisions were thirteen or sixteen miles further south, yet so prompt was he, and so well seconded by his subordinates, that the whole force was on the march the same night. Sunday morning, at four o'clock, he reached Fayetteville, having, with the entire baggage and commissary train, accomplished one hundred and ten miles. The rising sun saw him again in motion, after an hour's rest. The roads and weather were fine. "I never beheld a more beautiful morning or a grander sunrise," is a line of Herron's report. In seven miles the advance met hostile skirmishers. Hindman, having engaged Blunt's attention in front, was on the move to gain his rear, with no conception of the approach of Herron, who, having thrown his cavalry, three thousand in number, so far in advance that he was assured it had reached Cane Hill the preceding day, had not thought of finding the enemy across his line of march. Both Hindman and Herron were thoroughly astonished, but both eagerly accepted the unexpected situation, the Rebel General calculating that he had a fair prospect of gaining double the success he had anticipated, by taking his antagonists one at a time; the national commander hoping for the arrival of Blunt and confident of the spirit of his troops. By dint of hard pushing, the latter marched four miles further, to Prairie Grove, a beautiful open valley which is watered by Illinois creek. Following the road, he threw two guns across the creek. He was forced to

withdraw them immediately by the guns of the enemy, who was strongly posted on a long ridge, with magnificent positions for batteries. Herron then cut a road through woods to a position further down, pushed over and posted a full battery of six guns. These, opening unexpectedly, threw the enemy into some confusion and drew his attention from the regular crossing, enabling fourteen guns to get into position south of the stream, and to cover the advance of the whole force, not only over the creek, but across an open field. The Rebels were vastly superior in position, but vastly inferior in artillery, and Herron held them in check by an admirably directed as well as heavy cannonade, until he was within one hundred yards of the ridge. Two regiments then moved out from the left, drove the Rebel skirmishers home, advanced steadily and swiftly to the foot of the hill, and gallantly seized a battery. They were unable to hold it and returned shattered and bleeding to the lines. Again two regiments, the Twenty-Sixth Indiana and the Thirty-Seventh Illinois, moved out and up the hill, gained the battery, lost it, and, shattered and bleeding, returned, reaching the line just twenty minutes after they had left it.

At half past two, far on his right, Herron heard Blunt's approaching artillery, Rabb's battery, opening a cross-fire on the two Confederate batteries.

Early in the morning, Blunt sent his cavalry along the Fayetteville road to form a junction with Herron, and followed as fast as infantry could move. He approached the enemy's left just as that wing was swinging round on Herron's flank, consequently Blunt was immediately engaged. Both parties fought with a fierce determination and an activity which scarcely left room for the exercise of skill, and which held them with little fluctuation in steady lines. Rebel sharpshooters engaged in picking out officers with rifles which were not apt to miss their aim. Rabb's battery was in continual and effectual play. With Tenny's battery, it saved Weer's brigade from destruction. With Hopkins' guns it subjected a large and impetuously assaulting force to a terrible repulse.

The battle closed with the day. The Union soldiers slept on their arms in the open cornfields. The Confederate troops absconded, while their General remained on the ground with a flag of truce for the ostensible purpose of making arrangements for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded.

The total Union loss was one thousand one hundred and forty-eight, of which nine hundred and fifty-three were from Herron's force of little more than four thousand. The Indiana Twenty-Sixth lost two hundred and three.

Hindman's official report makes his total loss one thousand eight hundred and seventeen. Pollard's historical report places it at three hundred. Blunt, from the number left on the field, and in the houses in the vicinity, judges it to have been at least three thousand.

The army encamped in Prairie Grove, and rested until the twenty-seventh of December. On that day, at eight in the morning, it started to Van Buren, Arkansas, where, according to report, Hindman was preparing for another invasion of Missouri. It made fifty miles in two days, the infantry crossing Lee's creek on the croups of the cavalry horses, drove the enemy out of Dripping Springs and Van Buren, and captured his wagons, steamboats, provisions and ammunition, with one hundred of his men.

General Blunt and General Herron now separated, the former going to Fort Smith, the latter to Rolla.

From January to June Vicksburg drained Missouri of both invaders and defenders.

General Curtis, as has already been recorded, made a long easterly march after the battle of Pea Ridge, on the sixth of May, reaching Batesville, in the White river valley, where he had expected to meet gunboats with supplies from below. The river was so low as not to be navigable, and after waiting seven weeks for a rise, he set out again, directing his course to Clarendon, which point boats were able to reach in any season. The dangers of the march may be inferred from the following proclamation:

"LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, June 24.

"*To the People of Arkansas:*

"The Yankee General Curtis is attempting to escape. His position is untenable. He is appalled by the dangers that surround him. In his terror he resorts to the desperate expedient of moving to the south, along White river, trusting for supplies from the Mississippi by boats. The supplies cannot ascend White river. We have already blown up one of his iron-clad boats, crippled another, and can hold the river against his fleet. The question now is, shall his army reach the fleet below? Can you prevent it? The power is in your hands. The plan is not a secret. I proclaim it to you all. If it is not carried out the responsibility rests on you.

"Take your gun in your hand, and ammunition, every man of you; mount your horse, or go afoot. Do not wait an hour; lose no time in holiday meetings; move toward the enemy by the shortest road; join the first company you overtake on the march; press upon the invader from every direction; attack him day and night; kill his scouts and pickets; kill his pilots and troops on transports; cut off his wagon trains; lie in ambush, and surprise his detachments; shoot his mounted officers; destroy every pound of meal and flour, every ear of corn and stack of fodder, oats and wheat that can fall into his hands; fell trees as thickly as in rafts on all the roads before him; burn everything, and block up the fords; hang upon his front, flanks and rear, and make the ring of your rifles and shot guns the accompaniment of every foot of his retreat. Let every man feel and know that this appeal is addressed to him specially, and that it is the appeal of a bleeding country to her sons for deliverance. Our army in the field will do its part. Will you do yours?

"T. C. HINDMAN,
"Major General."

The Eighteenth Indiana regiment and Klauss' battery were the last to leave Batesville, which was immediately occupied by the enemy. The weather was extremely warm. The country afforded little food, and so little water that the advance guard exhausted the wells, and the remainder of the

troops were forced to quench their thirst from stagnant cypress swamps. The fourth of July was spent and celebrated at Augusta, whence Curtis, turning from the White, assumed a generally south-west direction, moving through cane brakes, swamps and woods. He approached the Cache, and encamped near it, while a detachment cut through a blockade of felled timber, a reconnoitring party of four hundred infantry, with a little steel gun, under Lieutenant Danneman, of the First Cavalry, examined the route, and a battalion of the First Indiana Cavalry, with two guns, directed by Colonel Baker, who was in command of the Fourth Brigade, went forward to save the bridge over Bayou de View, fifteen miles distant.

Colonel Hovey, in command of the reconnoissance, fell in with a Rebel force of fifteen hundred. Happily an hour after, and while he still held his ground, Lieutenant Colonel Wood, with the First Indiana and Klauss' two guns, came galloping to the field. He was received with cheers. "The Rebels are down the road," said Hovey, "and there's plenty of them. Pitch into them." Wood pressed on at full speed, and seeing the enemy with extended and advanced wings, moving as if to enclose the whole Union force, he instantly formed line of battle, with guns in battery in the centre, and with one squadron on the left, and the other on the right, poured canister on the Rebel front, and shell on its rear. The enemy wavered. Before he could recover, Major Clendennin, with Companies E and G, made a furious charge upon his right flank. The Major was severely wounded, Captain Sloan was killed, his First Lieutenant was thrown from his horse, and the horse of the Second Lieutenant was shot under him; but not the slightest confusion followed these disasters. After a twenty minutes' fight with carbines and pistols, the Rebels were forced into flight, cavalry breaking through infantry.

One hundred and ten of the enemy were left on the field. The Union loss was but eight killed, and forty-five wounded. The battle of the Cache was fought July 7.

Colonel Wood proceeded, with his command, to the bridge

across Bayou de View, and reaching it just as a fire had been built on its north end, saved it from destruction.

July 9, Curtis arrived at Clarendon, where he received the tantalizing intelligence that gunboats and transports with supplies had been there and had returned down the river the day before. He had now only to hasten eastwardly to the Mississippi, which at the nearest point was sixty-five miles distant. Three days more of marching, during which the men received from the Commissary but three crackers each, brought the army to the highlands of Helena, and within sight of the old face of the Father of Waters, "which inspired us with as great a joy," says a member of the Eighteenth, "as did its discovery the followers of DeSoto." The brigade encamped among the hills in a beautiful beach grove. Nearly seven months and nearly one thousand miles of wanderings were thus at last happily ended.

There had been no lack of effort to furnish Curtis with supplies. Four gunboats, a transport loaded with army stores, and two transports containing the Forty-Sixth Indiana, Colonel Fitch, left Memphis the middle of June, with the purpose of opening communications to Batesville. The morning of the seventeenth, Colonel Fitch landed with his regiment two and a half miles below St. Charles, which, with two concealed batteries and an infantry force, threatened the boats. Fitch threw out skirmishers, and marched toward the rear of the position, pushing the hostile pickets back through a deadened wood. The gunboats at the same time moved up and opened fire. The enemy promptly answered, struck the foremost boat, the Mound City, sending the ball through her steam-drum. An immense volume of steam rolling from the front pipes, and a frantic rush of men overboard, gave intelligence that many, if not all, of the officers and crew were scalded. Firing instantly ceased. Tugs, cutters and yawls pushed out to the drowning men. The enemy on both banks, regardless alike of humanity and of gratitude to Union men, who, at Memphis, had saved Rebel sufferers in the same situation, not only continued his fire, but directed it upon the scalded men,

both in and out of the water, and on the boats lowered to their relief.

Meantime the Forty-Sixth moved rapidly up toward the remaining battery, one having been silenced almost at the first fire, shot the gunners at their posts, and carried the works without the loss of a man. Nine brass and iron guns, a quantity of ammunition, and thirty men with their commander, were captured.

The expedition, after the river had been explored some distance above, and the country scoured for miles round St. Charles, returned to the mouth of the White, whence a portion of the troops went up the Mississippi to Memphis, and another part, after some delay, during which it was reinforced by the Thirty-Fourth and Forty-Third Indiana, reascended the White, passing St. Charles, and stopping at Crockett's Bluff during the fourth of July. Here it was still further reinforced by the Twenty-Fourth Indiana. The next day, Fitch landed at Aberdeen. Finding the enemy near, he sent out a reconnoissance of about two hundred of the Twenty-Fourth under Colonel Spicely. At an interval of half an hour, he threw forward in the same direction two hundred of the Forty-Third under Lieutenant Colonel Farrow, and at succeeding intervals portions of the Thirty-Fourth and Forty-Sixth.

Colonel Spicely saw the enemy's pickets before he had advanced a mile, but met with no force of consequence until, after a march of four miles, he reached an open wood on the border of Grand Prairie. Sending Lieutenant Colonel Barter back to hasten the movement of Farrow, with his skirmishers he kept in check cavalry threatening his front. Suddenly four hundred of the enemy dashed upon his rear. He saw the movement in time to face about, and met it with such steadiness that it was broken in full career. It was not renewed, and after a short pursuit, Colonel Spicely, with a loss of twenty-two killed and wounded, and the satisfaction of having inflicted a much greater loss, returned to the river in company with Colonel Fitch, who had reached the field at the close of the engagement. The next day and night, the brigade marched to Clarendon, skirmishing on the way,

but keeping the Rebels at a distance more by two magnificent bands of music, which gave the impression of a host, than by force of arms. The troops, as they waded through prairie grass waist deep, cheered whenever the bands struck up and when they closed a tune, and sang sometimes during the progress of the music, a hundred different songs or hymns at once.

Finding no enemy and no intelligence of Curtis at the end of the march, Fitch re-embarked on the eighth, and went to Helena, where he was welcomed by the weary but rejoicing army of which he had been in search.

General Hovey, with such of his division as had not reinforced Fitch in his ascent of the White, arrived the last of July. Troops continued coming until the lowlands and the bluffs, which were a mile back from the river, were white with encampments. As a depot for recruits and supplies, Helena became important. By the labor of the troops, it was strongly fortified, the fortifications being built on the bluffs, which were broken, high and woody. Curtis, Steele, Hovey, Prentiss, were at different periods commanders of the post. Hovey held command during several months, and directed operations, which consisted, beside severe guard duty, in scouting and fortifying, both on a large scale. The enemy, at a distance, threatened approach in large bodies, and hovered near in guerilla parties. No day passed in which some part of the force was not in a skirmish or on a march, and though no important event occurred during the year following the occupation of Helena, constant vigilance was the price of safety.

The first of August, Hovey's division marched to Clarendon and back again, without finding a force which was said to be concentrating at that point. The night of the fifteenth of August, Captain Moorhaus of the Forty-Seventh, with his company of forty-five men, in addition to thirteen cavalry, while guarding cotton in Mississippi, ten miles from Helena, was so suddenly and sharply attacked, that in three minutes he lost sixteen men in killed and wounded. He seems to have been brave enough and prompt enough for ordinary occasions, but he was outwitted in this adventure. The

attacking party galloped off in ten minutes from the first alarm, carrying away five captives.

In September, Benton's brigade went on boats seventy-five miles down the river to Laconia, whence it marched to White river. It destroyed a number of boats used by Rebel mail-carriers in crossing the river on their route east from the trans-Mississippi department, and it captured a large amount of cotton.

In the middle of November, Hovey essayed to take Arkansas Post, but was unable to cross the bar at the mouth of the White, or to march along the muddy roads.

Helena was not an agreeable post. "It is the most God-forsaken, little dried up town my eyes ever beheld," says a member of the Eleventh Indiana, writing home in August, 1862, "and as if the town itself was not bad enough, it is bounded on every side but one by swamps." The traveller who during many years has noted it as one of the dreariest spots on the dreary western shores of the Mississippi must acknowledge the correctness of the soldier's rough description. The troops, especially such as were stationed on the swampy flat, found it sickly. Of these the Eleventh, Twenty-Fourth, Forty-Sixth and Forty-Third Indiana infantry, and the First cavalry were for the most part below the town and close to the river. But even some of the regiments whose camps were among the hills, as the Eighth, Eighteenth, Thirty-Fourth and Forty-Seventh, suffered in no small degree from disease. The Forty-Seventh lost nearly a hundred men during the summer and fall. The Forty-Third was so reduced as to have but two hundred for duty. The Eighth, upon its arrival at Helena was so nearly exhausted with hunger, fatigue and the excessive heat of the weather, that in a short time nearly half the men were sick and unable to do duty. Nearly all recruits, of whom numbers arrived, became the victims of disease, and more than half died.

The First cavalry and the Eighteenth infantry were comparatively healthy.

Resignations and promotions made many changes in officers. John A. McLaughlin was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-Seventh in place of Milton S. Robinson, who

was promoted Colonel of the Seventy-Fifth. McLaughlin remained in command during the war, receiving no further promotion, although he was a worthy man and an excellent officer. Daniel Macauley became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eleventh in place of William J. H. Robinson, resigned. Macauley was afterward made Colonel, McGinnis being confirmed a Brigadier General. Major Holman became Lieutenant Colonel of the Eighteenth in place of Lieutenant Colonel Thomas, who was made Colonel of the Ninety-Third. Lieutenant Colonel T. H. Bringhurst succeeded Colonel Fitch in the Forty-Sixth, of which he retained command until he was mustered out in 1865.

These changes were made chiefly in August. In October, the Eleventh and Forty-Sixth Indiana, the First Arkansas and Second Ohio batteries were brigaded together under Colonel McGinnis.

The troops built log-cabins, provided them with fire-places, plastered them, and were comfortably housed before winter set in. They worked daily upon fortifications, and performed an excessive amount of guard duty.

At once an interesting and embarrassing feature connected with Helena, was the immense number of negroes collected there. So many were robbed and outraged by soldiers and others, that the Chaplains' Association drew up a memorial detailing their wrongs, and presented it to General Gorman. The general hated the negro intensely, but after various threats to muster all the chaplains out of the service who had signed the memorial, he thought better of the matter, and detailed Mr. Sawyer, chaplain of the Forty-Seventh Indiana, superintendent of contrabands, January 8, 1863, with the promise of military co-operation. General Washburn of Illinois, and General Fisk of Missouri, and all the chaplains backed up the appointment. The position soon became one of importance to the freedmen. General Curtis sent Colonel Shaw of Iowa, to Helena to recruit a colored regiment, and Mr. Sawyer turned him over a good company of men, but General Gorman interfered with his enlisting, and drove him from the District.

Several hundred of the colored men, who had been work-

ing on Fort Curtis for six months, without pay, were, with their families, gathered in the contraband camp. Sickness prevailed among them. A contract doctor named Jack, had employed two nurses to whip the sick at the hospital. By the influence of General Washburn his contract was annulled, but General Gorman's Medical Directors refused medicines. At length General Prentice came, and came as a friend to the contrabands.

Adjutant General Thomas made a speech in Fort Curtis threatening to take the shoulder-straps from any officer who discouraged colored enlistments. One regiment after another was formed. Women and children were brought in, until the number drawing rations through Mr. Sawyer's office amounted to sixteen hundred and fifty.

Apprehending a battle, General Prentice ordered Mr. Sawyer to embark with eight hundred of them on board the Jesse R. Bell, and report them to General Curtis, St. Louis. It was the first load of colored people, freed by the President's Emancipation Proclamation, sent up the Mississippi river. After various hindrances they were landed at Missouri Hotel, and by order of General Curtis Mr. Sawyer was made Superintendent of contrabands in the Department of the Missouri. Other boat loads followed and were thrown upon his hands. He found homes in Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri for two thousand three hundred, and had applications for nine thousand eight hundred; so that the demand was five hundred per cent. greater than the supply. General Curtis asked Mr. Sawyer to furnish General Pope with two hundred and sixty colored teamsters for his expedition against the Indians, and gave him orders for transportations. Accordingly, Mr. Sawyer struck for Jefferson City, and brought away over three hundred thousand dollars worth of negroes, old valuation, at one load. The whole slave power of the State became alarmed, and commenced an underground system of trading to Kentucky, which was soon broken up by lodging a few of the leaders in jail.

Mr. Sawyer commenced schools among them in Missouri, and was organizing for a grand emancipation movement throughout the State when the Secretary of War ordered

him to Helena as Commissioner to lease abandoned plantations. General Prentice recognized him still as Superintendent of contrabands. Nearly four thousand colored people were thrown on his hands, over fifteen hundred of them drawing rations. Many of these were sprinkled over the plantations as they were leased, so that the number drawing rations from Government was soon reduced to two hundred. The freedmen were protected in their contracts, and in the enjoyment of all their rights of person and property. Schools were started among them. Teachers were brought on from the North. Hundreds of them learned to read. Mr. Sawyer organized a large Methodist church among them of one hundred and fifty members; and Rev. Mr. Tyler, Presiding Elder of the African M. E. Church, Illinois, took charge of it. They built themselves comfortable houses and economized their earnings. As the result of this early and careful attention, the colored people of Helena and the eastern District of Arkansas are now more thrifty than any others in all the South-West if not all the South. In 1864, quite a number of them cleared five thousand dollars each from their cotton crop. They sold it standing to some St. Louis men. They can now build their own churches and school-houses and pay their own ministers and teachers.

Early in October, the force at Helena was diminished by the transference of Osterhaus' and Steele's divisions, the former, including Benton's brigade, to the familiar State of Missouri.

An army congregated at Pilot Knob made preparations for a winter's campaign, and, November 2, set out toward the South, under the command of General Davidson. From Patterson, Steele, with a portion of the force, returned to Helena. A halt was made at Black river, while prisoners, under the superintendence of Colonel Shunk, built a bridge. The work was tedious, but was enlivened by the constant presence of Shunk, who could make a joke and tell a story. A ten days' rain swelled the river, and in the night of December 14, it burst its bounds, sweeping away the whole of the nearly finished bridge, and threatening the camps which

lined the shore. The roar of the waters roused the men at two in the morning. They fled for their lives.

When consternation had somewhat subsided, a ludicrous incident occurred which is worth mentioning, as having given rise to a popular slang phrase. A soldier mounted a mule and returned to the spot where his tent had stood, to recover something he had forgotten in his flight. When he was in the midst of the flood, the capricious and stubborn brute seized the opportunity to resist the will of his rider, and ended a ridiculous conflict which had attracted attention from every quarter, by making off unencumbered. The soldiers on terra firma forgot the danger of their comrade in the ludicrousness of the scene, and cried out, "Grab a root!" A thousand voices repeated it with roars of laughter. The phrase, silly and ridiculous as it was, caught the fancy of soldiers, spread far and wide, and continued for a long time in daily use, even by men who had no idea of its origin, and who exercised but little sense in its application. "Grab a root!" was the shout on the Atlanta campaign, on the coast of Texas and in Virginia when a peacock screamed, a mule brayed, or a bullet came singing into the lines from the direction of the enemy.

Words and expressions originating in one part of the army and adopted in every part, made a sort of language which was incomprehensible to the uninitiated. "To confiscate" or "confisticate" was boldly to take possession of another's property. "To snatch bald-headed," to do the same thing strategetically. "To snake," to get a thing out of difficulty. A "Dead-beat," or a "D. B.," was one exempt from military duty. "Spondulix," "stamp," "shin plaster," and "soap," were synonyms for greenbacks or Government currency. "Copperhead," "Contraband," "Grayback," originated in the army, but were soon universally adopted. Contractions were more common than inventions. Secesh, Commish., Reb., Vet., need no explanation. A recruit understood the order, "Go to the Suts and get two bots of whisk, for Cap and Lute."

December 21, Davidson's army crossed the Black. After a short halt at Van Buren, on Current river, and another at

Alton, it arrived at West Plains. The march was often over flinty roads. Though each man on starting was provided with an extra pair of shoes, it was not long before a large portion of the army was nearly barefoot. After marching all day through mud and snow, a man had to stand on his lonely beat during the night without any fire, and with bare toes sticking out of his shoes, unless he were so fortunate as to have a piece of raw beef's hide to wrap round his worn out shoes. The system of picketing was especially rigorous, requiring such large details that the men were frequently on guard every other night. The roads were so bad that it was no uncommon thing for a regiment after getting into camp in the evening, to go back to the road and spend the greater part of the night assisting the baggage up to the camping ground.

While Davidson was at Alton, Marmaduke, on the eighth of January, made an attack on Springfield, where were large hospitals and abundant army stores. He was repulsed by a force of three hundred, called the "*Quinine brigade*," of which a number of convalescents belonging to the Indiana Twenty-Sixth, formed a part, and he escaped into Arkansas by passing west of Davidson.

It was impossible to subsist the army at so great a distance from the railroad, and unnecessary, as concentration on the one side for an advance on Vicksburg had commenced, and on the other for the defence of the city; accordingly, February 7, 1863, the army of South-east Missouri commenced the return march. Twenty laborious days brought it by way of Eminence and Centreville to Middlebrook, whence, after a short rest, it went on to St. Genevieve.

Here are some passages from the diary of E. G. Burgess, private in the Eighth, of interest, as giving an inside view of one of the hardest of the many hard marches of the war:

"Camp on Black River,
"Wayne County, Missouri, December 9, Tuesday.

"After we came off guard at four this morning, Elliott and I made our bed in a pile of corn shucks, and never waked till guard mounting, which was at eight. Word came in

that a band of guerrillas had captured some State militia. Colonel Shunk mounted a lot of our boys on mules, and out after them double-quick time. Every man that could get a mule or a horse was along. It was rather a cold-looking sight—the boys all mounted, some with saddles and some without, with the long Minie rifle strapped over their shoulders.

"*Eleventh.* Colonel Shunk and his mule company came in, and but three Rebs with them, all they had to show for their trip.

"*Thirteenth.* Rainy all day. Got up this morning at four, and to our surprise found the water running into our tent. We piled our blankets on the cracker boxes. It was rather dismal to see the boys perched upon the boxes like chickens of a snowy day to keep out of the snow. In this condition we staid till morning. At daylight we got breakfast, then went to work and filled up our tent inside about four inches, so that we would be above high water mark; but soon after we got done it commenced raining, and in a few hours the water was over all the dirt we had carried in. So we fixed our things the best we could, and deserted the old tent, to look up lodging with our neighbors. The rain continued to fall in torrents. At two in the afternoon I was sent out on picket. This I thought was pretty heavy, but some one must go, and I was no better than the rest. We were not out long till we were soaking wet, for we hadn't any shelter, and the rain fell faster and faster, and the faster it fell the wetter we got. I made my supper on a cracker and a piece of boiled beef, which I took with me from quarters.

"*Sunday, fourteenth.* I went to quarters and got my breakfast, and then went back to picket headquarters, but did not have to stand on post. It rained hard all day. The river rose and run round the island we were on, and we saw that we would have to fall back, or else swim to get out. We fell back across the bayou, and stood shivering in the cold, (for it rained so hard we couldn't make any fire,) until relief came at three in the afternoon. When I got to quarters the

boys had moved the old tent from the mire and clay, and had placed it on a high piece of ground, where we all thought we would be safe. We went to bed early, for I had not slept any the night before, but we had not come to the worst yet.

"*Monday, fifteenth.* After going to bed we all slept sound until two in the morning, when we were roused by the alarm that the river was rising, and would soon sweep us away if we did not get out of there. I was so sleepy that I did not care much, but I got up and stuck my head out of the tent. Sure enough the water was within a few feet of us on every side. We had to wade knee-deep to get out with our things. Ugh! But the water was cold! In a few minutes the water was all over the spot where we had lain wrapt in sleep, not dreaming of danger. About daylight the water commenced falling, and it wasn't long till the river was inside its banks again. Colonel Shunk hunted out another camp, and we were soon fixed as comfortable as ever.

"*December twentieth.* We have to leave all our nice fireplaces, as we received orders to be ready to march at nine to-morrow morning.

"*Sunday, twenty-first.* The roads are very bad, and the teams have not got up, so we have to sleep without tents.

"*Tuesday—Current river, near Van Buren.* After making coffee and eating crackers, Dillon and I took a shooting iron, and started out to see if we couldn't snake in a slow deer, (i. e., a hog.) We crossed a branch, but could not get over the main river, so we changed our course, and took north. We now gave up hope of finding any hogs, for the woods was full of boys on the same errand, but we went on in search of any kind of game. We were not more than half way up the mountain, when some one on the opposite side shot at a flock of turkies, and scattered them in every direction. One lighted on the top of a tall pine tree, some one hundred and fifty yards from us. Dillon, who was carrying the gun, immediately leveled on it. I didn't expect he would touch it at so great a distance. But the old gun cracked, and down came Mister Turkey kerslash to the ground. After picking him up, we started on afresh. We hadn't gone far, when up jumps a deer out of the weeds and grass. It

took us so on surprise that it was gone before we thought to shoot. Going on over the hills, we could see a turkey once in awhile, but could get no shot. It began to rain, and we were tired, so we turned back. We were almost in sight of camp, when we saw a large deer coming toward us, down a hill. We waited until he was near, then Dillon fired, but without touching him. He disappeared over the hill, his cotton-tail bobbing in the air, and seeming to say, 'Farewell, you can't hit me!' We went on to camp with our turkey, the only thing we had to show for our first hunt in Missouri, but we were very well satisfied.

"*December* 24—*Wednesday.* Great excitement in camp. A dispatch came that guerrillas had attacked our forage train, and were burning it. Companies H and I were immediately ordered out. They followed the guerrillas ten miles, without finding anything of them, for, as soon as they had done as much mischief as they could, they skedaddled, taking with them one of our Lieutenants and two or three of our boys.

"*Thursday.* Worked all day, building a chimney to our tent. We carried the stone about a quarter of a mile.

"*Friday.* Was detailed for fatigue, cut timber and helped to build a coal-pit.

"*Saturday.* On duty guarding prisoners. We took them to the woods once, and had them carry up a load of wood to keep them warm.

"*Sunday.* Report came in that our forage train had a skirmish yesterday. Four Rebels killed and more wounded. One of the Rebels, a Captain, was killed near his own house, while in the act of leading his men. Few of our men wounded.

"*January* 3—*Saturday.* Raining. Very disagreeable.

"*Fourth*—*Sunday.* Went on picket at three in the afternoon.

Tuesday. This has been wash-day with me; a day I always dread above all the rest, for washing is something I naturally hate to do.

Wednesday. Left camp at three in the afternoon, under command of Quartermaster Sergeant and Sergeant Hoyt of

company G, to escort a train that was sent out to meet a provision train. Roads very bad. Met some cavalry that told us to move with caution, as the country was filled with guerrillas, and one of their men had been shot a few hours before, while on post. About six miles from camp, the Sergeant expected to meet the train, but he was disappointed. He ordered the teamsters to unhitch, and us to remain while he went on to hurry up the train. At midnight, no tidings of the train or the Sergeant.

"*Thursday.* At two the train came. We reloaded some salt, sugar and coffee into our wagons, and started for camp. It was dark as pitch, and the roads were awful muddy. After plunging along until daylight, we reached camp, safe and sound.

Friday. Our picket a mile from camp.

Saturday. Relieved from guard at three in the afternoon.

"*January* 13—*Tuesday.* Struck tents and moved across Current river. I was sent out on picket guard. Went one mile from camp. The way it rained wasn't slow, and we had to stand out there in the woods and take it without any grumbling.

"*Wednesday.* Struck tents and marched at nine. Very disagreeable marching on account of rain and snow. Halted about ten miles from Van Buren, on Current river, amongst the pine timber. Teams slow getting in.

Thursday. When we crawled out of our tents this morning, it was into a heavy snow. Did not march, as provision train did not get up. A heavy detail of men was sent back to assist it in getting through the mud. It is an awful time to move a train.

Friday. Marched at seven in the morning. Very rough marching. We camp on a Rebel Lieutenant's farm, and General Benton has given us the privilege of burning the rails. We had to shovel the snow away before we could pitch our tents.

Saturday. Marched at seven in the morning. Day pleasant. Have plenty of good oak rails again to burn. The boys that went out to forage brought in a nice shoat, so we have fresh pork for supper.

January 18. *Sunday.* We were bothered considerable to-day, crossing creeks. At one stream were delayed several hours, while a bridge of wagons was constructed. We finally got the old Eighth across. Are camped at the foot of a hill which the provision train could not get up.

"*Monday.* The regiment moved at seven; but companies I of the Eighth and A of the Eighteenth were left as rear guard of the provision train, and did not start from the river till afternoon. I, with a number of others in command of Lieutenant Torrence, was sent forward to the hill, which is very long and steep. The mules were all nearly give out, and it was a difficult matter, that we got two sections up the hill before dark, which set in and put a stop to any further work for to-day. Here we are in a pretty fix. But soldiers seldom despair. We had no tents, for our company teams were ahead about ten miles. We looked around amongst the wagons, and found a large taupaulin. We soon had a shelter for the whole company. The next thing on the programme was to get something to eat. This the Captain arranged, as it was a provision train we were guarding, and we were soon cracking our jokes round a big fire, with a cup of coffee and a cracker to each man.

"About nine o'clock, Colonel Washburn brought his regiment back and camped on the top of the hill.

"*Tuesday.* A wet day. The first thing after packing our blankets, was to help the balance of the train up the hill. It was no fool of a job. Before we got it all up, several of the poor mules gave out and dropped dead in their tracks. We only moved about three miles, and camped as soon as we stopped. I was on picket guard. Stood where the wind had a fair sweep at me.

"*Wednesday.* Reached Alton, and found the regiment all right. When General Davidson got to the town, he found about sixty Rebels there, and took them all prisoners.

"*Thursday.* I half-soled my boot this evening, out of a piece of a cartridge box.

"*Saturday, twenty-first.* Moved to Cave Springs, and as soon as we had dinner, set to work and built a chimney. It

wasn't long till chimney-building was going on all through the camp.

Tuesday. Marching orders. This is rather working against us, for we don't like to leave such a nice, comfortable fireplace; but when orders come, they must be obeyed.

Twenty-eighth. Marched at nine through Alton, sixteen miles, to a fork of Spring river. I had to go on guard, which went against the grain, for I was very tired, and thought I had to do without my supper, but the trains came up in good time, and the boys sent my supper out to me.

"*Twenty-ninth.* Marched sixteen miles. They won't allow us to burn rails. I suppose they think a Union man lives here.

Thirtieth. Marched eight miles to West Plains. Things look about as they did nine months ago, when we were here before.

"*January* 31. We draw only half rations. This is what I call, cutting the matter pretty slim."

On the nineteenth of March, 1863, General Carr, with artillery and infantry, embarked at St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi, and proceeded toward Vicksburg. On the twenty-sixth, he landed at Milliken's Bend.

CHAPTER XIII.

OPERATIONS AGAINST VICKSBURG.

"Providence, in order to accomplish its doings, is prodigal of courage, virtues, sacrifices—finally, of man; and it is only after a vast number of attempts apparently lost, after a host of noble hearts have fallen into despair—convinced that their cause was lost—that it triumphs."—*Guizot.*

Shortly after the occupation of New Orleans and of Memphis, Captain Farragut went up and Captain Davis went down the Mississippi, to meet before Vicksburg, midway between Cairo and the mouth of the river. They approached within three miles of each other without opposition, and after Farragut had landed four thousand troops under General Williams, who had joined him at Baton Rouge, they commenced a bombardment. General Williams' position was opposite Vicksburg on a peninsula, which is three miles long and one mile wide. He armed with pick and spade more than a thousand negroes flocking to him from the vicinity, and while his coadjutors bombarded, he fell to work to dig a canal which should lead the uncertain Mississippi from its bed and leave Vicksburg an inland town, high and dry among its hills.

The firing was entirely between batteries on one side, and boats on the other, until the fourteenth of July, when three boats, the Queen of the West, the Carondelet and the Tyler, the last under Captain Gwin, encountered a massive hippopotamus-like iron clad vessel, the Arkansas, in the Yazoo river, six miles from its mouth. It was a monster of hideous mien, and though they fired upon it they fled before it. The Tyler, the hindmost in the flight, and necessarily the foremost in the fight, fought bravely, until, after two hours' run, she was able to round to under the stern of the Essex. The Arkansas steamed down through the Union fleets which were now united, Farragut having passed the batteries. Lieutenant

Gwin lost eight killed and sixteen wounded in this encounter. Several other unsuccessful engagements occurred with the Arkansas.

The bombardment was a failure, as was also the canal. The old Father of Waters not only obstinately refused to turn out of his bed, but fell to such a degree that the vessels were in danger from sand bars. In consequence of these various unfavorable events and circumstances the siege, if such it might be called, was relinquished. The last of July Farragut went down the river, and Davis went up.

It was not until the next November that approaches were again made to Vicksburg. The delay was with good reason, but it enabled the Confederates to strengthen a position strong by nature, and already fortified.

Vicksburg, like Shakspeare's Helen, is little, but fierce. She had proved herself capable to cope with every emergency in the past. When infested by a gang of gamblers, who made the boats and shores of the Mississippi their prey, rather than submit to the delay of regularly instituted civil courts, she boldly resorted to lynch law, and hung twenty or thirty by the neck until they were dead. With Murrellites her course was not less summary. In duelling, and encounters in which cow-hides or bowie-knives flourished, Vicksburg held no mean rank among southern cities. Largely descended from the old Tories of the Revolution, who were glad to hide their diminished heads on the verge of civilization, she never had any love for the Union, and surrounded by the richest cotton region in America, she was devoted to slavery. Such a city could not but back every extreme of the Confederate Government, and would not but arm herself to the teeth in her own defence.

Numerous carefully posted and powerful batteries made her river front impregnable, while fortifications on all her countless hills rendered her land front formidable, if not also invulnerable. Her position, if chosen in reference to war and a siege, could not, on the Mississippi, have been more secure. A line of high bluffs extends fifteen miles above and below, terminating on the north in Haines' bluff, which touches the Yazoo. Rivers at different distances form a whole circle

of outer defences—the Mississippi, on the west, close at her foot; the Yazoo, flowing in a south-west direction, and into the Mississippi twelve miles above the city, protecting the north; and nearly parallel with the direction of the Yazoo, and perhaps, on an average, fifty miles distant, the Big Black, forming an eastern and southern line, which is made double on the south by Bayou Pierre.

The Big Black, with its tributaries, waters a rolling country, which is generally cultivated in vast cotton fields. The Yazoo lies in a wilderness, only here and there broken by a plantation. It is formed by the Tallahatchie and the Yallabusha, and fed by the Funigusha and the Big Sunflower. Sucked out and filled up at the same time, as it is, by lazy but persistent bayous, and connected with the Mississippi once or twice above its mouth, it would, in any other region, be as peculiar as it is perplexing. Here nearly all bodies of water are anomalous. Swamps are half lakes, and lakes are bordered with swamps. Bayous, which hang to all the rivers like leeches, at intervals swell to independent rivers or inland seas, and rivers dwindle to the size and assume the capricious course of bayous. Much of the ground seems but escaping from a general overflow. Vegetation is exuberant. Tall trees are tied to each other by clutching vines, which, finding no support equal to their ambition, drop from the topmost boughs again toward the earth. Misletoe clusters on the oak, and from oak, gum and cypress Spanish moss waves its melancholy gray. The country west of the Mississippi, though more opened, possesses the same natural character. These complications of water and woods add incalculably to the strength of Vicksburg. Its relation to railroads, being connected by rail with Jackson, forty-four miles east, and through Jackson with every important point east of the Mississippi, and on the west with Shreveport, Louisiana, made it invaluable to the Confederacy, even after the loss of upper and lower Mississippi, as with its distant out-work, Port Hudson, it kept open a long stretch of river for the passage of supplies and men.

The siege of Vicksburg, with its preliminaries, occupied a

period of eight months, and may be divided into three parts, according to the character and direction of the operations.

First. Approaches from the north-east, north and west, continuing from November 2, 1862, to March 29, 1863.

Second. Approaches from the south and east, and attempts to effect an investment, from March 29 to May 19.

Third. The siege, from May 19 to July 4.

The first period was mainly a strife with nature, and consisted, almost without exception, of a series of costly failures. The second was marked by battles, which were all costly successes. The third was occupied by the usual operations of a siege.

General Grant hoped, by moving down the Mississippi Central Railroad, to cause the evacuation of Vicksburg. General Pemberton, who had superseded Van Dorn, lay in his way, strongly fortified, on the Tallahatchie, and with his advance reaching as far north as La Grange and Grand Junction. Of the fortifications General Grant knew nothing. The army he expected and desired to meet. He set out on the second of November, and the enemy withdrawing before him, he took peaceable possession of La Grange and Grand Junction, and at these points concentrated his forces. They amounted to thirty thousand men, General McPherson commanding his right wing, General Hamilton his left.

He had five regiments, the Twenty-Third, Twenty-Fifth, Forty-Eighth, Fifty-Ninth and Fifty-Third, and one battery, the Ninth, of Indiana troops.

He made preparations for a long and severe campaign, cutting down encumbrances to such a degree, it is said, that his personal baggage, as an example, was reduced to one article, a toothbrush. He gave orders for the advance of co-operating forces,—from Memphis, under General Sherman, to Oxford, on the Tallahatchie; from Helena, under General Hovey, to cut the railroad in Pemberton's rear, and threaten Grenada. He renewed his march November 28, repaired the road as he moved, and pushed the enemy back in spirited encounters. The next day he reached Holly Springs. Continuing, he crossed the Tallahatchie, the enemy having evacuated his works, and on the fifth of December he reached

Oxford, twenty-eight miles beyond Holly Springs, while his cavalry advanced to Coffeeville.

The march was not without its hardships, as may be seen by the following passage from a letter written by private Carse:

"WATERFORD, December 5.

"We had to go on picket the night we got here. It was the worst night I ever put over in my life. It rained the hardest, and was very cold. We were out in the middle of a cotton field; the mud was knee-deep; we could not find the fences it was so dark, and we had no fire. I turned my gun up and stuck the bayonet in the ground, and sat down on my knapsack, with my gum blanket over my shoulders, and done better than you might think. We were all very tired, and some of the boys lay down in the mud, and slept nearly all night. I could not do that." He adds in a note at the close of his letter, "I would like if the war was over, and we could all meet again."

General Sherman left Memphis, November 26, with about twenty-five thousand men. Six Indiana regiments and one battery were included—the Sixth battery, Mueller's, which had been on garrison duty since June, once during the period actively engaging the enemy; the Ninety-Seventh regiment, Colonel Catterson, in Memphis since September; the Twelfth, Lieutenant Colonel Kempton, Colonel Williams not having arrived; Ninety-Ninth, Colonel Fowler, the One Hundredth, Colonel Stoughton, which had just arrived, and the Eighty-Third, Colonel Spooner.

The following passages from the letters of Edward P. Williams, Adjutant of the Hundredth, describe the march:

"MEMPHIS, November 25.

"The plan is to go south to Grenada, thence to Jackson, and take Vicksburg by taking Jackson as Columbus was taken by the fall of Donelson. With Grant's army, ours, and another from Helena, it is expected that we shall be able literally to clean out the Mississippi Valley, and sweep the enemy into the Gulf. We leave the sick behind. The sick list is now one hundred and ten. Three died since we

arrived, nine days ago. Among all the Secesh here there are at least a few good Union women, as their faithful attendance at our hospital testifies. We take no tents, not even shelter tents. Wagons carry only cooking utensils and provisions. All else the men must carry on their backs."

"CHULLAHOMA, November 30.

"We left Memphis Tuesday morning, the different divisions taking different roads, and meeting the next day about ten miles out. First day marched seven miles and encamped in the woods. Our train was much behind, and we all slept in the open air. With my feet to the fire and my saddle for a pillow, I never slept warmer, or better, although it was cold enough to freeze. Next day marched seventeen miles to Cold Water. Rather a hard march for our green regiment. On the way were joined by Smith's and Lawrence's divisions. Next day marched about fifteen miles to Red-Sand Bank Creek. Excellent water and good camping ground. Spent yesterday at this place resting. Moved again to-day, eight miles, to our present camp. Our brigade is to-day in the lead of the division (Denman's) and of the whole army. The Rebel pickets are daily retreating before us. Five hundred Rebel cavalry were in the village this morning. We advanced cautiously, and just before halting our cavalry discovered in the front Rebel horsemen. We took a strong position and encamped in line. Have heard cannonading all the afternoon in the direction of the Tallehatchie, some twelve miles distant. Messengers and negroes report fighting between Grant's and Price's forces. We subsist on the enemy. Our division Quartermaster presses in all the mules, horses, wagons, cattle, &c., that we need, and gives receipts to be paid when the owners prove loyalty to the Government, which, of course, they never can do. Contrabands are coming to us in great numbers. We live well on chickens, turkeys, hogs, beef and everything that the country affords.

"Some of the regiments, I am sorry to say, have behaved badly. One burned down a very nice little church, the first night out, also a crib of corn sufficient for the whole division one day. Colonel McDowell says our regiment is one of the

best new regiments in discipline he ever saw. Water is scarce and not very good.

"The Rebels have lately been scouring the country burning cotton. Saw in several places large piles of it ready for burning, but the Rebels were in too big a hurry to attend to it. The roads are excellent and the weather everything we could wish."

"In the Field,
"Mississippi, December 2.

"Left Chullahoma this morning, and encamped about a half mile from the Tallehatchie a little after noon. It has rained nearly the whole day, and the roads are getting very bad. It is quite cold and disagreeable. Our men stood the march well, and have made for themselves shelter tents from their rubber blankets. They are learning fast to accommodate themselves to circumstances. We are on the ferry road, some miles below the railroad bridge. The Rebels skedaddled from here last Sunday after burning the railroad bridge and sinking the ferry boat. Heard cannonading this afternoon. Afterwards learned that Grant had crossed the river and was pursuing the enemy near Abbeville, some six or seven miles from us. Our troops are busy building a bridge. The Twelfth Indiana is encamped about a half mile back of us."

"*Friday, December 5.* Stormed all night, closing with a sprinkling of snow. Hard night on soldiers. Marched to-day nine miles through terribly muddy roads to College Hill. Four miles and a half from here is Oxford. Grant's advance guard is there. It is expected we shall have the railroad finished and running to that point shortly. We shall then have direct communication with the North.

"About two miles from here we passed unfinished earthworks which the Rebels had thrown up only last week, and for which purpose they had pressed in all the negroes throughout the country. Our camp is upon the college ground. The men are making sad havoc cutting down the beautiful gum for firewood."

"*December 6.* Heard to-day that General Steele had marched from Helena and taken Granada, driving out Van

Dorn's forces. The Rebel army is therefore between Steele and us. Don't know when we shall leave, nor where we are going. Some think we will march across the country to the Mississippi and take boats for Vicksburg, while a portion of Grant's forces move upon Jackson."

The Helena force started November 27, and, crossing the Mississippi, directed its course to the Rebel rear. It consisted of seven thousand men, mostly cavalry, under Washburn. A company of Illinois cavalry was advance guard. Two companies of the First Indiana formed the rear guard. The Twenty-Fourth and Forty-Third Indiana, with the Twenty-Sixth Iowa, formed the infantry advance. The Forty-Sixth Indiana and Second Ohio battery, temporarily under Colonel Bringhurst, of the Forty-Sixth, moved next in order. Two other brigades, with a section of the Peoria battery, completed the force. The cavalry pressed on rapidly, capturing a Rebel camp and laying a pontoon bridge on the Cold Water, destroying many miles of the Memphis and Tennessee railroad, crossing the Mississippi Central road and tearing up the rails near Granada. The infantry pressed after, in one day making twenty-six miles of swampy road. At Cold Water, General Hovey halted, sending beyond the Yockeney the Eleventh and Twenty-Fourth, under Colonel Spicely, who marched on fifteen miles. After encamping Colonel Spicely sent Major Darnell with a company from each regiment, back three miles to guard a ferry. The returning cavalry reached Spicely's encampment the same day. Scarcely had it arrived when firing was heard in the direction of the ferry. The horsemen lost no time in hastening toward the sound. The Eleventh and Twenty-Fourth followed with all their speed. They found Darnell bravely holding out, and relieved him from the pressure of a superior force. Hovey, to whom tidings had been hastily despatched, reached the ground at the close of the engagement, having ridden twelve miles in forty minutes. He brought up the remainder of his force and held the Yockeney while the cavalry made one more dash against the railroad and an attack on the boats on the Tallahatchie. Hearing that Pemberton was alarmed for his communications and was in consequence fall-

ing back, Hovey concluded his task was accomplished, and returned to Helena. His men were well satisfied to get back, as the cold, wet weather made the march anything but agreeable. Captain Walker, who commanded the Indiana cavalry in the expedition, and who was in the saddle day and night, exposed to rain and cold, died of pneumonia shortly after his return. He was a gallant soldier, a courteous gentlemen, and a sincere patriot.

General Grant being now advanced to Oxford, with a depot of supplies at Holly Springs, between which and Columbus, Kentucky, every mile of the railroad was under the guard of our soldiers, felt himself ready to take the second step in his plan of progress. He prepared to hold Pemberton near the Tallahatchie while General Sherman, returning to Memphis, should advance therefrom and make a rapid and heavy attack upon Vicksburg; then, in the event of Pemberton breaking loose from him and hurrying to the relief of the assaulted city, to follow him up closely. General Sherman took back one division of his command, and adding reinforcements, which had arrived at Memphis during his absence, he started down the river December 20, with twenty thousand men, nearly all Western troops. At Helena he was reinforced by twelve thousand more. At Milliken's Bend, on the Arkansas side, and twenty miles above Vicksburg, he landed Burbridge's brigade and delayed two days.

General Burbridge, with the Sixteenth, Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh Indiana, and one or two other regiments, on the twenty-fifth made a rapid march into the interior, incidentally destroying vast stores of cotton and corn collected for the Confederacy, and directly attacking the Vicksburg and Shreveport railroad. He cut the road at Dallas, thirty miles from the place of landing, and burnt several long trestles and bridges, making it impossible for reinforcements to pass from the West to the river. Having marched sixty-five miles in thirty-six hours, swimming two bayous, the brigade re-embarked, went up the Yazoo twelve miles, and set to work at the construction of rafts to cross Chickasaw Bayou.

Sherman having landed on the bank of the Yazoo on the twenty-sixth, was already engaged. He had before him a

task whose difficulties he was to learn only through defeat. First of these difficulties was the bottom land between the bluffs above Vicksburg and the Yazoo, a triangular swamp six miles wide at its lower extremity, and nine miles long. Second, Chickasaw Bayou, which puts out from the Yazoo, crosses the swamp, and turning sharply, follows the base of the bluffs to the Mississippi. It has but fifteen feet breadth of water, but quicksands are interspersed in the space between its banks, which are two hundred feet apart. Third, a jungle of low, stiff, tangled cedars, which formed abatis ready to the hand of the Confederates. Fourth, was the bluff itself, grim from foot to summit with every appropriate work of defence, and held, in addition to the regular garrison of Vicksburg, by the army which Grant was to keep engaged on the Tallahatchie.

The first attack was made by gunboats. On the twenty-seventh, six gunboats, under Lieutenant Commander Gwin, now of the Benton, cautiously reconnoitred the Yazoo to Haines' Bluff. They removed five torpedoes before they gained a position opposite three Rebel batteries, placed at different heights on the bluffs, which are ninety feet above the river. Gwin opened fire at four in the afternoon. All his boats engaged with spirit, but the Benton alone was fully exposed to the enemy's artillery. Twenty-five shots struck her; twelve went into her. At half-past five, while her commander stood on the hurricane deck, looking through a marine glass, a ball struck him in the breast. The Benton at once withdrew. The other vessels followed.

Although the reconnoissance developed the strength of Haines' Bluff, as entailing the death of one of the best officers in the navy, it could not but be regarded as an unhappy affair.

Lieutenant Gwin lingered in great suffering until the third of January. His body was sent to his relatives in Indiana, and afterward to New York, to his wife, to whom he had been married but eleven weeks. He was thirty years old, was a well-educated, and, as has been shown, a brave and skillful officer.

General Sherman laboriously surmounted the natural ob-

stacles, and by the twenty-ninth was ready for a general advance and assault. General Steele had his left, having landed, and re-embarked and landed a second time, before he had been able to find a footing. General Morgan had his left centre. General M. L. Smith's division had his right centre, and General A. J. Smith his right. His whole front struggled to advance; some portions of it gained the first and second lines of the enemy's rifle-pits. Our Forty-Ninth, detached from the left of Morgan's division in support of Blair's brigade, found itself apparently broken from the line of assault within fifty yards of the enemy's rifle-pits. "Soldiers of the Forty-Ninth," cried Colonel Keigwin, "you are in the native State of Jefferson Davis, the slanderer of Indiana. Vindicate the fair name of your own State." The soldiers proudly moved on a few paces, opened fire, and held their ground. They were under a deadly rain of lead, and fell faster than the minutes passed. Fifty-six men in forty-five minutes.

Scarce a regiment in the uneven line but was decimated. One hundred and thirty-two fell from the ranks of our Fifty-Fourth.

With all possible speed the murderous struggle was ended by the withdrawal of the assailants.

A rainy and dark night followed this desperate assault. Without fire, which would have exposed them to the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters, and without shelter, the troops, too wet and cold for sleep, watched and waited for morning.

General Sherman, the next day, communicated with Admiral Porter, and made arrangements to land higher up the Yazoo in the night, and make a combined naval and land attack upon Drumgoulds' Bluff, the attention of the enemy to be occupied by demonstrations along the bayou. All was prepared, but a heavy fog kept the boats immovable, and made it impossible to discern any object at the distance of a few paces. The next night the moon lighted up land, and swamp, and river, scarcely less perfectly than the sun, revealing to the enemy every object and movement. Accordingly Sherman sent in a flag of truce, buried his dead, and dropped

down to the mouth of the Yazoo with his disappointed and wearied army. He had lost one hundred and seventy-five men killed, nine hundred and thirty wounded, and forty-three missing.

Captain Keck, of the Forty-Ninth Indiana, was shot, and died on the field. The Adjutant of the Fifty-Fourth, Marshall Hayden, was wounded and captured. He died in Rebel prison. He was eighteen years old, and full of promise. Lieutenant Ralston died of wounds. The Fifty-Fourth, the Forty-Ninth, Sixty-Ninth and Eighty-Third were all in Morgan's division. Burbridge's brigade was in A. J. Smith's division.

Rumors of Pemberton's arrival at Vicksburg, and of Grant's retreat from the Tallehatchie, added to the depression of the army. All the labor had been for nothing, and all the blood shed in vain.

Grant, as has been said, vigilantly guarded every mile of the Mississippi Central Railroad as far as he had advanced. He kept his eye especially on Holly Springs, his depot of supplies, without which his army could scarcely subsist a day, and while he warned Colonel Murphy, the commandant, that Van Dorn and Forrest, with large forces, were prowling along the rear, and hankering especially after that post, he promised him ample reinforcements on the first notice of danger. The commandant was the same who had surrendered Iuka at the first intimation of the enemy's approach. He pursued an equally imbecile course in regard to Holly Springs, relinquishing to Van Dorn, without an attempt at defence, more than four millions worth of stores, two immense and finely furnished hospitals, and all his troops except his indignant cavalry, which cut its way out. It was the twentieth of December, the very day on which Sherman set out from Memphis, and steamed hopefully down the Mississippi.

Encouraged by so signal an achievement, Van Dorn hastened northward, bent on destroying the railroad at every important point in Grant's rear. He attacked Cold Water, Davis' Mills, Middleburg and Bolivar, and at each place was repulsed. The Twenty-Fifth Indiana had charge of about fourteen miles of the road. Parts of six companies at Davis'

Mills, with the Fiftieth Ohio Cavalry, guarded a trestle three hundred yards in length over Wolf river, and the remainder held a picket line as far south as Cold Water. Van Dorn struck this picket line, and though he met a stout resistance, captured sixteen men. He then appeared before Davis' Mills, which he expected to overwhelm by mere force of numbers. His troops, at least five thousand, approached the river impetuously and with loud cheers, but their speed slackened and their ardor cooled as they entered low, thickly-wooded, uneven ground, within the range of a destructive fire. The small force opposed to them, not three hundred men, was evidently prepared and resolute.

On intelligence of the surrender of Holly Springs, Colonel William H. Morgan, in command at Davis' Mills, fortified his position as strongly as was possible with the men and means at his disposal. With railroad ties and cotton bales he converted an old saw mill into a block-house, and by the erection of earth-works at its base, he made a beautiful Indian mound into a fort of no mean pretensions. He provisioned the block-house for a forty-eight hours' siege, and garrisoned it with Company H and a small part of the cavalry. The rest of his force he stationed in the fort, except a few cavalry, which guarded a distant crossing to the west. The block-house and the fort commanded the trestle and the bridge, on which the railroad and the wagon road cross the river.

Van Dorn came in sight shortly after noon on the twenty-first, and directed his course toward the bridge. Once across the river, there was no question of his ability to demolish Morgan's little force. But he could not get across. First, he threw his troops in a mass upon the bridge. Then he extended his line, making a front of nearly four hundred yards, and poured an incessant shower of shot on the block-house and fort; while at different points, but chiefly at the bridge, he endeavored to effect a crossing. Then he threw cotton balls saturated with turpentine, against the trestle work, while he made a third effort to pass the bridge and gain a footing on the farther side. He constantly met a precise and rapid fire. At length he made a demand for sur-

render. "Such a thought," says Colonel Morgan, "had not been entertained for a single moment by any officer or private of my command." It is not necessary to say that it was refused. Van Dorn retired about dark, thoroughly baffled, leaving under the bridge a few of his men, who had successfully run the rifle fire, and under the trestle a few who had been employed with the turpentine balls. These crept out and gave themselves up, making twenty prisoners. Twenty-two Rebel dead and thirty wounded on and near the ground, testified to the precision of the Union fire, and one hundred stand of arms to the disorder of the withdrawal. The smallness of the Union loss, but three wounded, was to the credit of the block-house and the fort, for the rebel fire was heavy and long continued.

Before Van Dorn captured Holly Springs, Forrest, who had been detached from Bragg's army at Murfreesboro, made his appearance in West Tennessee, with thirty-five hundred cavalry. General Sullivan was in command of the District of Jackson, which included all the territory radiating seventy miles from Jackson. His troops were scattered along the railroad from Union City to Davis' Mills, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. But as soon as he was apprised of Forrest's approach, he concentrated in Jackson all that were available, holding them in readiness for defence, and at the same time threw out toward the Rebel raider five hundred Illinois cavalry, Colonel Ingersoll, with one section of the Fourteenth Indiana battery, thirty men, in command of Lieutenant McGuire. The reconnoitring force marched twenty-eight miles east to Lexington, and there met Forrest. A brief but spirited fight was followed by the flight of Ingersoll's troop, at least that part of it which was able to get away. The guns were captured, together with Lieutenant McGuire and twenty-seven men. Two men were killed, two were severely wounded. But one artilleryman escaped. Colonel Ingersoll, who was also captured, highly commended the gallant conduct of McGuire and his command.

Forrest pursued until he met General Sullivan advancing with a considerable force to the relief of the fugitives. He

then fell back to Lexington, and thence proceeded to the railroad and north, capturing squads of pickets, tearing up rails and burning bridges. On the 26th, he began his retreat, directing his course southeasterly from Dresden, on a line leading through Huntington, Clarksburg, Red Mound and Lexington, to Clifton on the Tennessee.

General Sullivan had received reinforcements from General Grant, and had now ten thousand or more troops. Having repaired the road to Trenton, and proceeded to that point, he divided his force into three brigades under the care respectively of Colonel Fuller, Colonel Dunham and General Haynie, and moved directly east, reaching Huntington in advance of the enemy. Major Atkinson, with three hundred of the Fiftieth Indiana, reconnoitring on the Dresden road, met Rebel skirmishers at a bridge, and turning them back, sent Forrest's whole force, as was conjectured from its non-appearance, to a more western road. This last, however, was a matter of uncertainty; and while Sullivan remained in Huntington, with two brigades, on the alert to march or fight, according to circumstances, Colonel Dunham, with his brigade, fifteen hundred and thirty-four men, including the Fiftieth Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Wells, hastened southward and reached Clarksburg, twelve miles further, shortly after dark. He drove out the enemy's skirmishers, and learning that Forrest was in camp four miles west on a road leading into the Lexington road a half mile above Red Mound, he dispatched a courier with the intelligence to Sullivan. He was on the march again before light. Lieutenant Judy, with company A of the Fiftieth, met skirmishers near Parker's Cross Roads, as the junction is called, but pushed on, his men deployed as skirmishers, and the column following. Colonel Wells, with his regiment and two guns turned into the west road, but almost immediately found it necessary, under an admonitory fire of the enemy, to turn back and rejoin his brigade at the Cross Roads. One of his guns lost two or three horses and barely escaped capture.

Having now found the enemy and crossed his line of march, Dunham's perilous duty was to hold him until the arrival of the main force. He moved on accordingly to Red

Mound and formed line of battle on and behind the crest of a ridge, his left on the road, his right on a thick wood and ravine. The wagon train he placed in a hollow in the rear. He sent out two companies of the Fiftieth, G, under Captain Carothers, and B, Lieutenant Davis, to skirmish with and fall back before the enemy as he advanced along the road toward the crossing. G turned the angle and both companies opened fire, as did the artillery. The latter, however, was inefficient, and the former was ineffectual. The enemy moved on in overwhelming numbers, but with the evident intention of avoiding a collision by crossing the Lexington road and directing his course toward the east. Colonel Dunham, determined that he should not escape, relinquished his strong position on Red Mound, and rapidly formed close in the hostile front, the Fiftieth Indiana on the right, resting on an open field, except company G, which, having fallen back from the west road, was on the extreme left. The guns again feebly firing, Dunham learned to his vexation that they were almost out of ammunition. However, "he directed the officer in command to do the best he could with them, while he turned away to do the best he could without them." The enemy's artillery was intolerable, but just as Dunham was prepared to charge a battery on the right, his attention was imperatively called to the rear. Under cover of woods and hills both his flanks had been turned. He dauntlessly faced about and rushed upon his new assailants, drove them down the Lexington road, regaining and resuming his first position at Red Mound. In the rush the Fiftieth made a bayonet charge which carried it into and through the enemy's lines. Dunham's horse was shot under him, but his orderly, Frederick L. Prow, dismounting in the midst of a terrible fire, supplied the loss by his own deprivation.

Dunham had acted not only bravely but skillfully; nevertheless, he was now nearly surrounded, and forced to listen to a demand for surrender. "The General understands," said Forrest's aid, "that you have surrendered." "The General is entirely mistaken," replied the indomitable Colonel, who had observed with irrepressible admiration the spirit of his little force, "we have never thought of surrendering."

The aid departed, but soon returned with a demand for an unconditional surrender. Dunham, with rising indignation, replied: "You will get away with that flag very quickly, and bring me no more such messages. Give my compliments to the General and tell him I never surrender. If he thinks he can take me come and try." Dunham's situation was critical, but so was Forrest's. As the one did not know how near, the other was equally unaware how far off General Sullivan was; indeed, Forrest was not sure whether he had a part or the whole of the Union force in his front. Dunham's deportment inclined him to the latter opinion. Happily, General Sullivan, who had moved three miles on the double quick, toward the sound of artillery, reached the ground just after the combatants fell to again. He rushed upon the tired Rebels, drove them in utter rout and in an astonishingly short time was master of the field, with five hundred prisoners and many horses and arms. Forrest, narrowly escaping, fled to the ferry, crossed it and joined Bragg.

Forrest's loss in killed and wounded was two hundred. Dunham's was nearly as great.

It was unprecedented for infantry to force cavalry into a fight, and Dunham and his men received much credit. Sullivan, for his manner of conducting the pursuit, and for his success in intercepting Forrest, was highly commended by General Grant.

The men captured from the Fourteenth battery in the preliminary encounter with Forrest, were retained but a short time. They were paroled and made their way on foot across the country to the Ohio river, thence home.

Forrest's raid was a terrible blow to the people of the district, as both his army and Sullivan's, after the communications of the latter were broken and his supplies cut off, lived on the country. Sullivan seized everything that troops could eat and made citizens rebuild the road.

The two raiders, Van Dorn and Forrest, had not succeeded in destroying the whole length of the road, but they had accomplished the main object of their expedition, in so breaking up communication as to force Grant to leave the region

of the Tallahatchie. The backward movement is partially described by Mr. Williams, of the Hundredth:

"CAMP ON RAILROAD,
ONE MILE NORTH OF THE TALLAHATCHIE RIVER,
Friday, December 26, 1862.

"DEAR MOTHER:—My last letter home was written at Camp Yocknapatufa. We remained there quietly until last Monday morning when we were ordered to make the north bank of the Tallahatchie by Tuesday night. We moved at seven in the morning and camped on Tobytuby creek, eighteen miles, at three in the afternoon. We had intended to cross the Tallahatchie at Wyatt, where we had built a bridge on our way down, but on reaching Tobytuby a courier from McPherson met us with orders to bear to the east and cross the river at Abbeville, the bridge at Wyatt having been burned. Were off at daylight and reached our present camp, fifteen miles, by two in the afternoon. This two days was very severe on our men, the roads being very hilly and they having been so many days idle at Yocknapatufa. All our regiments straggled considerably. Our division, Denner's, was further south than any other, being sixteen miles south of Oxford. The railroad was about finished to within a few miles of us, and we had already heard the whistle of the engine when the news came of the unfortunate cavalry dash on Holly Springs and the destruction of all our stores. At this juncture our forces were ordered to fall back beyond the Tallahatchie. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday there was a continued stream of soldiers from daylight until eight at night, crossing the river at this point. We are now all over. All the cotton has been brought up from Oxford, and all the railroad bridges destroyed up as far as Abbeville, which is three miles south of the river. The trestle work built by our troops, across the river, is an eighth of a mile in length. This too will probably be destroyed by us as soon as the cotton can be carried away. An engine and train passes us three or four times a day. It does our boys good to see it, having had no such sight since we left Cairo.

"Just on the other side of the river, guarding the railroad

bridge, we saw the Twelfth Indiana, which was separated from us at Wyatt as we went down. It is entirely isolated and belongs to no division or brigade. Denner has requested Grant to assign it to his division.

"Colonel Reuben Williams and the Quartermaster of the Twelfth were at Holly Springs on business at the time of the surprise, and were taken prisoners and paroled. This is the third time for Colonel Williams and bores him hugely. Our sutler was also there, fortunately without any goods and with but eighty dollars in money. This they took from him, and eleven hundred dollars left with him by a cotton buyer to pay for cotton. The Rebels even paroled him, which, of course, amounts to nothing. Since we have been here he has been down to see us. He gave us an interesting account of how everything went at Holly Springs. Three million four hundred dollars worth of cotton was destroyed, all belonging to speculators, from whom was also taken one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money. The Rebel force consisted of some eight thousand cavalry and mounted infantry. The garrison was small but ample to at least hold the enemy in check until reinforcements could have come up, had any precaution whatever been taken by the Colonel commanding the place. He was taken prisoner in his bed. We are now cut off from supplies, and are on half rations. To-day a train of three hundred wagons, guarded by five hundred men, started from Holly Springs to Memphis for provisions."

For more than a week General Grant had no communication with the North. For two weeks he received no supplies. Until January 7 the army lived on the gleanings of the impoverished country. Grant did not fall back further than Holly Springs, but he scattered a large portion of his forces through the southern and western parts of Tennessee. The Twenty-Third Indiana was posted at Colliersville, where it remained several weeks with ragged clothes and worn-out tents, and with such a deficiency of shoes that more than two hundred men were barefoot. After leaving Colliersville it was on duty in Memphis. The Twenty-Fifth moved from Davis' Mills to Memphis, and was there placed on provost duty. The Twelfth, One Hundredth, Ninety-Third and

Ninety-Ninth regiments, all in the Sixteenth, Hurlbut's corps, were employed during the remainder of the winter in guarding the railroad, or in building block-houses. The Twelfth and One Hundredth remained a few weeks at Grand Junction, where the following letters were written by Lieutenant Williams:

"*January* 12. We are once more in communication with the world. The roads to Memphis and Columbus are both in operation, and a mail is received every day. It looks as though our business, for sometime, would be to guard the railroad. Our Quartermaster met us here from Memphis, bringing with him tents for the regiment, so that the boys are now pretty well fixed.

"We have here large numbers of contrabands. They come in every day, and move off by hundreds on every train going to Memphis—men, women and children. Poor, deluded creatures! I pity their condition, and wonder what will ever become of them. They have an indistinct idea of a "jubiloh" to which they are tending; where it is, or when it will commence, they cannot even conjecture. The idea that their condition is somehow soon to be improved through the agency of our troops is hurrying them into our lines by thousands. A man and wife so old and infirm that they could scarcely walk, I saw yesterday trying to find a place on top the bales of cotton upon the cars. They were pushing on, with the rest, to the land of "jubiloh." When told that they would not live a year after going North, and that they had better not go, the old man replied that if he only lived *one day* there, he would live *that* day a *free* man.

"I saw to-day, sitting among the negroes around the depot, a white woman, fifty-two years of age. Her hair was turning grey, and her face was wrinkled, but she bore trace of having once been quite good looking. I wondered how she came to be in the crowd of contrabands, and asked her the question. She said that her children had all left home to go to Memphis, and that she wished to go and look after them. I was still mystified, and remarked that I did not know white people were leaving their homes, and going North. She smiled and said that although she was white,

she was a slave, and had negro blood in her veins. Her father was a white man, and her mother almost white. I never before saw such an instance. Her lips were as thin as mine, and her nose fine. I defy any one to detect a drop of negro blood in her.

The weather is delightful, like yours in September. Four regiments and one battery of our brigade are at this place."

"*January* 20, 1863.—There is a general impression that before many weeks this entire country will be evacuated, and all the troops sent down the river to operate on Vicksburg. This looks probable, for it will be impossible to guard railroads here and take Vicksburg too. All our troops will be needed at the latter place.

"Grant has done nothing but protect cotton buyers for the past three months, and nothing but the taking of Vicksburg will raise his sinking reputation.

"Here, after raining thirty-six hours, it snowed to the depth of five and a half inches, the heaviest snow that has visited the country for a number of years. The weather then grew stinging cold and froze everything up tight. The wintry North was brought down to us, and the Sunny South was counted among the things that were. We still have our quarters in tents, and I slept in one without fire. Some fugitive contrabands froze to death."

When General Sherman emerged from the Yazoo, after his repulse at Chickasaw Bluffs, he turned his command over to General M'Clernand, who had just arrived from Memphis. Without allowing time for the indulgence of regrets, M'Clernand moved up the Mississippi to the mouth of White river, up the White through a cut-off into the Arkansas, and up the Arkansas to a landing three miles from Arkansas Post, on the left bank. Here, on the ninth and tenth of January, under the protection of three gunboats, which previously bombarded the fort and drove the Rebel sharpshooters out of two rows of rifle-pits along the river, he landed twenty-five thousand men.

Arkansas Post was garrisoned by less than five thousand men, and armed with but twelve guns, but, situated on high ground, surrounded by bayous, swamps and woods, and pro-

vided with a wide deep ditch, a broad high parapet, a foot-bank behind the parapet for infantry, strong casements and rows of rifle-pits, it presented a bold and formidable face even to so large a force. General Churchill, in command, was, he affirmed, bent on holding out until help arrived, or all were dead.

McClernand's troops lay on their arms at night, without tents or fires. During the day, they gradually pushed their way through marshes, bayous and woods. They invested the fort before noon of the eleventh, and stood ready for a general assault. It was Sunday, and remarkably quiet until afternoon, when artillery on the river and on the land opened fire. The fort guns answered with spirit, but, except the lightest, were soon silenced. The troops pressed closer, running across open ground, and halting in thickety ravines, to get breath to rush out again. A. J. Smith, with Burbridge's and Landrum's brigades, reaching a position within two hundred yards of the fort, sent word to McClernand that he could almost shake hands with the enemy. Shortly after three, all the guns in the fort were silenced, and the investing force moved up to a general assault. The Sixteenth Indiana, the One Hundred and Twentieth and Eighty-Third Ohio, were already mounting the intrenchments, when a white flag rose above the ramparts.

All the garrison, with the guns and provisions of every kind, was captured. Our Sixteenth was the first to plant the colors within the fort. The garrison flag fell into the hands of the same regiment—poetic justice, as at the disastrous battle of Richmond, Kentucky, the Sixteenth had surrendered to General Churchill. The regiment recognized many of its own wagons and accoutrements among the captured articles.

McClernard lost nine hundred and seventy-seven men, of whom one hundred and twenty-nine were killed. The Sixteenth Indiana lost seven killed and sixty-four wounded. Lieutenant Colonel John W. Orr, commanding the regiment, received a severe wound in the head from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. The Sixty-Seventh had three killed and thirty-five wounded. The Sixty-Ninth lost none.

It supported a Wisconsin battery, but was not actively engaged. The Sixtieth, Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Fourth and Eighty-Third were engaged.

The fort with all its defences was destroyed, the dead were buried, and after four days of rest McClernard dropped down to Milliken's Bend.

Meantime an expedition under General Gorman and Lieutenant Colonel Walker went from Helena up White river to attack three less important Rebel posts, St. Charles, Duvall's Bluff and Des Arc, where the railroad crosses the river. The Eleventh, Twenty-Fourth and Forty-Sixth Indiana were included in the expedition. Crowded boats and inclement weather, occasioned great suffering, hands and feet in many cases being frozen, but the enterprise was an unexpected success. The enemy fled from each point, as the boats came in sight, without an effort at defence. From Duvall's Bluff, Colonel Spicely, with the Twenty-Fourth, went on alone to Des Arc, thirty miles above. Several guns and a number of fugitive soldiers were captured. The expedition returned to Helena on the twenty-second.

Hitherto, loss and gain, success and failure, if they had not been equal, had alternated with tolerable regularity, and the soldier had done the soldier's legitimate work,—marching and fighting and standing guard, with a moderate amount of starving and freezing and sickness. Now began a series of gropings in the dark, warring with earth itself, and with disease, which seemed to be confederate with the foe, while over everything was pronounced the harsh verdict, *loss.*

Immediately after the destruction of Arkansas Post, General McClernard's forces moved down to Young's Point, which is on the western side of the Mississippi, about nine miles above Vicksburg, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Yazoo. A few days later, the army of Grant, (except a portion of the Twelfth and the Sixteenth corps, which were left in West Tennessee to protect the rear and keep the river open,) having embarked at Memphis, landed at the same place. The force then numbered fifty thousand, and consisted of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth and part of the Thirteenth corps. Several iron-clads were added to the naval force.

Grant, though utterly undaunted by the Tallahatchie and Chickasaw failure, saw reason to make future advances from the south, and as it was impossible to send his troops directly down the river in the face of the batteries on the bluffs, he lost no time in endeavoring to form water communications by which, without exposure, his army could be landed below Vicksburg. He set on foot a system of internal improvements, so divided and extensive that the failure of one route would not by any means necessitate change of plan or involve serious delay.

Williams' unfinished canal across the peninsula offered the readiest mode of access to the Mississippi below Vicksburg, and, although it was unfortunately located, its head being opposite an eddy which turned the current of the river from the bank, and its terminus within range of the lower batteries of the city, it was adopted as part of Grant's system.

A circuitous and difficult route was prospected from a point seventy-five miles above Vicksburg, where Lake Providence is separated from the Mississippi by a neck of land but a mile in width. Lake Providence is in the old bed of the river. It is six miles long and is the head of the Tensas river, which, through the Black and the Red, is a tributary to the Mississippi. Port Hudson, now strongly fortified, is below the mouth of the Red, but, through the Atchafalaya, which flows from the latter river into Lake Plaquemine, communication with General Banks at New Orleans would be no difficult matter.

A lower entrance into Tensas river was marked out through the bayous which run from near Milliken's Bend.

On the eastern side of the Mississippi, Grant undertook to make a passage into the Yazoo from a point still higher up than Lake Providence, for the purpose of destroying Confederate transports in that stream, and gunboats on the stocks, and possibly of gaining the rear of Vicksburg.

In labor on the several routes the troops found abundant occupation. In dysentery and fever, produced by incessant rain and a protracted freshet, they underwent intolerable suffering. The deaths at Young's Point averaged eighty-five a day. In less than two months more than a hundred of our

Sixty-Ninth died. Three hundred at a time were on the sick list. February 5, the aggregate strength of the Sixteenth was five hundred, of whom but three line officers and one hundred and fifty men were fit for duty. The other Indiana regiments, which were engaged digging in the mire and clay of Williams' canal, were the Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Fourth, Sixtieth, Sixty-Seventh and Eighty-Third. Their measure of suffering was the same.

Burials were all made in the levees, as they furnished the only dry land deep enough. Miles of graves furrowed the bank of the Mississippi. The troops were literally walled in on one side by the dead.

The camps were on the west side of the canal, and they were protected by a huge embankment, nevertheless they were, night and day, in imminent and manifest danger from the swelling floods of the river.

The dreary monotony was now and then relieved by excursions into the interior. One of the most important was made by Burbridge's brigade in the latter half of the month of February. Steaming up the Mississippi, the brigade landed at Greenville, marched nine miles, and routed a party of guerillas who annoyed boats passing on the river. Proceeding up the river, it routed another party, and captured a battery.

McPherson's corps was employed on the Lake Providence canal. The Twenty-Third Indiana, landing here February 22, did stout work with pick and spade.

The clearing of the Yazoo route was performed by a portion of the Helena troops, among which were the Eleventh, Twenty-Fourth, Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Sixth and Forty-Seventh Indiana, and a detachment of the First Cavalry, under General Washburn.

A cut in the levee was made by the explosion of a mine. The pass was cleared by chopping and hauling, the troops working waist deep in water, and in incessant rain. Driftwood and leaning trees, which locked the water in their giant embrace, were the least of the difficulties. Rebels, at a safe distance, felled huge oaks, sycamores and elms, whose weight imbedded them in mud, and they made rafts or dams

a mile or more in length. A distance of nearly four miles, with a few open spaces, was barricaded with trees which reached across the stream.

While the troops were engaged in digging canals and clearing bayous, a portion of the naval force endeavored to lessen the amount of Rebel supplies received from the southwest by means of the bayous and rivers connecting with the Mississippi, between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. The ram steamer, Queen of the West, with the gunboat De Soto, ran the batteries on the second of February, captured and burned three small steamers laden with supplies, and went fifteen miles up Red river. The Queen returned for a supply of coal, which she received, a flat boat loaded with coal having been cast loose in the stream above, and having passed the batteries in safety. Without delay she then resumed her occupation of sweeping the rivers of Rebel craft.

February 13, at ten o'clock, on a pitch black night, the Indianola started from the mouth of the Yazoo to join the Queen. The Indianola was one of the finest iron-clads of the squadron. She was one hundred and seventy-four feet long by fifty broad. She had seven engines and five boilers, and hose for throwing scalding water from the boilers, reaching from stem to stern. She was ironed all round, was thoroughly shielded in every part, and was armed with two eleven-inch and two nine-inch guns. Her commander was Lieutenant George Brown, formerly of Indianapolis.

As the Indianola turned to the east to round the peninsula she shut off steam, and drifted with the current at the rate of four miles an hour. She swung close below the batteries, and with no sound above the rush of the heavy waters, came almost within reach of a close line of Rebel sentinels, and fully within the sound of citizens' voices. At the moment a blaze, flaring up from a smouldering camp-fire, cast its long light on the river, and revealed the floating vessel. A sentinel fired. Soldiers along the bluffs sprang to arms. A battery near the centre of the city discharged a gun. But the Indianola, in a moment, floated beyond the line of light into impenetrable darkness. Five minutes profound silence rested on river and shore. Then the wheels were started to steer

the steamer. The quick roar of artillery followed. Again silence and darkness wrapped the boat. She drifted on. Once more her wheels beat the water. Once more the loud uproar of guns fiercely waked the echoes. Under full pressure of steam the Indianola swept boldly down the stream, while all the batteries of Vicksburg impotently bellowed and yelled after her.

A short distance below Natchez the Indianola was hailed by a boat, which was scarcely discernible through a heavy fog, and which was slowly making its difficult way up the stream. It was the Era, a Rebel vessel, captured by Colonel Ellet, of the Queen, and now bearing Ellet and his crew. The Queen had been unfortunate. At Gordon's landing, fifty miles up Red river, she was run aground, fired into and captured, the crew escaping on cotton bales to the De Soto, which was just below. A short distance down the river the De Soto was run into the bank and destroyed, the crew now finding refuge on the Era. Through fog and storm, with a traitor pilot, and fuel of cypress wood, which was saturated with water, and of corn, which had formed the cargo, the vessel was worked out of the Red and up the Mississippi at the rate of two miles an hour.

Lieutenant Brown went to the Red, chasing before him, part of the way, the swift Rebel gunboat Webb, which escaped in fog. For want of pilots, he could not ascend the Red, and remained in its mouth, effectually blockading it, until, after four days, he learned that the Queen of the West, as good as new, was out in search of him. He then procured cotton, and filled up the space between the casemate and wheel house with it, so as the better to repel boarding parties, and went up the Mississippi, moving slowly on account of the tide, and in consequence of having coal barges alongside.

On the night of the twenty-fourth,—a very dark night,—he became aware of the swift approach of the Webb, the Queen and two smaller gunboats. He promptly cleared for action, turned and stood down the river, to meet them. They mounted ten heavy guns, which were manned by several hundred men, and moved to a vigorous and almost

simultaneous attack with their rams, under the fire of field pieces and small arms. The first blow of the Queen was partially broken by a coal barge, through which she was forced to act. The Indianola met the Webb running at full speed, and with a tremendous crash. She fought all four of the vessels with all her might and all her skill, neither of which was small; but she was shattered after the seventh blow, which struck her fair in the stern. Lieutenant Brown kept her in deep water until there were two and a half feet of water over the floor; then he ran her bows on shore and surrendered.

The Rebels hauled up the partially sunken vessel the next day, and fell to work to repair and resuscitate her. While the work progressed, a nondescript boat was seen to leave the Union fleet, and to float fearlessly on the current, unchecked and unaffected by the angry play of the Vicksburg batteries.

Notice was sent to the Indianola and the Queen. The one, in the language of Admiral Porter, "turned tail and ran down the river as fast as she could go;" the other, with every gun, was blown to pieces.

The vessel which did so effectual a work, was an old coal barge, with pork barrels on top of each other for smoke-stacks, furnaces built of mud, and two old canoes for quarter boats. "The soldiers shouted and laughed like mad," according to Admiral Porter, as they watched her dauntless and triumphant progress.

Captain Brown and his comrades remained prisoners during several months, much of the time leading an itinerant life, and in consequence becoming acquainted with different prisons. Their first term was at Jackson, where they were incarcerated in a bridge. They ended the period at the Libby. They experienced none of the severity which was the fate of captives taken at a later period.

With the Indianola, on the twenty-fourth of February, efforts to clear the rivers of Rebel craft ended. The canals, however, still progressed. Toil the most untiring, and vigilance absolutely sleepless, won deceitful promises of success, in spite of miry earth and rainy skies.

Williams' canal was the first failure. It was eight feet below the surface of the river, and needed but a few days' more work, when, on the eighth of March, the waters burst the dam at its head, poured in, broke the levee and spread far and wide across the peninsula. The workmen fled for their lives, leaving their tools where they had used them, and their tents on the rapidly submerged plain.

The canal to Lake Providence was finished, and on the sixteenth of March was opened, the river rushing in with great velocity, and in such volume as to overflow a large district of country. But as the intricacies and involutions of the Tensas river, in connection with its length, made the passage undesirable except as a last resort, and as the Yazoo Pass expedition now gave great promise, it was relinquished without a trial.

February 25, a rainy, inauspicious day, the large gunboats Chilicothe and DeKalb, the former commanded by Lieutenant Foster, an Indianian, five light draft gunboats and eighteen transports, with about five thousand infantry and a battery of artillery, commenced the tortuous voyage to the Yazoo, under command of General Ross.

The Indiana regiments which had been employed in opening the pass were now in the expedition.

Passing through the cut the troops entered a rapid channel which led them a mile to Moon lake, the former bed of the river. Here was fast and smooth sailing to the mouth of the Yazoo Pass, where progress became exceedingly slow and laborious. Now the stream was narrow and the current arrow-like in its swiftness, tearing the vessels through sturdy cypress and sycamore boughs, plunging them on abrupt, projecting banks, or jamming them against roots and logs. Again the flow was scarcely perceptible, and the waters diffused themselves far over bottom lands. In three days the expedition advanced twelve miles, and reached the Cold Water, a far less difficult stream, nevertheless, narrow, crooked and sluggish, and filled with obstructions.

March 11, the boats halted at the mouth of the Tallahatchie, held in check by a raft with an old steamboat sunk behind it, and by a formidable fortification across a peninsula

which entirely commanded the river. The Chilicothe attempted to proceed, but after engaging the enemy's guns an hour, retired. The Forty-Sixth Indiana then marched forward to reconnoitre. It was followed by the Forty-Seventh.

Skirmishers deployed in advance under Colonel Bringhurst, met the enemy's skirmishers and drove them, after a sharp fight, beyond a slough into their works.

The regiments hastened to join in the skirmish and pursuit, but being unable to cross the slough, they returned to the boats. In the afternoon, the Chillicothe again engaged. During the twelfth, General Ross erected a land battery, facing the enemy's works, west of the slough, in the edge of the forest. The next day the batteries and the gunboats opened on the enemy and checked the fire, but not sufficiently to effect a landing. Unsuccessful efforts were continued until the sixteenth, when General Ross concluded to move back. At the mouth of the Pass, General Quimby, of McPherson's corps, reinforced him with troops from the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Seventeenth corps. Our Forty-Eighth, Colonel Eddy, and Fifty-Ninth, Colonel Alexander, were included in the newly arrived force.

General Quimby assumed command of Ross' division and went toward the mouth of the Tallahatchie, reaching the vicinity of the fort on the twenty-third. Increased defences necessitated increased caution in approaching.

An accident which occurred about three o'clock Sunday morning, the first of April, in the camp of the Forty-Seventh, cast a gloom over the entire army. A storm of wind tore up by the roots a large tree, one branch of which fell upon a tent containing six men, and killed four and seriously if not fatally injured the two others. The burial, which took place at noon, impressed with solemnity hundreds who regarded death in battle or in the hospital with indifference.

The weather was inclement, floods of rain falling and storms of wind blowing most of the time. The troops were occupied in reconnoitring until the fifth of April, when they were withdrawn. After many delays they reached Milliken's Bend, where confusion seemed to rule. Our Forty-Sixth is described as during three days obeying alternately the con-

tradictory orders to "Take everything off the boat," and "Put every thing on board," the first preparatory to going into camp, which it was not allowed to do, and the second in order to go up the river, which also was not allowed.

Before the close of the Yazoo Pass expedition another enterprise commenced, under the united supervision of Admiral Porter and General Sherman. Five gunboats, with a number of small transports undertook to reach the Yazoo below Fort Pemberton and above Haines' Bluff. A pioneer corps preceded to remove overhanging trees. General Sherman moved from Eagle Bend through mixed land and water. With toil and trouble the force passed through Cypress Bayou, Steele's Bayou, Cypress Lake, Little Black Fork, Deer Creek, Rolling Fork and into the Big Sun Flower. But all these wanderings occupied so much time that the enemy was able to checkmate progress, when free and open navigation to the Yazoo was but a few hundred yards ahead.

One more failure ends the series. The route through the bayous, which run from near Milliken's Bend and New Carthage through Roundaway Bayou into Texas river, was made practicable, but by a sudden fall of the river was rendered again impracticable and at the same time unnecessary.

The country grew exceedingly impatient under these unprecedented failures, and loudly expressing and reiterating its dissatisfaction, besought that General Grant might be removed. The popular feeling is expressed in the *Indianapolis Journal* of April 5, 1863, in a leader entitled,

"GETTING NO BETTER FAST."

"Grant is getting along at Vicksburg with such rapidity that, in the course of fifteen or twenty years, he will be ready to send up a gunboat to find out whether the enemy hasn't died of old age. His canal opposite the town is a failure, as we stated some days ago. His canal at Lake Providence is a failure. His expedition up Steele's Bayou is a failure. His expedition down Yazoo Pass is not a success. His attempts to run three rams past the Rebel batteries was a failure. In fact, Grant is a failure himself. He never was anything else.

"We presume he will keep on digging, and that his next strategic attempt will be to tunnel the Mississippi, and come up under the Rebel works."

Prominent citizens from nearly every State went to Washington, to represent General Grant's incompetency, and to plead for his removal. But Mr. Lincoln said: "I rather like the man. I think I will try him a little longer."

CHAPTER XI.

OPERATIONS AGAINST VICKSBURG.

"Soldiers, in a fortnight you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one pairs of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. * * * Destitute of everything, you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy, and often without bread. The republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty alone could have endured what you have endured. * * * The two armies which so lately attacked you boldly are fleeing affrighted before you; the perverse men who laughed at your distress, and rejoiced in thought at the triumphs of your enemies, are confounded and trembling."—*Napoleon's proclamation to his soldiers after his first Italian campaign.*

During the development of the last failure General Grant began the concentration of his forces at Milliken's Bend, and set on foot a movement to New Carthage, where he hoped to effect a passage across the Mississippi, below the Vicksburg batteries.

McPherson came down from Lake Providence and the Yazoo pass, whither he had lately despatched part of his corps. Sherman arrived from Steele's Bayou. Hurlbut sent forward every man who could be spared from the rear. Boats were brought from Chicago to Saint Louis.

By the twenty-ninth of March the roads by way of Richmond were considered sufficiently dried, as the distance was but about twenty miles, and on that day orders were issued for McClernand to move his corps without tents, blankets, or baggage of any kind.

Osterhaus took the lead with his division, sending a detachment in advance to capture Richmond, reported to be fortified by a small force, and to explore the route. The detachment was under the command of Colonel Bennett, for-

merly Major in the Thirty-Sixth, and always an officer of excellent ability and character, and consisted of the Sixty-Ninth Indiana, a section of artillery, and a portion of the Second Illinois Cavalry. Bennett started at seven on the morning of the thirty-first, directed his course toward the west, and gathering up, for future necessity, all the boats he could find in the watery region through which his road led him, reached Roundaway bayou at two in the afternoon. He dislodged the enemy from the further bank, took possession of Richmond, and from that point turned his course southward. He was stopped by a break in the levee of Bayou Vidal, which, uniting with the Mississippi, encircled New Carthage, and made approach undesirable, as well as impossible. The Forty-Ninth soon came up. Explorations were at once instituted in search of a clue through the maze of water-courses. General Osterhaus, with Captain Garretson's company, made a voyage on the Opossum, (a gunboat built by the Sixty-Ninth, and armed with two howitzers,) propelling it with oars through a forest to the Mississippi levee, gained a position on a plot of twenty acres, whose elevation had preserved it from the general overflow, and awaited there the arrival of the Forty-Ninth regiment, and of the residue of the Sixty-Ninth. But neither these regiments nor any other attempted to follow, and the little force remained on the isolated spot five days, protecting itself, by sham artillery, which it made from the smoke pipes of the Indianola, and by its two real howitzers, from a threatening gunboat on the river, and a body of Rebels at Hard Times, a mile or two below.

Meantime General Osterhaus, continuing his explorations, met General Hovey, also on a voyage of discovery, with three men, in a skiff. The two Generals compared notes, and reported a practicable route round Bayou Vidal to Perkins' plantation, on the Mississippi, thirty-five miles from Milliken's Bend.

Osterhaus and Carr made roads, as far as roads were made, at the beginning of the movement. The Eighteenth Indiana headed Carr's division, marching in single file on the levees, with water on either side, or moving on flatboats and rafts

made with tedious delay. Hovey's division was in the rear when it started, but passed to the right of Osterhaus and Carr as the march progressed, and gained the van. It built more than two thousand feet of bridging in four days, and cut two miles of military road through an almost impassable swamp, men working for hours up to their necks in water. Captain George W. Jackson, of the Thirty-Fourth Indiana, with his pioneer corps, was distinguished in the Herculean labor.

McPherson followed McClernand, but on account of the tedious character of the march Sherman was directed to remain at Milliken's Bend until further orders.

To carry the troops across the river and to protect their landing, eight gunboats and three transports ran the batteries. Although the night was dark, they were speedily discovered, and the river was made lighter than day by the glare of burning houses on both shores, while all the artillery on both bluffs opened. Nobody was killed, and but few were wounded, though many of the boats were broken to pieces and men were picked up from pieces of floating wrecks.

Another night, April 26, six unprotected transports made the fiery voyage. As had been the case with the former expedition, the crews refused to venture, and their places were promptly supplied by volunteers from the army. Logan's division, which had not yet begun the march, readily manned the vessels, our Twenty-Third furnishing seventy hands. Men seldom do a nobler thing than to volunteer a dangerous and untried service, in addition to known and allotted duties of the most exacting character.

The army, meantime, moved down to Hard Times Landing, making the distance traversed from Milliken's Bend seventy miles, and there awaited transportation.

General Grant now endeavored to distract the attention of the Rebels while he should effect a landing and gain a position in the rear of Vicksburg. He gave directions for an extended cavalry raid, and a demonstration in force on Haines' Bluff. The former was performed by Illinois soldiers under the lead of Grierson, and cut from LaGrange, through the centre of Mississippi to Baton Rouge. The latter was

made by Sherman, with the Fifteenth corps and so much of the fleet as lay at the mouth of the Yazoo.

Accepting the guidance of events as they opened, without any attempt to hold to an arbitrary plan, General Grant was quite successful in effecting a landing. During five hours of the twenty-ninth of April, as large a portion of McClernand's corps as could be crowded on the boats waited in front of Grand Gulf, with the expectation of assaulting that strong position, when Admiral Porter should have succeeded in silencing its guns. Happily the guns were not affected by Porter's fire, fierce, heavy and well-directed though it was, and the army was spared a repetition of the murderous scene enacted before Chickasaw Bluffs. The troops debarked and marched to a point below, whence they re-embarked and crossed the river on transports and gunboats which had run the Grand Gulf guns uninjured. They were landed at Bruinsburg, and as soon as landed were supplied with three days' rations in their haversacks and started toward the bluffs, three miles inland, where it was possible for the enemy to make a strong defence. Benton's brigade pushed out in advance without waiting for rations, a detail at the river following after several hours, each stout-hearted fellow trudging along under the broiling sun with a cracker box, a hundred pounds in weight, on his shoulders.

Benton's brigade was in Carr's division, and included the Indiana Eighth, Colonel Shunk, and Eighteenth, Colonel Washburn, and the First battery, Captain Klauss.

Osterhaus' division followed Carr's; Hovey's came next in order; and A. J. Smith's brought up the rear of McClernand's corps.

Hovey's division was more largely Indianian than any other in Grant's army. In General McGinnis' brigade were the Eleventh, Colonel Macauley; the Twenty-Fourth, Colonel Spicely; Thirty-Fourth, Colonel Cameron; and Forty-Sixth, Colonel Bringhurst. The Forty-Seventh, Colonel McLaughlin, was in General Slack's brigade. Company C of the First Indiana cavalry, was General Hovey's escort.

The Sixty-Ninth, Colonel Bennett, Forty-Ninth, Colonel

Keigwin, and Fifty-Fourth, Colonel Mansfield, were in Osterhaus' division.

In Burbridge's brigade, of A. J. Smith's division, were the Sixteenth, Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh.

Two of McPherson's divisions followed McClernand's corps. His remaining division joined him several days later. The Twenty-Third, Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Indiana were in McPherson's corps. The Ninety-Seventh was also one of his regiments, but it had been left in Moscow, Tennessee.

All the regimental officers were on foot, and continued on foot during the succeeding day, in consequence of an order forbidding them to bring their horses across the river. Neither officers nor men carried more than their blankets. Many had only an Indian-rubber poncho.

After midnight, and about eight miles from Bruinsburg, the enemy began to give evidence that he was not unobservant, assailing the van with artillery and a light infantry fire. Klauss hastened his battery to the front, and replied. The fire continued with something of the character of question and answer through nearly two hours, when there was an entire lull.

Noah Havens, a scout of the Eighteenth, crept within the hostile lines, and ascertained that the enemy was withdrawing; but as the moon had set, and it was quite dark, no effort was made to follow. The troops rested on their arms, and marched again at daylight.

The march led through an exceedingly broken region, down deep ravines, up abrupt heights, and, where the country was not opened in plantations, through heavy timber, tall and strong wild cane, and other tangled underbrush. The roads, however, were hard and most delightful after the oozy soil of Louisiana; and, in spite of the bloody days they knew were now close upon them, the soldiers were enraptured with the luxuriance and splendor of magnolias, oleanders and wild roses.

It was the first day of May, and in the serene and cool morning twilight, promised to be the loveliest of May days.

But the sun rose blazing hot, and poured his blinding rays directly in the face of the troops.

The march was toward Port Gibson, the possession of which would force the enemy to evacuate Grand Gulf. The road dividing, Osterhaus advanced on the left, and Carr, Hovey and Smith directed their movement toward the right. General Benton still led the head of Carr's column. Major Brady, of the Eighth, with a company from each regiment of the brigade, skirmished in front of his line. Captain Klauss kept all his guns firing. Following the enemy from height to height, Benton's troops reached a deep, dark ravine, and wound and climbed through it in single file. Beyond it the Rebels made a resolute stand, and Benton formed line of battle on a ridge, the Eighteenth on his left, near a little church, Magnolia church, the Eighth on his right, and two Illinois regiments in his centre. Firing grew hot, the enemy threatening, now the front and now the flank, and, with a battery directly before the Eighteenth, sweeping the line.

Stone's brigade was soon engaged on Benton's left. Hovey hastened forward to his right, but restrained by instructions not to join in the battle until supported by Smith's, the hindmost, division, he waited a long and anxious half hour, during which his troops lay behind the crest of the ridge. When Smith came up, Hovey pushed forward through a narrow, deep gulch choked with vines and cane, and as soon as Slack's brigade and the left of McGinnis' had gained the front, Klauss having pointed out to him the Rebel battery with a line of Rebel heads in its rear, he gave the order to Colonel Cameron, and a few moments later, to the residue of his division, to charge bayonets. The troops obeyed, charging over fences, pitching over logs, tearing through bamboo. Cameron's voice, "Come on, my brave boys!" Colonel Spicely shouting, "Come on! Come on!" the deportment of all the officers, and the sight of the breaking Rebel line, animated them to the highest pitch.

Our Forty-Sixth ran over the colors of the Twenty-Third Alabama. Captain Charles, of the Eighteenth, leaped upon a cannon and claimed it as his trophy. Amos Nagle, of the Eighteenth, killed the color-bearer of the Fifteenth Arkansas,

and captured his colors, inscribed all over with the names of battles—"Oak Hill," "Elk Horn," "Corinth," "Hatchie Bridge." A triumphant shout reverberated among the hills.

Colonel McLaughlin, with the Forty-Seventh, held a conspicuous position on the right of Slack's brigade, and after the charge repeatedly repulsed a flanking force.

At last the whole Confederate line fell back. Hovey's division paused to take breath, and to exchange congratulations. The early and swift success was a good omen.

It was impossible to pursue the Rebels with rapidity, and when they were next confronted, they were strongly posted in a creek bottom, protected by trees and bushes, and commanding the approach, which was over open fields and exposed slopes. A short halt for rest and water was followed by a resolute advance; and a terrific conflict, lasting an hour and thirty-seven minutes, by utter defeat to the enemy.

On the road to the left, General Osterhaus, with the Forty-Ninth Indiana deployed as skirmishers, encountered pickets at six o'clock, and soon came in front of heavy hostile lines. The Forty-Ninth charged single-handed on a battery and captured it. General Osterhaus, delighted with its valor, assured the regiment in his broken English, as he withdrew it from the front, that "De Forty-Nine Indiana Volunteers was de best rechiment in his division."

As he endeavored to push on, he replaced the Forty-Ninth by the One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio, and the One Hundred and Twentieth by the Sixty-Ninth Indiana. The last lay on a ridge, somewhat isolated, at three in the afternoon, and had there a spirited fight with an attacking force of double its number. During a cessation of the combat, the Sixty-Ninth sang, "Rally round the Flag, Boys." At length, reinforced by the Forty-Ninth and the One Hundred and Twentieth, it routed the opposing force.

Osterhaus' column, however, was too light for the force opposed to it, and though he fought well, he made little advance until reinforced by a brigade from Logan's division. The Twenty-Third Indiana was in Logan's advance, and engaged the enemy as soon as it appeared on the field.

The battle of Port Gibson continued through the entire day, and was exceedingly wearisome, as much on account of the manœuvering which the tactics of the enemy necessitated, as because of the severity of the fight. Many men in the Twenty-Fourth were barefoot and could not walk without difficulty. They had been supplied with shoes at Helena, but had already worn them out. Ill-fitted as it was from this circumstance to move rapidly, the regiment was hurried from Hovey to Osterhaus, and from Osterhaus back to Hovey, crashing through cane, and at one time supporting the Twenty-Ninth Wisconsin, under a heavy fire from a concealed force.

General Burbridge reached the ground at seven in the morning, and forming in the rear of Hovey, constituted his reserve. He shifted ground rapidly, as weak points presented themselves, and late in the afternoon advanced to the extreme front and drove the enemy from the last hill he attempted to hold. At night, his brigade sank down exhausted, not having had a mouthful of food since the previous evening.

Corporal Richard Curry, who fell within twenty feet of the enemy, vehemently insisted that his comrades, as they prepared to carry him from the field, should go on in the pursuit. They reluctantly left him, for he was dearly beloved, and returned only to receive his dying breath.

The troops slept on their arms. In the morning they found their front clear, the Rebels having retreated across Bayou Pierre.

Our loss in the battle of Port Gibson was one hundred and thirty killed, seven hundred and eighteen wounded. Of these a large proportion were Indianians. The Eighth lost thirty-two; the Eleventh, twenty-five; the Twenty-Third, twenty-five; the Twenty-Fourth, twenty-three; the Eighteenth, ninety-eight, or one-fifth of the regiment; the Sixty-Ninth, seventy-one; the Forty-Sixth, forty-three. The number who fell in the Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Seventh and Forty-Ninth is unknown.

Hovey's division suffered a loss of three hundred and eight. It captured four hundred prisoners and four guns. The whole

number captured was five hundred and eighty men, with six guns and four flags.

General Grant had nineteen thousand men engaged. The Confederates had not eight thousand, until in the afternoon they received reinforcements from Vicksburg. Their positions, however, were exceedingly strong.

Our men treated the terrified prisoners with great kindness. A private of the Eighteenth, conducting his captive to the rear, where he might be secure from the Rebel fire, was met by a soldier who commenced heaping opprobious epithets on the prisoner. Greatly incensed, the captor lay down his gun and stripped off his blouse, saying that the prisoner was under his protection and should not rely upon him in vain, and that all communications to him must pass through the proper military channel. The soldier who had begun the abuse was a generous fellow at heart, though thoughtless, and he turned away and hurried to the front, leaving the Rebel to thank his captor for a lesson of generosity of which his own experience had not furnished many examples.

The conduct of the Indiana troops in the battle of Port Gibson received high commendation. "Indiana continues to be glorified in her sons," said General Carr in his report. "During the whole time," said General Slack, "the Forty-Seventh Indiana, under command of Lieutenant Colonel John A. McLaughlin, was hotly engaged. It repulsed the Rebels at every effort, driving them back with great slaughter." Colonel Bringhurst says: "I need not say that the Forty-Sixth behaved gallantly."

In the "Soldiers Home," where the crippled and the feeble, in these days of peace, sit in the shade and "fight their battles o'er again," Private Shinn, of the Twenty-Fourth, recounting one day the story of the Port Gibson fight, said: "When it was all over, Colonel Spicely shook hands with every man in his regiment." He added, in a tone full of feeling, "If a man couldn't fight under such a Colonel, he couldn't fight at all!" A blind soldier of the Thirty-Fourth, who was listening, repeated in the same tone, "If a man couldn't fight under such a Colonel, he couldn't fight at all!"

Early in the morning of the second, McClernand's troops

pushed on two miles and entered Port Gibson, finding it evacuated. The enemy had retreated across Bayou Pierre, and burnt the bridge over the South fork. A heavy detail rebuilt the bridge, more than one hundred and twenty feet long, tearing down houses for timber, and working with great rapidity, though waist deep in water. Meanwhile, McPherson effected a crossing and continued the pursuit, reaching the bridge over the North fork in time to extinguish the flames and save all but the planks, which were soon relaid, pressing on to Hankinson's ferry on the Big Black, fifteen miles from Port Gibson, and taking several hundred prisoners. The enemy fell back with great reluctance through a country that afforded him every advantage.

General Grant rode in person to Grand Gulf on the third, finding that post also evacuated by the Rebels, and the naval force in possession. Thirteen heavy guns, which it had been impossible for the enemy to withdraw, fell into his hands. He now set himself to the task of gathering up his strength for further progress. Since leaving Milliken's Bend his army had marched by night and by day, through mud and rain and burning heat. Since leaving Bruinsburg it had been constantly engaged in battle or in skirmishing. But it had not murmured nor straggled, it was now nearly thirty thousand strong, with the prospect of the early addition of Sherman's corps, and it had gained that for which it had been five months ineffectually struggling, a foothold in the rear of Vicksburg. Grierson's raid had done all that was desired in distracting the attention of the enemy. Sherman's feint had accomplished its purpose.

Thus far the prospect was inexpressibly encouraging. But it had a very dark side. General Pemberton was in Vicksburg and along the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad with fifty-two thousand men. General Johnston was on his way to Jackson, where reinforcements were constantly arriving from the south and collecting from the north and east. If Grant met these forces united,they might easily overwhelm him; if he succeeded in striking one separate, the disengaged force could cut his line of communication with the Mississippi. President Lincoln disapproved, and General Halleck was op-

posed, both desiring that he should turn his efforts against Port Hudson. His subordinate officers were full of doubt and misgiving. Sherman, one of the most daring, had offered an earnest remonstrance before the expedition started from Milliken's Bend, and his views remained unchanged.

It may be supposed that General Grant weighed the question well. It is certain that he was resolute in his determination to advance. He was rapid in his preparations. Meantime, the army lay on the Big Black, with the exception of strong reconnoitring parties which pushed out on the west side of the river, within six miles of Vicksburg.

The following letter was written on the eighth of May by Colonel Bringhurst of the Forty-Sixth:

"Hovey's division is encamped on the Vicksburg road, seventeen miles from that city, and about twenty-five from Grand Gulf. The Big Black is but two miles from us, and the Rebel line the other side watching our movements, undecided yet where the blow will fall. There are no bridges over the river, but we have with us a pontoon train for each corps, and a crossing can be made at any point and at any moment.

"We have made two stops, at both of which a great abundance of fresh meat, corn meal, and considerable quantities of bacon have been gathered. Considerable license has been given the men, and the plantations on the route and near it have been levied upon pretty heavily. As a rule all live stock is taken. When they have time, proprietors run their negroes off; but as this country has been one of the depots for negroes, it is a difficult matter to move them again. The blacks are highly elated at the Yankee irruption. The event so long predicted by rival politicians, the grand march of Abolitionists through the South, and the liberation of slaves, was looked forward to by them with full faith. Their simplicity led them to hope and look for what, to the whites, was a mere prediction and threat thrown out for partisan purposes. The boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry at Magnolia startled both white and black.

"The Northern army, bringing destruction to the houses

and abolition to the dearest interests of the whites, knocked not at the doors of their houses, but at the hearts of their people, and the time had come for them to reap the full fruits of the folly of their section, and to witness the realization of the wildest prediction of the most visionary.

"We hear that our wagons, with a portion of the baggage left behind, are on the road this side of the river. No clothing or camp equipage has yet arrived. Upon the whole trip up to the present, men and officers have had nothing but what they carried. Many brought their knapsacks along, but threw them away on the battle field. To-day officers and men have given way under the pressure of circumstances, and are washing their clothes. The bushes and fences show what might be called a 'big wash.' Having no change, the proprietors of the clean clothes are sitting about in elegant undress. The more modest have either gone to bed or sport a poncho, (the rubber blanket with a head-hole,) and step around with these black mantles, carefully avoiding thorns and sharp seats, while the more ardent and restless, regardless of their style of clothing, are only careful to keep it well exposed to the sun.

"Three days ago three wagons, with five yoke of oxen, a fine carriage and a wagon, with two pairs of mules, were taken possession of, and used to haul the sick and the property of the regiment. The health of the regiment is good. Rough fare, after all, is the most wholesome."

On the eighth Steele's and Tuttle's divisions of Sherman's corps arrived. The army immediately began to move out. On the eleventh all preliminaries were consummated, and Grant solved one of the greatest difficulties, the question of defending his line of communication, in Alexander's style of cutting the Gordian knot. He swung loose from his base, and being supplied with hard bread, coffee and salt, became dependent on the country for other rations. To prevent the union of the Rebel forces, he directed his march toward the north-east. McClernand had the right, moving on a ridge, McPherson the left, hugging the Black, and Sherman the rear, following on both roads. In Sherman's corps were the Eighty-Third and Ninety-Third Indiana.

The enemy fell back, lightly skirmishing, until the twelfth, when, two miles south of Raymond, General Gregg, with artillery and infantry, about five thousand strong, took a positive stand. His artillery, on an elevation, commanded the approach, and his infantry was wholly hidden by the thick woods bordering a small stream.

The relative position of Grant's corps had changed, and McPherson was now on the right. In his advance was Logan, and in Logan's advance was the Twenty-Third Indiana, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Davis. Logan moved briskly to meet the fire of the enemy. The fight which followed was severe. It lasted two hours and a half, and threatened at one time to be disastrous, but was, in the end, a complete victory. The first brigade of Crocker's division, in which were the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Indiana, reached the ground just in time to lend wings to the already flying Rebels. The Forty-Eighth took position under a shower of shot and shell, which wounded several, but killed none. The Twenty-Third went into the field three hundred and seventy-five strong, rank and file, and lost one hundred and thirty-two, eighteen killed, eighty-seven wounded, and twenty-seven captured, nevertheless it maintained its place in the line of battle. The entire loss was four hundred and forty-two. The Rebels lost four hundred and five, killed and wounded, and four hundred and fifteen captured. General Grant called the battle of Raymond one of the hardest small battles of the war.

Resting that night in Raymond, McPherson resumed the march early the next morning, through Clinton, and destroying the railroad. Sherman advanced at the same time on the direct road from Raymond. Their movements were so timed as to enable them to press simultaneously upon Jackson from the south-west. On the fourteenth, they were marching vigorously in the midst of pouring rain, when several pieces of artillery advantageously posted gave notice that Jackson was not to be tamely surrendered. The First and Second brigades of Crocker's division, which was in McPherson's advance, immediately took position distant about one mile from the Rebel line of battle. The Forty-

Eighth was posted near the right of the line, in a cornfield. The Fifty-Ninth was on the extreme right. Thick and fast came shells and balls, but, as for the most part they passed harmlessly over, they were only a subject of merriment to the brave men, who were anxiously awaiting the order to advance. Soon it came. With fixed bayonets, they moved to the charge. Drenched to the skin and weary with marching over miry and slippery roads, they nevertheless went forward on double-quick, shout answering shout throughout the line. Passing over one hill, they rapidly began the ascent of another on which the enemy was posted, dashing to the ground fences that intervened, and never flinching under a leaden hail. They gained the heights. The enemy broke and fled. They pursued into Jackson. The skirmishers of the Fifty-Ninth Indiana, under Captain Simpson, were the first to enter the city, and the tattered flag of the Fifty-Ninth was the first to wave above the capitol of Mississippi.

The same night, Sherman reached the city, having broken the force before him by pressing both the front and the left flank.

McPherson's loss in his fight before Jackson was two hundred and sixty-five. He inflicted a loss of eight hundred and forty-five upon the enemy, seventeen pieces of artillery and a large amount of army stores.

General Grant, who accompanied Sherman to Jackson, faced about the next morning, moving McPherson's corps along the line of the railroad toward Edwards' Station, which is half way between Vicksburg and Jackson, and ordering M'Clernand, who, with Blair's division, was now in the vicinity of Raymond, in the same direction. The sudden turn was due to intelligence which Grant had received that General Johnston had, on the day of his retreat from Jackson, the fourteenth, ordered Pemberton to move with all the force he could muster, at least twenty-five thousand men, upon Grant's rear.

On the evening of the fifteenth, Pemberton, having become aware of the loss of Jackson and the retreat of Johnston, and having already freed himself of encumbrances by sending his train back to Vicksburg, took up an immensely

strong position a few miles east of Edwards' Station. His line was about four miles long. His left, and the key of his position was on Champion Hill, which rises sixty or seventy feet above the surrounding country. Its bald top afforded his artillery a wide sweep, while its wooded and precipitous sides threatened to hold entangled an advancing force.

General Grant immediately sent back for Sherman, whom he had left in Jackson to destroy the railroad and rolling stock, in order to prevent the possible use of that place in the future for the concentration of forces in his rear; he ordered McPherson, who was moving north of the Vicksburg road and parallel to it, and M'Clernand, who was southeast with Blair, Carr and Osterhaus, to hasten up; and directed Hovey, who was sweeping on toward the enemy's centre, and not far from it, with right and left unprotected, to hold off. McPherson found no difficulty in carrying his order into effect. M'Clernand met with some detention. Hovey was already and inevitably within the outer limits of the maelstrom of battle.

It was about nine in the morning, and while his skirmishers were engaged with the enemy's pickets, that Hovey formed his line, McGinniss on his right, Slack on his left. The skirmishers gradually drew together; their firing, from being warm at intervals, became incessant. It was necessarily supported by the masses on either side. Against Hovey were two or three times his number, yet he persisted in crossing two cornfields, and in ascending an open slope, and he succeeded in pushing the rebels from their first line of protecting woods. He was nobly seconded by his subordinate officers, as they were by their men. Seldom, perhaps never, was a battle more earnestly fought. Vicksburg, so long striven for, was understood to hang in the balance of this day, as it was the garrison of the city which contested the field. Three batteries were captured,—the Eleventh Indiana, and the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin, with a desperate struggle taking one, and the Forty-Sixth assisting in the capture of one.

McPherson, shortly after the opening of the contest, reached the ground. He advanced one brigade after an-

other of Crocker's division to Hovey's support, while with Logan's division he fell upon the enemy's left and threatened his rear. If Carr, Osterhaus and Blair had come up on the right, according to orders, Hovey would not have found the pressure on his front more than he was able to bear. Even without them he stood and withstood, bravely advancing and skillfully retreating, until the sun, in the east when the battle was joined, declined toward the western horizon.

Lieutenant Colonel Swain, of the Thirty-Fourth Indiana, fell mortally wounded, and with Colonel Macauley, who was dangerously wounded, was carried from the field.

Lieutenant Colonel Barter of the Twenty-Fourth, seizing the falling colors of his regiment, was shot in his right arm.

Lieutenant Perry, of the Forty-Seventh, with his company in the hottest fire in a position he was ordered to hold, was advised by a comrade to avail himself of shelter immediately in his rear, "No, sir," said the Lieutenant, "the Forty-Seventh never gives back an inch." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he was shot through the heart. Men are said to be incapable of grief in the whirl of battle, yet two were seen to weep bitterly over Perry. Lieutenant Cole sprang to the front to rally the company, but sank almost immediately beside his predecessor, fatally wounded.

David Hill, the color-bearer of the Eleventh, stood with his staff planted in the thickest of the fight, while five of his guard fell—Brown, Shell and Hollis dead, Hollingsworth and Matthews dangerously wounded.

Joseph Fitch, of the same regiment, wrenched a Rebel flag from its bearer.

Sergeant Ford, of the Fifty-Ninth, captured the colors of the Forty-Sixth Alabama.

Captain Schaubel and Lieutenant Baldwin, of the Forty-Eighth, were severely wounded and were borne away, regretting only that they could not continue in the conflict. It is said of the Forty-Eighth regiment, that "Colonel Eddy's bearing added to the native heroism of the men under his command, and that officers and men throughout seemed to vie with each other in the manifestation of the soldier's shining virtue,—bravery in battle."

Surgeon Williamson, of the Twenty-Fourth, was mortally wounded while in the faithful performance of his duty.

When out of ammunition, the men of several regiments in Slack's and McGinnis' brigades supplied themselves from the cartridge boxes of their dead and wounded comrades.

It is impossible to enumerate the brave deeds which were done, or the brave men who fell. Men and officers all, and equally, did their duty.

Hovey's troops swayed, rising and falling like a sea lashing the shore; receding at last, though temporarily, before overpowering force, and leaving the captured guns spiked behind. Hovey turned his backward movement to the best account, to triumph, indeed, by massing his artillery on high ground at his right, and raining on the rushing Rebels an enfilading fire. The advancing host was checked. One more charge was made upon it. Exultant cheers proclaimed the success of that last desperate onset, and the proud delight of the victors. Then they were withdrawn. Hovey rode along their thinned and broken ranks as they rested. He stopped in front of his old regiment, the Twenty-Fourth, missing many a familiar face. "Where are the rest of my boys?" "They are lying over there," replied the men to whom he spoke, pointing to the hollow across which the division had rushed forth and back according as it drove or was driven, and had at last made the decisive charge. General Hovey turned his horse and rode away weeping.

The Rebel retreat was hastened into flight by the timely though hard won success of McPherson, who, charging through ravines and over hills, gained the road in the rear of Pemberton's left, and threatened to cut him off from Vicksburg. As it was, he separated General Loring's command from the main force and sent it on a wide march round the Union army to Jackson.

Carr's and Osterhaus' divisions of McClernand's corps, newly arrived and waiting on the Raymond road for orders, advanced as soon as the Confederates turned to retreat, and chased them as fast as the men could run until after dark.

The battle of Champion Hill was the hardest fought bat-

tle of the campaign, and the most important, as it definitely and forever separated the forces of Pemberton and Johnston.

Hovey's division bore the brunt of the fighting, and suffered nearly half the entire loss, losing twelve hundred and two men, or one from every three, and fifty-nine officers. The same division captured seven hundred men and three batteries.

The Indiana loss was as follows:

The Eleventh, one hundred and sixty-seven, twenty-eight of whom were killed; Twenty-Fourth, two hundred and two; several companies in the Eleventh and Twenty-Fourth lost more than half; Thirty-Fourth, seventy-nine; Forty-Seventh, one hundred and forty-two; Forty-Eighth, thirty-three; Fifty-Ninth, eight; Twenty-Third, eighteen. The Forty-Sixth took into action but three hundred and fifty men, of whom it lost eighty-four in killed and wounded. The flag of this regiment was riddled with balls.

Several of the Sixteenth and Sixty-Ninth were wounded in the pursuit.

Lieutenant Colonel Darnall had command of the Eleventh after Macauley was carried from the field. Spicely, Cameron, Bringhurst and McLaughlin were all unhurt, although under the hottest of the fire from three to five hours.

Grant had about fifteen thousand men engaged in the battle, and Pemberton had nearly twenty-five thousand.

In the flight Pemberton's troops were scattered and demoralized, and Grant's pursuing force was superior in number as well as in spirit. McPherson's corps and Carr's and Osterhaus' divisions pushed on until eight o'clock in the evening.

Hovey's tired heroes slept on the bloody field.

Shortly after daylight the next morning, the seventeenth, the enemy was found posted for resistance, his main force west of the Big Black, on a high bluff, and a brigade on the east, behind earthworks along a semi-circular bayou, which flows into the river shortly after flowing out. Carr's division led McClernand's corps, Benton's brigade was in advance of Carr, and the Eighth Indiana was at the head of the brigade. There were no ravines to give shelter to sharpshooters, but thick groves, of which the Rebels took advantage, falling

back, however, behind their bayou and steadily awaiting an onset there. It came sooner than they could have expected, and with irresistible impetus. While Carr's front kept up a regular fire, artillery pouring in rapid volleys, his right brigade, Lawler's, one hundred and fifty of its men falling by the way without checking its sweep, reached the bayou, plunged into the stagnant water, went at the Rebels with fixed bayonets, and forced them to surrender or fly. The Rebel officers ordered, exhorted and threatened to no purpose.

"Bigger guns than that back there!" roared a Rebel soldier to a staff officer who presented his pistol.

The panic-stricken fugitives, who first gained a footing on the further side, fired the railroad bridge, and a hastily constructed bridge of steamboats. Officers and men, less fortunate, sprang pell mell into the stream, large numbers sinking to rise no more. A whole brigade surrendered in the trenches. In all fifteen hundred men surrendered, with eighteen guns, and several thousand stand of arms.

General Grant's entire loss in the Black river bridge fight was two hundred and seventy-one.

From Bruinsburg to Black river General Hovey's division lost more men and took more prisoners and material of war than any other division. Its captures almost equaled those of all the rest of the army, as did also its losses.

To ascertain whether the river was passable four bold fellows from the Eighth plunged in, and swam across under a shower of bullets. The fire of their comrades protected their return.

Floating bridges were built during the night. McClernand and McPherson pushed on the next day, meeting no resistance, finding constant proofs of the demoralization of the enemy, and hoping to enter Vicksburg with him, or close after him.

Meantime Sherman, having struck out to the right, crossed the Big Black at Bridgeport on a pontoon, and marched toward the Yazoo. At noon he stood on the very bluff which had so terribly repulsed him six months before, and seeing, for the first time, the wisdom of General Grant's plan,

acknowledged it. "This is a campaign," he declared, "this is a success if we never take the town."

General Grant, who was at his side, made no reply, as free from elation now as he was from despondency in the dreary months of the past.

A fine though somewhat cynical observer of human nature asserts, through one of the characters of his imagination, a soldier of the time of Queen Anne, that, "One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favor of the gods, and subjugates fortune." From the brain of him who, above all others in the army, was "patient of toil, serene amidst alarms," now came forth this latent power.

"Thou, only thou, didst wring from churlish fate
The prize at which thy comrades vainly caught;
Stood in the field when all the fight was fought,
Alone, unpeered, self-balanced, modest, great!"

CHAPTER XIV.

VICKSBURG AND JACKSON.

"Till we called
Both field and city ours, we never stood
To ease our breasts with panting."—*Coriolanus.*

The army was not able to press into Vicksburg on the heels of the retiring enemy; but by the nineteenth of May it as nearly invested the city as its strength would permit, Sherman's corps lying on the right, McPherson's in the centre and McClernand's on the left.

Allowing no time for the recuperation of Pemberton, or for the advance of Johnston, who, with large reinforcements, was close at hand, General Grant, at two o'clock in the afternoon, moved to a general assault. His left and centre succeeded simply in getting good positions nearer the works with little loss. Sherman engaged in severe battle, Blair's division struggled under fire through rugged ravines, which were choked with standing and felled timber, and three of his regiments, one of which was the Eighty-Third Indiana, gained the exterior slope of the Rebel earthworks only to be withdrawn at night.

During twenty days, the troops had but five days rations, and the gleanings of the country. They now received supplies which Admiral Porter brought up the Yazoo and landed near Haines' bluff.

Neither General Grant nor his army was willing to sit down to the regular and tedious approaches of a siege, until another assault had been attempted. His soldiers, it is said, "felt as if they could march straight through Vicksburg and up to their waists in the Mississippi without resistance." Accordingly, roads were constructed, cannon were planted and all necessary preparations were rapidly made. The hour was

set at ten in the forenoon of Friday, the twenty-second. Orders were given for columns of attack to advance with fixed bayonets, and without firing a gun till they had stormed the outer works.

During Thursday night and until nearly noon of Friday, Admiral Porter kept six mortars firing into the city, and much of the time engaged the batteries along the river with his gunboats. At three o'clock in the morning all the batteries of the besiegers opened, and a tremendous cannonade began. Fire girdled and lashed the city. Smoke hovered over and dropped down upon it. Unbroken, overwhelming roars shook it to its centre, and rocked hills and waters.

At ten the cannonade ceased; a sixty-four pounder pealed forth a signal; the troops on right, left and centre moved with stern faces and swift steps from under cover toward redoubts, bastions, pits and forts in which the Rebels were well sheltered and were keenly on the alert. Steele, on Sherman's right and resting upon the Mississippi, rose over hills and plunged into gullies, advancing with desperate fighting. Sharpshooters skirmished in front of Blair's division, which was a half mile to the left of Steele's; a storming party,—a forlorn hope,—carried rails to bridge the ditch; Ewing's brigade, Giles Smith's and Kilby Smith's followed, and for a little while, under the partial shelter of the road and the protection of five batteries, which concentrated their fire on a bastion commanding the approach, made rapid progress. Suddenly the head of the column came under a terrific fire and was fairly beaten down. But Ewing's brigade pressed on, crossed the ditch, climbed the outer slope of a bastion which commanded the approach, and set its colors on the outside of the parapet. Giles Smith's brigade swerved to the left, and finding or making cover, formed line three hundred yards to the left of the bastion. Kilby Smith also found a good position and fired on every head peering above the parapet. Giles Smith, with Ransom, of McPherson's corps, attempted at last to storm the parapet. They were repulsed with fearful loss.

Of McPherson's corps, Ransom had the right, in ravines, Logan was in the centre, on the main Jackson road, and

Quimby had the left, also in ravines. Their assault was not less daring, nor bloody, nor vain.

A. J. Smith was on Quimby's left. Carr joined Smith's left. Osterhaus was next, Hovey was still further to the left, McClernand's advance was comparatively steady and continuous, but not the less was it also a bloody failure.

Lawler's and Landrum's brigades, at the first rush carried ditch, slope and bastion, a dozen men even gaining the interior of one of the forts.

Burbridge wound along a hollow, up a ridge, crossed the ditch and climbed the slope of a strong earthwork, planting his colors on the left and standing side by side with Benton.

General Benton, on the extreme right of McClernand's corps, and on the right of the Jackson railroad, marched to the attack with steady tread and compressed lips.

His regiments, the Eighteenth in reserve, moved by the flank along a hollow, which ran directly to the fort. When about half way up they turned and passed over the ridge on the left, receiving a killing fire of musketry and cannister. "Come on, my brave Thirty-Third, I will lead you!" shouted Colonel Shunk, as he saw the field officers of the Thirty-Third Illinois had fallen and that the regiment was without a leader. At the word the faltering Thirty-Third sprang forward, and with the Eighth came within fifty yards of the fort.

Scarcely ten minutes from the moment of starting had elapsed when the Eighteenth was ordered in advance. The men pressed forward with bounding steps, turning neither to the right nor left, and proudly bearing the battle-flag from height to height. The gallant Washburn led directly to the fort, from whose embrasures torrents of death poured, and over whose ramparts a serried line of bayonets glittered. Fifty men on the right of the regiment rushed into the deep, wide ditch, while the remainder crowded up to its edge, Sergeant Francis M. Voss planting the colors there. Over the ramparts and into the embrasures they poured an incessant fire. The fort was silenced.

Meanwhile, the fifty men in the ditch found they could get out on neither side, and wrote a line to that effect, wrapping the paper round a lump of earth and throwing it over to

their comrades. An answer was written on the same paper and thrown back, while a trench into the ditch was commenced as soon as the tools could be obtained. A third line was added by the men in the ditch, with the intelligence that they were making steps with their bayonets, by which they could effect an escape, and again the paper was thrown up. It fell at the feet of a man who was unaware of the previous communication. Supposing it to be a taunt from the fort, he instantly hurled it over to the Rebels. Soon round shells with lighted fuses, rolled from the top of the fort into the ditch, announced that the Rebels had read the dispatches. But fortunately the bayonet steps were completed, and the men were already clambering out.

To the joy of Benton and Burbridge, Crocker, with two brigades, came to their relief shortly before dark, marching directly in the face and fire of the enemy and over multitudes of dead and dying. But the Rebels, relieved at other points, had massed their forces here, and all that could be done was to guard against a charge by digging a rifle-pit across the road, running round the right of the fort; by keeping up an incessant fire till darkness would give an opportunity to retire. A piece of artillery was dragged up the hollow by a long rope, and planted within a few yards of the large embrasure in the corner of the fort, into which it hurled shell after shell. The Rebels, much annoyed, rolled a bale of cotton into the embrasure. The Eighteenth set the cotton on fire, by sending with each ball a wad of tow, with which almost every man had provided himself from the artillery cartridge boxes for the purpose of wiping out his gun. The bale was rolled away, and the interior of the fort again exposed.

Meantime, in a renewed assault made by the centre and right to distract the forces concentrating on M'Clernard, Steele was severely repulsed, although not driven from the hillside beneath the Rebel parapet; Tuttle succeeded in placing his colors on the works in a line with Blair, and McPherson could make no progress. On the extreme left, Osterhaus and Hovey assaulted, and were repulsed.

Never was night, and never were clouds and rain more

welcome. Under their friendly cover and coolness, the assailants slowly withdrew, leaving nearly three thousand wounded and dead, who could not be carried from the field.

The Eighth Indiana lost one hundred and seventeen. Among its slain were three Captains—O'Daniels, Wysong and Vandevender. Corporal John Swafford, who was slightly wounded at Port Gibson, while carrying the flag, was here mortally wounded. As he fell, Sergeant Samuel Webb grasped the colors and planted them on the ramparts of the fort.

Major John C. Jencks, of the Eighteenth, acting as chief of Benton's staff, while waving his sword and cheering his comrades onward, received a rifle-shot in the thigh, from the effects of which he died a few days afterward, regretted by all for his excellence as an officer and a man.

The Sixty-Ninth lost nineteen. Major John H. Finley and Lieutenant Henry Stratton were mortally wounded.

The Sixty-Seventh lost fifty-two.

The Fifty-Ninth, which was attached to Boomer's brigade until Crocker moved to the relief of Burbridge and Benton, lost one hundred and thirteen.

On Sunday afternoon following the assault, the enemy, by flag of truce, having agreed to the burial of the dead, a burial party found on the field two privates of the Eighteenth Indiana—one, with a wounded arm, tending the other with a shattered leg. The former might have escaped, but he would not leave his helpless comrade, whom he provided with food from the haversacks, and drink from the canteens of the dead. They were immediately carried to a hospital, where it was found necessary to cut off both the wounded limbs.

An incident which occurred during the assault also illustrates the strength of the tie between comrades. Two privates of the Sixty-Seventh, having worked their way to the embrasures of one of the forts, were reconnoitring, when they received a volley from the enemy. One was hit and disabled. He was immediately taken on the back of the other and carried safely into camp, although the exertion was so great as to render the bearer unfit for duty for sometime afterwards.

The following story is told of Peter Apple, a private in the Eleventh Indiana: He was a recruit, and comparatively unfamiliar with drill, consequently when the army recoiled under the Rebel fire, he dashed on, looking neither this side nor that until he reached a Rebel gun, when, catching a gunner by the collar, he retreated, dragging his prisoner with him. Almost breathless when he reached the Federal lines, he was yet able to say, "Boys, why didn't you come on? Every fellow might have got one!"

The following letter is from A. E. Lemmon, a private in the Thirty-Fourth:

"I am still able for rations, but if we havn't gone through some hard knocks since I wrote you, I am no judge. Our division, General Carr's, has been in five successive engagements. Since the first of May, we met the enemy posted in very strong positions—Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, and at Black river bridge. We have driven him from one position to another, until we have taken up our present position in rear of Vicksburg, and we are here knocking as if we intended to enter. I suppose you have heard that we made an assault upon their works, and that our division lost, in killed and wounded, about two hundred. We *did* succeed in planting the 'Stars and Stripes' upon one of their forts, but were forced to retire. This thing of charging upon a second Gibraltar is no fun. 'I won't take any more, if you please,' neither, I think, will our generals.

"Yesterday we buried our dead under a flag of truce. The Rebs met us half way, and we had a social chat."

Whatever might have been the feeling if no assault had been attempted, both General Grant and his army were now satisfied to work and worm their way by regular siege.

General Grant had been under a misapprehension in regard to the number and spirit of Pemberton's force, occasioned by the rapidity and disorder of its retreat from Black river. That force was now most formidable. Falling back through the fortifications of Vicksburg, and taking position behind them, it had been comforted and inspirited by the extraordinary aspect of strength displayed both by the natural and artificial defences. Reinforced also by eight thousand fresh

troops who had remained in the city, it now amounted to upward of thirty thousand, slightly outnumbering the army which attempted the assault.

Grant's troops were the better satisfied to make slow and cautious advances, as the situation was not unhealthy, and not, by any means, the most disagreeable of their experience.

Sparkling springs, pleasant breezes and the cool shades of the forest refreshed all the camps.

The corps retained their relative positions, McPherson in the centre, on either hand Sherman and McClernand. In the course of the siege McClernand was superseded by General Ord. The Rebel centre was commanded by Forney, its right by Stevenson, and its left by Bowen. Pemberton was ill prepared for a siege. He had rations for not more than thirty days, one meal a day, and but a small amount of ammunition. Nevertheless he declared that he would hold out until the last pound of beef, bacon and flour, the last grain of corn, the last cow, and hog, and horse, and dog should be consumed, and the last man should perish in the trenches. Moreover he was powerfully supported by his superior officer, General Johnston, who soon had a force of twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand at Canton and Jackson, and still received reinforcements.

Thus General Grant, lying between two large hostile armies, required immediate and strong reinforcements. He never suffered for lack of men if men could be obtained, and he now pressed into his investing line, or formed into a reserve to watch the movements of Johnston, not only all the troops which could be drawn from other points in his department, but all that his necessity could wring out of the departments of other commanders.

On the twenty-fourth of May Lanman's division, of Hurlbut's corps, with four additional regiments, arrived and went into position on the south side of the city.

General Kimball, who, after recovering from the wound received in the assault on Fredericksburg, was appointed to the command of Hurlbut's third division, and assigned to the district of Jackson, was ordered to the Yazoo, which he

reached the third of June. He went up to Satartia, whence, with two brigades, he marched to Mechanicsburg, where he had a successful engagement with a large force of the enemy. Repeated despatches from Grant warned him against venturing to such a distance as to endanger his rear, and finding the troops he had driven reinforced by a large body of cavalry, Kimball fell back to Haines' Bluff.

On the eighth, another division, under General Sooy Smith, arrived from Memphis, and was ordered to Haines' Bluff, where also two of Burnside's divisions were posted on their arrival. General Herron's division arrived from Missouri on the eleventh, and was stationed on the left of Lanman, completing the line of investment.

These reinforcements increased Grant's army to seventy-five thousand. One-half remained in the trenches; the other half formed a corps of observation. It was like a double-edged sword, or rather like a sword which turned every way.

Sherman, in command of Haines' Bluff, lengthened and strengthened his line of defense, until it extended from the Yazoo to the Big Black. As occasion demanded, he added to his force Lauman's division, a division from McPherson's corps, and one from his own corps, and abundantly obeyed the order to "whip Johnston fifteen miles off."

The Indiana troops included in Sherman's force at Haines' Bluff, and in the defence of the rear of the besiegers, were the Twelfth, Lieutenant Colonel Goodnow, Colonel Kempton having resigned on account of his health, though too late for its restoration; Hundredth, Colonel Stoughton; Ninety-Ninth, Colonel Fowler, and Sixth battery, Captain Mueller, in Smith's division, and the Fifty-Third, Colonel Gresham, in Lauman's division. The Ninety-Seventh, Colonel Catterson, separated from its proper corps, General McPherson's, remained on duty in Missouri until it joined Sherman's force.

The siege was conducted vigorously. Forts were erected; batteries were planted, and breastworks were advanced quite near to the Rebel works. Sharpshooting, for a time exercised only in the day, soon ceased neither day nor night, and reached such a degree of accuracy, that in one instance

a hat placed on a stick and held above a wall was pierced by fifteen bullets in two minutes. The mortars on the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, after they opened, which was at an early date in the siege, threw every twenty-four hours ten thousand mortar shells into and over the city. The pick, the spade and the barrow were in as lively requisition, and were used to as deadly purpose as the recognized instruments of war, roads being opened, covered ways made, the regular approaches of a siege constructed, and mines built. During the siege, eighteen miles of trenches were dug and eighty-nine batteries were constructed, the guns being moved forward from the rear as the troops pushed up.

The enemy's activity was also sleepless. His cannonading was not alarming, as his ammunition was scarce, but he counter-mined, and picked off with the sharpshooter's rifle every visible head. So ceaseless was the rain of fire on the extreme left that the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, posted there, after entering advanced trenches, was unable to leave them for seventeen days. Firing all day, digging all night, and sleeping only by snatches, this regiment was worn out at the end of the time, and of eight hundred healthy, cheerful men who came from Missouri, but four hundred were fit for duty. In all the regiments constant labor in the trenches, frequent picket duty and sharp shooting, together with the excessive heat of the day and the heavy dews of the night, caused much sickness toward the latter part of June.

Colonel Bringhurst, in a letter dated June 19, minutely describes daily life:

"The siege progresses about as it began. Every possible means of annoyance to the Rebels is adopted. New and heavy batteries are erected; rifle pits are advanced and the volume of projectile rained upon the garrison and people of the devoted city is daily increased.

"Our regiment has taken a permanent position, directly in front of the Rebel fort, where the assault was made the day after our arrival. We furnish two companies daily for the trenches. They fire on an average forty rounds during the tour of duty, and as the entire line is as heavily occupied, the Rebels have but little chance to make observation in their

front. The two lines are about three hundred yards apart, and the reserves of each side lie at the base of the hills in the ravines.

"Our regiment is within six hundred and fifty yards of the Rebel fortifications. Directly in our rear is a battery of four twenty-four pounders, and singularly as it has happened, two of them are the very guns our regiment hauled from New Madrid to Riddle's Point that terrible night, and the others those we captured at Fulton, below Fort Pillow, the day we occupied that post.

"These guns were brought to Memphis on the wharf boat we were bringing down, and were left there when we went up White river. The two first came to us on the Tallahatchie but were not used. Now the four make their appearance near us and deliver their messages to Vicksburg directly over our heads. Until yesterday, they threw shells principally, which, passing through the parapet and exploding within the forts must have caused great havoc. Night before last a furnace was completed, and these guns since have been sending balls at a white heat into the city.

"Upon each side of this battery and within three hundred yards are other batteries of lighter calibre. Along the entire line, so far as we can see, batteries are engaged, and at all times, day and night, some part of the line is in action. Generally the right has been most noisy, latterly the left has been briskest. On the right or left, at any time, a battle can be witnessed from the hills behind or before us. At some points the rifle trenches are within one hundred yards of each other, and whenever a Rebel cannon is run out to fire, everybody within reach opens on it. If the Rebels succeed in firing one round it is all they can do. The shower of rifle balls that enter an embrasure and the ten or a dozen cannon that pour in shot or shell, compels them to withdraw it out of sight.

"The Rebels do not keep their artillery in position. The discharge of the gun sends it back to an inclined plane that conveys it below and entirely out of reach of our artillery. Occasionally the muzzle is seen rising to the embrasure preparatory to firing, and it becomes game for our men. It is

generally fired without aim, and is never brought back immediately.

"The Rebel riflemen, in their trenches, take up the fight, and after each discharge of a Rebel gun a skirmish of half an hour occurs.

"The pits or trenches entirely hide the men in them. When they rise to fire they present marks to the opposite side. After a shell explodes the Rebels invariably rise to fire, and our riflemen and artillerists now meet them by a second shell and a volley of balls. If a number is caught by the trick, a loud shout announces its success.

"A trick, common and very successful for a time, was for our side to raise a loud shout, as if a charge was being made. As the Rebels rose up to meet the expected charge, a shower of balls would meet them, while no enemy would be in view.

"Of the execution done by our riflemen we know nothing, but we have every reason to believe the Rebels suffer severely. Our men now seldom fire without a very good prospect of hitting. We have a trench dug into the brow of the hill, into which lead ways or paths from the camp. The brow of the hill is protected by hewn logs, with rifle holes cut in them. These entirely cover the men, except at the opening of the hole. One hole has been especially fatal for us. On the mornings of the seventeenth and eighteenth each, a man of the Twenty-Fourth Indiana was shot through the head.

This morning a piece of cloth was put in the hole, and it soon was shot through in five places.

"At night the pickets are advanced beyond the hill, very close to the Rebel picket lines. Upon some parts of the lines the pickets meet and converse.

"A Vicksburg paper of June 13 was obtained. It was a slip of four columns, printed on wall paper, and without any interest. It vapored largely about the ability of the Rebels to hold Vicksburg, but this, to persons who read the Jackson papers up to the capture of that city, is understood. It stated that it had received no advices from the outside from the sixteenth of May to the fourth of June. Deserters come over frequently. They agree in the statement about the scarcity

of provisions. Their haversacks contain a very little meat, and a small quantity of pea or bean flour."

The western bounds of the besieging army, from Lake Providence to Richmond, were frequently assailed in the anxiety of the Rebels to open communication between Vicksburg and Louisiana. June 6, a heavy attack on Milliken's Bend was most bravely repulsed by negro soldiers.

On the twenty-fifth of June, from the centre round to the river, the army and navy stood ready to add to the tumult and terror of the explosion of a heavy mine, while a chosen band was thrown forward to rush into the anticipated breach. The undermined strong-hold was Fort Hill, in front of McPherson's corps. The storming party consisted of one hundred picked men of the Forty-Fifth Illinois, and one hundred of the Twenty-Third Indiana, and was supported by the main part of Logan's division.

It stood breathless, and utter stillness prevailed after the fuse was lighted, until a dull, thundering sound, and the trembling and heaving of the ground indicated that the powder, twenty-two hundred pounds, in the vaults beneath, was on fire. Through heavy smoke and dust masses of earth and huge timbers rose slowly and fell back. A cannonade opened along the line of the army and the river-front, such a cannonade as Vicksburg, with all its experience, had never known, nor had yet any other city. The storming party rushed to the breach. Logan advanced his division rapidly to its support.

A furious struggle took place in the crater. The combatants were covered with powder, dirt and blood. The Rebels gradually fell back to a new line, from which, unseen and sheltered, they hurled hand-grenades with deadly effect. The soldiers called the crater "the death hole," but they held it until three days later another mine expelled the Rebels and left a vast chasm where one of the strongest works had stood.

Fort after fort was undermined. Closer and more deadly with each day drew the investing line. One grand assault, and the city would fall. General Grant fixed the day,—the sixth of July.

Meantime, the citizens of Vicksburg were in sad straits. Many of the wealthy as well as the poor were on the verge of starvation. Flour was a thousand dollars a barrel. Meal was a hundred and forty dollars a bushel. Beef was two or three dollars a pound. Mule meat was a dollar a pound. Caves dug in the hill sides, and which were damp and low, afforded the only security against shell, and they scarcely. The Rebel soldiers on insufficient rations, composed chiefly of bean meal, corn coffee and mule meat, lay in the trenches without relief day or night. Nevertheless, a copy of the *Vicksburg Whig*, which found its way to the Union pickets, gave out and reiterated assurances of Johnston's speedy approach. General Johnston indeed was their only hope; but he never ventured within fifteen miles.

On the third of July, after forty-seven days of isolation, General Pemberton displayed a flag of truce, and sent two officers with a letter asking an armistice with the view of arranging terms for capitulation. The Rebel officers were blindfolded and taken to Burbridge's tent, where they received Grant's reply demanding an unconditional surrender. Pemberton requested an interview, and at three in the afternoon met his antagonist in front of McPherson's lines, under a spreading oak. "Never so long as I have a man left me will I submit to unconditional surrender," declared the Confederate General. "Then, sir, you can continue the defence," replied the national commander. Pemberton, however, was not satisfied, and after some consultation it was agreed to continue the armistice until nine the next morning, when, if surrender was not determined on, hostilities should be resumed.

The next morning, white flags were displayed all along the Rebel lines. At ten the Rebel soldiers poured out of their trenches and forts, laid down their colors and went back within their works, prisoners of war.

Logan's division was the first of the besieging army to enter the city. General Grant rode at its head. Dismounting at a Rebel headquarters he entered, in order to confer with General Pemberton. The Rebel commander and his generals were sitting on a porch. They received the conqueror

in sulky silence; when he asked for a drink of water they told him he could find it inside, and they allowed him to remain standing, while they sat, during an interview of a half hour. So ignobly did they bear themselves in adversity.

If any thing could add to the rapture of the hard-won, long-delayed victory, it was the fact that it was consummated on the Fourth of July. When the national banner rose over the court-house ten thousand men struck up the song: "Rally round the flag!" The shattered walls of Vicksburg so long trembling under the roar of guns, now quivered with the song of triumph.

The surrender of Vicksburg gave into Grant's hands the largest capture of men and guns ever made in war,—thirty-one thousand six hundred men, including sick and wounded, and one hundred and seventy-two cannon. Twenty-eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-two men were paroled, and after being supplied with three days' rations, were sent across the Big Black. Seven hundred and nine who refused their parole were sent North. More than one thousand avoided being paroled by escape or disguise. Many died in the hospital before their names had been taken.

General Grant reported his losses, from the day he landed at Bruinsburg till the day of the surrender, at nine hundred and forty-three killed, seven thousand and ninety-five wounded, five hundred and thirty-seven missing, total eight thousand five hundred and seventy-five. Four thousand two hundred and thirty-six of the number fell before Vicksburg, chiefly in the assault of the twenty-second of May.

Throughout the United States cannon fired and bells rang, the nation rejoicing at once for the turning back of the Rebel tide at Gettysburg and that the Mississippi once more flowed "unvexed to the sea."

No time for rejoicing nor rest was allowed the greater part of Grant's army. Sherman, already on the Big Black, was reinforced on the night of the fourth and the following day by Ord, the successor of McClernand, and by Steele, who moved out of the trenches without seeing the city in whose conquest they had assisted. Sherman's orders were to proceed to

Jackson, retracing Grant's advance from that city, and drive Johnston from the Mississippi Central railroad.

The story of the march is told by Colonel Bringhurst, while following the course of the Forty-Sixth:

"At half past five on the morning of the fifth, our brigade was on the road, but as other corps had to pass out the main road before they reached the roads upon which they diverged, it was near eleven o'clock before we got well under way. Three corps were to form the expedition, and moving on different roads, to meet at Bolton on the morning of the seventh, where they were again to diverge to meet again at Clinton.

"The weather was exceedingly hot. Dust filled the air with clouds, penetrated the lungs and blinded the eyes. A part of the march was made along the railroad track. The distance and the dust were lessened by that route, but where the cut ran through high hills, which was often the case, the heat was almost insupportable, the cut being narrow and the perpendicular walls being covered with noxious vines and brush. There was no air, no water. The column moved along the track at a rapid pace to escape from the horrible place; many fell out exhausted, and sought refuge in openings or fissures that were formed in the banks. All of our men came through, but many of other regiments failed and fell by the way. At about five o'clock we encamped a mile and a half from Black river, having made ten miles.

"This march was the most fatiguing and distressing that the regiment ever performed. The regiment remained here until the evening of the next day. The valleys between the hills afforded cool places, and the fields around furnished corn and blackberries in unlimited quantities. The line of march was taken up at five o'clock on the evening of the sixth, and the regiment reached Black river about dark. The bridge was so crowded that it was impossible to cross, and we stopped for the night. At five, on the morning of the seventh, we were on the road. We were soon over the river. The weather was very hot, and water was very scarce. Every pond and puddle was surrounded by crowds of parched men who drank the disgusting semi-fluid. We reached Bolton after a march of eighteen miles, at six in the evening. It

was dark and cloudy. Occasional flashes of lightning disclosed a confused view of artillery, horses, wagons and men. We settled down along the side of the road. The Second brigade formed in like manner on our left. We knew that we were on a ploughed field with a fence between us and the road. Opposite and across the road was a heavy hedge, and beyond a cornfield. The fence was soon disposed of, the rails were laid down for beds, or taken for fires. In an hour the rain began. It fell with but little intermission for two hours. Fires were put out, suppers were spoiled, and the road and field became inundated with the rising flood.

"The lightning in its vivid flashes revealed a multitude of men covered with ponchos, squatting over the field. A pertinacious group, here and there, might be seen endeavoring to preserve the fire by holding ponchos over it; and many individuals in desperation, standing entirely naked under the descending floods, with their clothes stored away under saddles or logs, 'to be kept dry.' At eleven, another storm came up. This also lasted two hours, and sleep was effectually banished for the night. During the entire night, stragglers came along, wading and splashing through mud and water, enquiring for their regiments; and horses and mules, imperfectly tied, stalked among the men, or got up rows with the teams.

"The sun came out hot next morning, evaporating the moisture from the ground in clouds of steam. About nine, we moved up a little beyond the town and encamped in a pleasant grove. Here we remained until evening.

"Breckinridge, with his division, left Bolton at noon the day before we arrived. He had a line of battle formed along the railroad, but, on the approach of our advance, he fell back to Clinton. At this point the three army corps had concentrated. The movement to Clinton began at three in the afternoon, and as the several divisions passed to reach their appropriate roads, they made a grand appearance. The regiments marched out in columns well closed up, and with their bands playing. The men felt well, and were in high spirits. They laughed, shouted and sang songs, and moved toward Jackson with the fullest faith that it would fall, and

the Rebel Johnston be put to flight. This confidence was worth ten thousand men.

"It was dark before we reached our road, and then we were constantly stopped by intervening trains of other divisions. We marched until nearly one o'clock, and having made but three miles, halted and lay down by the roadside for sleep; started at eight in the morning of the ninth, and marched very slowly. Skirmishers were used nearly all the day between Bolton and Clinton, ten miles. We reached Clinton about eleven. The Rebels had again fallen back upon our approach.

"At Clinton, we rested an hour. The town was full of Rebel sick and wounded. The court-house and churches were full to overflowing. We here caught up with and took a number of Rebel prisoners. They were of the willing kind, tired of running through the sun without food or water, and very anxious to get home. We picked up several letters that had been dropped in their sudden flight. One, from a Captain to his wife, complained that the people of Mississippi were a mean, contemptible set; that they charged the Confederates a dollar a dozen for peaches and tomatoes, the same for a pound of butter, and sixty cents for a pound of beef. Another, also from an officer, said that four of his men had died from heat on the march to Black river, and that he had seen one hundred disabled. They had almost perished for water, and had destroyed what little was in ponds, so that the Yankees could not reach Jackson.

"We encamped a mile beyond Clinton, and remained until the morning of the tenth, when we moved out, each corps upon a different road. The Rebels were in considerable force in front, and threatened our flanks and rear. At noon we had arrived within two miles of Jackson, and the Rebels were driven within their intrenchments. We marched into camp in a low, heavy wood. It was cut up by a partially dry creek, the puddles of which furnished us with water. It was a close, hot, murky position, and inconvenient in every way. At four, the morning of the eleventh, we were roused by rapid musketry firing in front. But the firing soon ceased. At noon we received orders to proceed to our assigned posi-

tion in the line of assault. The pioneer corps had to prepare the road, so our progress was slow. From a high point, we could see Rebel cavalry moving round in the direction we had to proceed. About two, we came to a plantation. General Hovey and his staff were making themselves comfortable on the porch. The soldiers were canvassing the negro quarters, gardens, stables and orchards, when, without any previous intimation, a number of Rebel shots were fired in the orchard. The Forty-Sixth was in the advance of the column, and at the halt was the only regiment within the plantation. The line was soon indicated, and in a few seconds the men were ready for the attack. A battery was brought up, taken through to a road, and a couple of guns opened upon the woods. The Twenty-Fourth Indiana, which had been out since early in the morning, reconnoitring the road, here met us. It had got upon the wrong road, and had been skirmishing with the same force that was now in front. A few shells drove the Rebels off, and we proceeded slowly toward town. They made a stand at about every five hundred yards, falling back before our artillery.

"At dark, the Forty-Sixth relieved the Twenty-Fourth, which had been directly in front, and spent the night in line of battle with arms in hand. The rough ground, covered with thistles and other weeds which were heavy with lately-fallen drops of rain, rendered the night's rest of doubtful benefit. At daybreak we were up, and in a few minutes ready for action. We now had the enemy close to his works and reserves. He was in a position to fight, if so disposed. General Lauman's division had crossed the railroad and was moving up."

General Sherman invested Jackson from Pearl river on the north to Pearl river on the east—Ord, including Lauman, forming his right, Steele his centre, and Park, including Sooy Smith, his left. He opened fire with one hundred heavy guns.

"Our line was formed by the two brigades in their order. It extended from the railroad on our right to Benton's division on the left. Two companies from each regiment were in advance as skirmishers. Our position was on the extreme

right, as the Twenty-Fourth and Thirty-Fourth Indiana of our brigade were in the line of reserves. We met the Rebels after advancing a short distance. They fell back before the rifles of our sharpshooters. When within a short distance of an advanced Rebel post, a division of General Lauman made a charge upon it. For a few minutes, the division was subjected to a most terrific fire, and the effect was perfect slaughter.

"The ground between the works and Lauman's line had been covered with scrubby timber. This was all cut down, with the tops of the trees outward. A charge to gain the works must be made over ground thus obstructed, for more than a thousand yards. Lauman's artillery failed to get into position, and the Rebel guns threw grape and canister without opposition. The rifle-pits were filled with men who poured a shower of Minie balls at the approaching line. The men were literally mowed down. When within a hundred yards of the trenches, our lines broke, and a general retreat was made. One gun was left, the horses being killed, and one was badly injured. A portion of the assaulting party, rather than pass through the Rebel fire again, threw down their arms and ran toward the fort. These were not fired on, but the retreating lines were not spared whilst a man was in sight."

The Fifty-Third Indiana was in this terrible charge. "This action seemed to draw the Rebel attention to that part of their line, and we had little trouble obtaining the position we wanted.

"During the advance our regiment was under severe fire. The balls came thick and low. When not advancing, the men lay down, not a position exempt from exposure. Lauman's loss in this assault was four hundred and seventy-five, The dead must number three hundred.

"We remained in line of battle the rest of the day, and through the two following days. On the fourteenth we began breastworks. We kept a company in front constantly firing upon the enemy, when he appeared outside of his trenches. At two o'clock a flag of truce appeared. It came first from our side. On the thirteenth an effort had been

made to get permission to bury the dead of Lauman's division, and to remove the wounded, who had lain where they fell on Sunday. We could hear them complaining at night, but could not relieve them, the ground being in full view of the Rebel works. The night before some of our regiment brought off two men who had crawled up to the picket line. They were both shot in the legs. They had torn their shirts into strips, and having fastened up the dangling parts, dragged themselves toward their friends.

"The Rebels furnished the burial party. Hundreds of dead lay upon the field, no wounded. Many had evidently been wounded and had lived to move into the shade, or to crawl a short distance toward our lines. In some places two or three were found huddled up under the root of a tree, or behind a log. After the burial, the location of each body could be told by the hair, which had fallen off before burial. The Rebels tied handkerchiefs round their faces and hurried through their awful task with all possible speed, stopping, however, to take the boots off our dead. They carried away also hats and caps.

"On the evening of the twentieth a solid shot struck the ground two hundred yards from a group of four officers, rose two feet and rushed toward them with a sharp whistle. They scattered in different directions, leaving the Sergeant Major, Joseph E. Scott, standing in the direct line of the ball's approach, uncertain what to do. He had barely time to jump up; and he actually came down on *the ball*, forcing it to the ground, when it scooped out a gutter, rose again, dropped again a hundred yards beyond, again rose, passed on and killed a mule. This is certainly a strong story, but it is actually and positively true, as I was an eye witness, and within twenty feet of the spot when Scott got the ball down. While the danger of the position was being discussed, a shell from the same gun exploded just to the right of the line followed by the ball. These were the last Rebel shots fired."

While Sherman was drawing his line up toward Jackson, our Eighteenth one day skirmished in the Governor's beautiful grounds, where, among other works of art, was a statue of a black slave kneeling in suppliant posture, "a type," so

says a soldier of the regiment, "of the religion of the South." A Rebel shell, hissing along, took the marble negro in its path, and broke it into fragments. A loud shout from the men testified their appreciation of the symbol.

The enemy began to withdraw on the night of the sixteenth, although as he kept up work and firing on his front, the movement was not discovered. He burned bridges, planted loaded shells and torpedoes in the road behind him, and directed his course through Brandon to Morton.

Sherman pursued to Brandon. He tore up the railroad at intervals, on the south fifty miles, on the north, twenty miles, and on the east, fifteen miles, destroying costly bridges, machine shops, locomotives and cars, and effected such a destruction of communications and means of repairing roads and cars that Grant was secured in possession of the western part of the State. He supplied the hospitals and citizens of Jackson and Clinton with provisions, and returned to Vicksburg accompanied, by thousands and thousands of negroes, who, uncertain whether they had entered upon the day of Jubilee or the day of Wrath, were, in either case, unwilling to be found in slavery by the coming master.

The last of July, the army once more and for the last time, concentrated about Vicksburg. A rest of several weeks followed, during which a very large proportion of the troops received furloughs.

The courage and devotion of surgeons during the Vicksburg campaign were not inferior to the same qualities displayed in the rank and file. The night after the assault of May 22, eight surgeons took charge of the wounded, four hundred and ninety-eight in number, of Carr's division. The night was excessively hot, although during part of it there was rain. No hospital appliances had been brought up. The sufferers were laid on raw cotton under China trees. But the attention which they needed instantly was often long delayed. From the heat, over exertion, and the terrible nervous strain, many of the surgeons became ill, and soon, on an average, there remained but one to two regiments. Dr. Bigelow had charge of the Eighth, the Eighteenth, and the First battery.

As soon as it was known that the army had closed round Vicksburg, surgeons and nurses hastened from Indiana to give their services temporarily to hospitals. Not a few sacrificed their lives.

About the middle of June Dr. Calvin West, of Hagerstown, Indiana, arrived and devoted himself to hospital work. His labors were arduous and invaluable, but they were short. Being attacked by chronic diarrhea, he returned to his home, where, shortly after, he died.

No more precious life was sacrificed before Vicksburg than that of Dr. Talbut Bullard, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages as the chief physician of one of the Rebel hospitals in Indianapolis early in 1862. He was an eminent physician, and an honored citizen, a man of fine education, extensive reading, wide sympathies, genial manners, perfect honor and honesty, intense energy, and most Christian humanity. From the outbreak of the war he gave money, medicines and medical attendance to soldiers' families, and responded readily to Governor Morton's repeated calls for volunteer surgeons, going to Shiloh in the spring of 1862, to Richmond, Kentucky, in the summer, and to the hospitals round Washington in the fall of the same year. In the winter he bestowed several weeks of time and labor on the hospitals in Gallatin and Nashville. He contracted chronic diarrhea at Pittsburg Landing. In consequence his friends urged him to cross the ocean for his health. To their solicitations he replied: "I would rather die in the harness than leave my country with her flag disgraced."

When intelligence of Grant's battles in the rear of Vicksburg reached Indianapolis, Governor Morton requested Dr. Bullard to take charge of a corps of surgeons and nurses which he desired to send to the field. The Dr. reluctantly declined out of consideration for his health. But his generous and tender heart reproached him with want of devotion, and he retracted his refusal, saying he would go if he knew he never would return. Yet Dr. Bullard was not reckless. He was one day invited by an officer to advance to a certain point in the besiegers' lines, where, from an embrasure, something of interest was to be seen. "No sir," said the Dr., "my

duty does not call me to so exposed a place." He may have called to mind, or if he did not, the reader can scarce avoid remembering the reproof of William of Orange to Mr. Godfrey, in the siege of Namur: "Mr. Godfrey, you ought not to run these hazards. You are not a soldier." "I run no more hazard than your Majesty," answered Godfrey. "Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be, and I may, without presumption, commit my life to God's keeping."

Not a half hour elapsed after Dr. Bullard's refusal to expose his life unnecessarily before, in that very embrasure, he amputated a soldier's shattered leg.

Being exceedingly quick in thought and action, he was able, with little strength, to accomplish a large amount of work. Unhappily, on a very hot day, he was compelled to ride several miles on horseback. The fatigue and exposure prostrated him, but he remained on the field until the expedition returned.

At Evansville Mrs. Bullard met him. She found him calm and gentle, but with little hope of recovery. After a rest the journey was resumed, and the beloved physician reached his home, but only to die.

"I have laid my life on the altar of my country," he said, smiling, and consoled by the great thought, his noble soul passed away.

A passage from a letter of Colonel Bringhurst, who was ordered to Milliken's Bend the first of June, to serve upon a "Court of Inquiry," shows that hospitals were not neglected:

"Two miles below is a hospital for wounded soldiers. It now contains two thousand of the victims of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Black River and Vicksburg. It is the neatest, best arranged and most capacious hospital I have ever seen. The wounded are in very large tents, shaded by Chinas and magnolias. Great ovens and other cooking arrangements supply food, and cisterns furnish good water. Plantation houses are used as offices and store houses, and not for the sick. Then we differ from the Rebels in the treatment of the wounded. They seek houses; we avoid them. They crowd wounded men into close build-

ings and upon porches. We put up accommodations in the open air. They engender fever inflamation, dirt, vermin, and death. We, by ample ventilation, free application of water, and constant attention, soon get the wounded on their feet, and save many cases which would certainly be lost in Rebel hospitals.

"I found most of our wounded in good spirits and good health. All that are now there are recovering. Most of them are able to get under the fine trees that abound, and enjoy the splendid breeze that comes down the river. The smell of the China trees and the rich magnolias, joined with a thousand indescribable sweetnesses with which the air is laden, do more to strengthen and refresh these poor fellows than all the medicines in the dispensary.

"They all, too, give evidence of the sympathy and thoughtfulness of their friends at home. They have clean clothes and clean beds, furnished by the sanitary associations North, and the great abundance of vegetable food, necessaries and luxuries, come from the same source. The wounded are patient and uncomplaining. Most of them are anxious to rejoin their regiments. Many will have to be discharged. Many totally disabled for life, others but partially injured, they present an aggregate of suffering that challenges the sympathy and consideration of those for whom their great sacrifices are made.

"These men are the true heroes of the war; not the officers, upon whom too generally falls all the credit of successful action. They bear the weight of the heavy blows sent by the enemy, while the glory earned by them too often settles round those who, though more prominent upon record, are less so upon the field."

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF HELENA.

During the siege of Vicksburg, Helena lay insignificant and unnoticed, its force diminished to a garrison of three thousand eight hundred, and preserved from the rust of inactivity only by the depredations of guerillas in the vicinity, and the spiteful but feeble demonstrations of detached Rebel regiments. It was not, however, forgotten by the Confederate government, and was destined to be the scene of a bloody struggle. The last of June, rumors reached General Prentiss, who was now in command of the fort, of the secret concentration and swift approach of forces from the south of Missouri, and from all quarters of Arkansas, under Price, Marmaduke, Parsons, Fagin, McRae and Walker, with General Holmes as Commander-in-Chief. Owing to high waters, neither secresy nor swiftness attended the operations of the Rebels, and their approach was prepared for and expected several days before it occurred. At daylight of July 4, they were announced by pickets, who fell back steadily and gallantly, loading and firing until they reached the intrenchments. The First Indiana cavalry, whose encampment was without the works, rapidly removed tents and baggage within the circuit, and formed line of battle behind the Fifth Kansas, in the open flat above the town. The battery attached to the regiment hastened forward up the levee, under Lieutenant Lefler, and supported by companies M and L, which were dismounted. Other cavalry and artillery took a similar position south of the town. The gunboat Tyler prepared to take part in the defence. Infantry regiments in line of battle supported the batteries, which were on the hills—A on the extreme right, B next, C on Graveyard hill, and D on Hindman's hill, all connected by

rifle-pits. The Forty-Third Indiana, under Major Norris, was in support of battery D, a portion of it across the mouth of a ravine. Holmes' forces were double those of Prentiss, and were skillfully arranged for a simultaneous advance and attack. Walker, with cavalry, moved toward the north of the line; Marmaduke, with infantry, to the north-west; Price, with nearly half the entire force, advanced to the assault of Graveyard hill, and Fagin to Hindman's hill.

At every point the attack failed. Walker made but preliminary movements, being successfully held back by the artillery and musketry on the levee. Marmaduke, exposed to a heavy flanking fire, for want of Walker's support, desisted after a single attempt. Price's troops poured over the breastworks on Graveyard hill, in a dark continuous stream, and stormed the battery; but having been forced to leave their guns behind, and finding ours in an unserviceable condition, they were exposed, almost defenceless, to a dreadful fire on either hand, at first of artillery alone, but soon of musketry in addition, the First Indiana and other regiments rushing to a break in their line, over ravines and cliffs, creeping on their hands and knees where they could not run, and leaping where they could not creep.

More than a third fell or surrendered. The rest were glad to get off the ground as fast as their feet could carry them.

Fagin also left his artillery beyond the abatis. With infantry alone, not more than four regiments, he climbed and ran and fought, until he gained the rifle-pits on Hindman's hill. He then formed for an assault on battery D, and being relieved by Price's success, of a heavy enfilading fire from Graveyard hill, he made a bold rush. He was repulsed. He dashed forward again to be again repulsed, and thus repeatedly, and while suffering from heat, thirst and fatigue. At eleven, Holmes withdrew, thoroughly discomfited, and with a loss of two thousand, more or less. He says less. Prentiss reports more.

The First Indiana, under Lieutenant Colonel Pace, and the Forty-Third, behaved with great gallantry in the defence of Helena. The Forty-Third captured more men than the regiment numbered. The First, beside capturing about a hun-

dred men, threw away more than half its carbines, supplying their place on the field with the enemy's Enfield rifles.

The negro troops at Helena were not without an honorable share in the battle. Standing behind intrenchments less than three feet high, they received and flung back a heavy storming party which had thrown itself upon them in an arrogant assumption of success through the mere power of complexion. A Rebel Colonel, who was in the assault, afterward in strong terms described to Colonel Rose, then a prisoner in Texas, the consternation of the assailants when they found themselves not only fairly met, but fairly mastered.

One of the negro camps was burned, but the school house which Mr. Sawyer had built, and which was the first free school house ever built in Arkansas, was left standing. That which the Rebels feared and hated most, they failed to destroy.

With the battle of Helena ended the series of victories which, in one day, extended from Pennsylvania to Arkansas. The sun of the Fourth of July, 1863, traversed a bloody but shining path. It rose on the defeated Lee withdrawing from Gettysburg, passed over the crestfallen Pemberton sullenly surrendering Vicksburg, and set on the broken army of General Holmes, retreating from the region of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XVI.

PORT HUDSON.

On the fall of Vicksburg President Lincoln congratulated General Grant that the Mississippi now "went unvexed to the sea." Port Hudson, however, still stood, and still was defiant, though suffering, and in such weakness that the simple announcement of the surrender of the greater fortress was sufficient to complete its overthrow.

Port Hudson, situated on a sharp bend of the Mississippi and on a high, broken bluff, had all the protection which bountiful nature could afford of creek, bayou, swamp, tangled wood and hill, and all the strength which could be derived from the most elaborate and skillfully executed fortifications. Its inner line of defense was three or four miles long. Its outer line stretched ten miles in a semi-circle from the Mississippi on the south, to Thompson's creek on the north, where a swamp, reaching toward the river, rendered artificial works superfluous. But its main defense was a brave and numerous garrison, under a fine, determined, gray-headed commander, Colonel Gardner.

During the winter and spring, General Banks frequently cast an anxious eye on this formidable fastness; in March he approached its rear and threatened an attack, while Farragut with his fleet passed the front; but he did not sit down to a siege until he had, with much marching and some fighting, driven the enemy from southern, central and western Louisiana, and beguiled part of the garrison to other points, and until his compeer, Grant, after a series of battles, had coiled his forces round Vicksburg.

On the 21st of May, Banks landed five miles above Port Hudson, on the east bank of the Mississippi, with troops which had marched, or which had been transported on steamboats

from Semmesport, on Red river. At the same time, General Augur advanced from Baton Rouge with forces which had been quartered at New Orleans. After repulsing and driving the enemy within his outer works, the two bodies effected a junction and established a besieging line in the following order from right to left: Weitzel, Grover, Paine, Augur and W. T. Sherman, the left extending to the river, the right to Thompson's creek. The usual labors of a siege then began. These were all the harder that the sun was burning, that the surrounding country, poor at the best, was now exhausted, that the inhabitants were bitterly hostile, that the Rebel sharpshooters were untiring and unfailing, and that the besiegers were scarcely more numerous than the besieged, and were many of them nine-months men, whose term of service was about expiring.

On the twenty-seventh, an attempt, useless as it was bloody, was made to storm works which were invulnerable to direct assault. At the close of the day a truce was asked and granted for the burial of the dead. Banks' loss thus far amounted to one thousand, and included some of his best officers. June 10, an effort, under the protection of artillery, to draw the lines closer, was relinquished after heavy loss.

On the fourteenth, a second assault was made, heralded as the first had been by a bombardment, and carried on under showers of fire. Seven hundred men fell. The lines on the left were advanced from one to two hundred yards to a hill which commanded the citadel, an outlying work in front of a triple or double line of parapets at the southern end of the intrenchments, and an essential part of the fortress.

After the second assault, operations consisted entirely of ditching and mining, sharpshooting, skirmishing and battering. Each day the lines drew up more closely, and more surely hemmed the enemy in. Balls penetrated to every part of the fortress. Every exposed gun was ruined by the accurate aim and prompt firing of our cannoneers. Saps were dug to the line of defences. The citadel was made a special object of attack, and round it tree-tops were cut square off, trunks were splintered or bored through and through, and the earth was swept clean of bushes and weeds

by balls, while the ground was pierced by shot and dug into cellar-like holes by exploding bombs. Under the citadel a deep, wide mine awaited the powder and the match, when the besiegers heard intelligence of the fall of Vicksburg. Guns and cheers on river and land announced the tidings to the enemy.

The garrison capitulated without delay. It had been reduced in part to mule meat, and had eaten rats, but it presented a less gaunt and emaciated appearance than the besieging force. General Banks' troops were wearied and worn beyond all description by previous hard marching, by the climate and by the almost unprecedented toil, exposure and hard fare of the siege.

Nearly three thousand men fell before Port Hudson. Including the garrison, which, at the time of the surrender, numbered six thousand four hundred and eight, the captures amounted to ten thousand five hundred and eighty-four men, with guns and small arms, steamboat, cotton and commissary stores of immense value.

The following report, somewhat condensed, of the Colonel of the Twenty-First Indiana, gives an account of the operations of the only Indiana troops which were engaged in the siege. In February, 1863, the Twenty-First was removed from infantry to heavy artillery service. In the intervening time it drilled in New Orleans, except during the Teche campaign in April, in which it participated, the men manning their guns like old artillerists:

"PORT HUDSON, July 15, 1863.

"*Brigadier General Richard Arnold:*

"On the twenty-third of May, with batteries A, B, G, H and K, of my regiment, under command respectively of Captains Roy, Grimsley, McLaflin, Connelly and Cox, I arrived in front of Port Hudson and reported to General Augur, who ordered me to park my artillery at a point a mile and a half from the enemy's works. On the evening of the twenty-sixth I was joined by Captain Hamrick with battery E.

"At one o'clock the next morning, I commenced posting my batteries as follows: K nine hundred and seventy-five

yards from the parapet, on the right flank of General Augur's front; G to the left of K; B on the right flank of General Augur's front, twenty-two hundred yards from the enemy's intrenchments, protected by a rude earthwork thrown up during the night; H at a point of woods to the right of B, and E on the left of B. The positions were taken under cover of darkness and without alarming the enemy.

"I sent Battery A to General Sherman, commanding the extreme left. The first section was posted eight hundred and fifty yards from the enemy's works, and fired during the day four hundred rounds, disabling a forty-two-pounder rifled gun of the enemy. The second section, fifteen hundred yards from the parapet, fired two hundred and fifty rounds, and dismounted a nine-pounder brass piece. At night the second section rejoined the first, and both remained in this position, firing one gun every fifteen minutes at the parapet and the woods enclosed by it, where the enemy was supposed to be in force.

"On the third of June Captain Roy was ordered on duty as Major, and the command of the battery devolved on Lieutenant Hall. During the day it changed its position to a point on the left, and was engaged by two nine-pound rifles, two six-pound smooth bores, one twenty-pound Parrott, and two twenty-four-pound rifled guns. So well was it served that all the enemy's guns were silenced, and he was driven from them. From the fourth to the eighth one shot every fifteen minutes was thrown inside the works. On the night of the ninth the battery advanced three hundred yards. During the assault of the next day it fired on the enemy's guns whenever presented, and in every instance silenced them. The battery shelled the works inside the fortifications until the fourteenth, when it covered the assaulting column, firing four hundred rounds. On the six following days it fired twenty rounds a day on the parapets and works. On the twenty-second it advanced four hundred yards nearer, where it kept up a desultory fire until the surrender.

"Battery B opened fire soon after daybreak on the twenty-seventh of May, on guns in its immediate front. The enemy replied with spirit, none of his shots, however, doing damage.

On the thirty-first Lieutenant Blankenship, with one gun, was ordered to General Grover's front to join Captain McLaflin. Captain Grimsley, with the rest of his guns, remained in the first position until about the ninth of June, when he moved to the extreme left into a temporary earthwork, previously prepared. It immediately opened fire on the Citadel, which was nine hundred yards distant. On the twenty-second it moved into a large battery on the extreme left, known as Battery Bailey, and joined in the general firing.

"Battery C, under command of Captain Rose, arrived from Baton Rouge on the first of June, and went into position on the left of the centre. On the tenth it dismounted one of the enemy's guns, killing the Captain and several of the men. On the twenty-second two howitzers from this battery were placed in position on the extreme left, one of them under command of Lieutenant Bough, in Battery Bailey, and the other under Lieutenant Glover, in a small earthwork, a short distance to the right of it. For three days and nights these howitzers fired at intervals of five minutes. They dismounted three of the enemy's guns.

"Battery D, under the command of Captain Hinkle, arrived from Baton Rouge on the first of June with five twenty-four-pounders, one of them belonging to Battery I, and went into position six hundred yards from the enemy's works, three pieces on the left of General Augur, and the others on the right of General Dwight. They opened fire with shell on the morning of the ninth, and in the five following days dismounted six guns. During the five days which succeeded they shelled dismounted guns to prevent the enemy taking them away. Three of the guns then moved into Battery Bailey, and opened fire on the Citadel, only three hundred yards distant. After several hours they made a breach which disclosed a gun. This gun was taken away by the enemy during the night. The battery shelled the Citadel and the rifle-pits until the surrender. Second Lieutenant Jesse Huddon, of this battery, was severely wounded in the right arm June 12, by a sharpshooter, while in the lookout tree.

"Battery E had been in action on General Grover's front two days prior to joining my command, and threw the first shot into Port Hudson by the land batteries. After engaging the enemy two hours, and drawing his fire, it retired without sustaining any damage. On the first of June one section was moved into position on General Dwight's front, whence it fired at intervals during two weeks, dismounting one forty-two-pounder. The second section, under the command of Lieutenant Hartley, after being held in reserve several days, moved into Battery Bailey. It engaged at intervals in shelling the enemy, preventing him from working on his breastworks, and disabled one of his field-pieces.

"The enemy discovered battery G at sunrise on the twenty-seventh of May, and at once opened fire with heavy guns in front, and from light guns on the right flank. Soon after Captain McLaflin commenced firing. In an hour the Rebels ceased to play upon him with their light battery. The heavy guns kept up a constant and rapid fire for two hours, when he succeeded in silencing them for a short time. Soon after they opened a very heavy and well-directed fire, to which he replied with great rapidity, compelling them to cease, dismounting two of their heavy guns and breaking the parapet so as to fully unmask the remaining effective guns bearing on the battery. The guns and carriages of this battery were struck repeatedly, a sponge was broken off in one of the guns, the lanyard carried away, and the handspikes were knocked from the hands of the men. Two men were instantly killed. Several were slightly wounded by splinters. The centre gun was struck by round shot repeatedly; the right wheel of the carriage was so badly damaged as to make it necessary to replace it with a wheel from the timber. This was done under fire.

"About one o'clock in the afternoon, our assaulting columns having been repulsed, and the supports of this battery and battery K having been withdrawn, the batteries withdrew and went into park. During the engagement the battery fired four hundred and fifty rounds. On the thirty-first it was ordered, with one gun from battery B, under command of Lieutenant Blankenship, to report to General Grover, com-

manding right wing. On the morning of June 1, it advanced under heavy fire from the enemy to positions about four hundred yards from the works. On the fifth, fire opened from four of the guns. Battery C dismounted a heavy rifle. Sergeant Fuller dismounted two guns, breaking one of them into several pieces, and destroying the enemy's corn mill. Lieutenant Blankenship dismounted two guns and burned a building used as a store house, destroying a large amount of corn and other stores. Lieutenant Harrower dismounted two guns. During ten days the guns of this battery fired several rounds each day at the enemy's works and prominent objects inside his intrenchments. On the fourteenth these guns were ordered to enfilade the Priest's Cap of the enemy's works, over which an assault was to have been made by our troops. As the column advanced, the enemy opened upon it with two light guns, which were dismounted by Lieutenant Harrower as soon as he found out their position.

"Battery H commenced firing soon after sunrise on the twenty-seventh of May, silencing two guns in General Augur's front, and dismounting another. Until the ninth of June, it fired a few shell each day to annoy the enemy's sharpshooters, and at prominent objects inside their works. It then moved to the extreme left, and into the same earthwork with battery B. On the twelfth, one of its guns moved out to an open point opposite the Citadel, seven hundred yards from it, and dismounted a forty-two pounder rifled gun. On the twenty-third, having received new guns in the place of two disabled, battery H was posted in Battery Bailey. It took part in the firing until, six days afterwards, it was ordered across the river. On the first of July, it opened fire on the lower water-battery, which, returning the fire, disabled the carriage of one gun. The next day it dismounted a rifled gun. The day after, it disabled an eight-inch Columbiad, and twice dismounted a thirty-two pounder rifled gun. June 4 and 5, it disabled a thirty-two pounder rifle.

"Battery K, consisting of two guns, was, on the morning of the twenty-ninth of May, exposed to a galling fire on the front and right flank. Captain Cox rapidly responded, firing

three hundred rounds in eight hours and dismounting one of the enemy's guns.

"At one o'clock Battery K was withdrawn, and went into park. June 3, it was ordered into position in front of Colonel Dudley's brigade, six hundred yards from the enemy's works. It fired during the day twenty-three rounds, blowing up a small magazine of the enemy. From the seventh to the thirteenth one shot was fired every fifteen minutes to annoy the enemy, and keep him from strengthening his works. During the thirteenth and fourteenth one shot was fired every five minutes to annoy the enemy's sharpshooters, and engage his guns during the assault. On the twenty-eighth it advanced within three hundred and seventy-five yards of the parapet, and opened fire, with good result, upon the enemy, who was annoying our working parties.

"Our total loss in killed, and wounded, and missing, during the siege, was twenty-eight.

"We had eleven guns in Battery Bailey, four thirty-pounder Parrotts, two twenty-pounder Parrotts, three twenty-four-pounder smooth bores, and two eight inch howitzers. These guns were under the command of Major Roy, and did good execution in breaching the Citadel, and destroying the enemy's guns mounted there. Some of the guns of this battery were within two hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's parapet, and exposed to a constant fire from his sharpshooters. The Major, while personally directing the fire of one of the guns, received a very painful wound in the right arm, but never for a moment quit his post.

"For forty-two days and nights my officers and men stood constantly at their guns, and for five or six days and nights of that time the guns were fired every five minutes.

"These arduous duties were performed without a murmur or complaint, and were I called upon to furnish a list of those of my command who distinguished themselves during the siege, it would be little less than a transcript of my muster roll.

"To the accuracy and effect of our fire our enemies as well as our friends attest. In a well written history of the siege of Port Hudson, by a Confederate officer, he says:

'To the Indiana regiment of artillery, which had many batteries of Parrott guns, we attributed the most of our misfortunes. Some of our guns were dismounted over and over again, the wheels knocked to pieces, and the carriages shattered into splinters.' Again he says: 'The enemy's artillery fire was very severe from the commencement, and many of their guns were fired with the accuracy of a rifle.' Again: 'The Parrott shot, from the accuracy of the fire, appeared to be the most effective.'

"I was greatly indebted to Major Roy for valuable services rendered during the siege. Chaplain Brakeman, Lieutenant George Wood and Sergeant Major Mooney rendered efficient services in carrying orders under fire of the enemy.

"JOHN A. KEITH."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLES E. TUCKER.

Go forth, what fearest thou? Go forth, my soul, what doubtest thou? All thy years hast thou served Christ, and dost thou fear death?—*Last words of Hilarion.*

One of the gallant dead who fell before Port Hudson was Captain Tucker, of the Hundred and Fourteenth regiment of New York volunteers. His short story is lovingly told by his own and his father's friend, Rev. Dr. Post, of Logansport:

"Charles Elisha Tucker was born in Laporte, Indiana, July 22, 1841. He was greatly a debtor to the influences of birth and early culture. If he owed much to the parental roof, it is difficult to limit the worth of these advantages and the obligations they imposed; it may be added, that he appreciated them and well met his responsibilities. His attachment to that home, his grateful and dutiful love to its inmates, were a strong feature of his character. One who knew said of him, 'His filial affection was unbounded, and in the family he was all that the fondest parent could desire.'

"The hope of returning, the fond trust that he should again meet father and mother when the great duty to the country had been done, strengthened him and kept his heart buoyant in dreary marches and privations, in dark encounters and perils. Present in his death struggle, bright among the last images of earth, was that beloved home. 'Tell my parents,' he says, as his life blood is fast ebbing, 'I died fighting for my country. I had hoped to live to go home again; but since it is not so, I am proud to die in such a cause.'

"He had in a large measure the sympathies and gifts which adapt one to find pleasure and have influence in society. Genial, and scattering sunshine, with quick wit, flowing in pleasantry and original suggestion; with that faculty to

see the bright side and hope the best, which is so great an element of strength, both to do and to endure; with a vigorous constitution and robust health, and wont to have all his energies absorbed in whatever he engaged, whether work or study or sport, he much attracted and bound to him associciates. In childhood, he had the qualities of a popular favorite and a recognized leader. His friendships were 'hooks of steel.' If we follow him from New Orleans and Galesburg, from the school and the army, back to the side of the little lake at Laporte, we see there, at three years old, the miniature man, while he draws down to the shore a group of his mates and amuses himself in preaching to them, and saying, 'Come now, if you have repented, let us go down to the lake and I will baptize you all.' The same companionable nature and social power distinguished him in the college and the university, and come out affectingly in his relation to the company of men whom he commanded. It was the consciousness of his influence over them, and his brotherly sensibility to their desires, which led him, when he had been detained by sickness a short time, to hasten back that he might share with them the dangers then imminent and soon so fatal. From New Orleans, a little more than two weeks before his death, he writes to his mother: 'You know, dear mother, *dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* I cannot go without inconvenience just now, but Nicholas says Corbin wants me, and the boys long and pray for me to join them. How I love those boys, and will stand by them at any loss. Good-bye, mother. Good-bye, all. If I return, *all right;* if not, God save me, is all I ask. Aye, it is *heaven* in place of earth.'

"How this love was reciprocated, a historian of the regiment thus relates:

"The brave, genial, noble Captain Tucker was no more. He was the most popular officer in the regiment, and his death touched a tender cord in the heart of every man. More particularly in his own company was there an overwhelming feeling of sadness, for there he had especially endeared himself in the hearts of his men. For years, in after campaigns, the men of company G were never tired of dis-

coursing over the excellent qualities of Captain Tucker.' I continue to quote, because the subjoined notice is of one who was a native of Logansport: 'Their sorrow approached to anguish, when was added to their calamities the death of their Second Lieutenant, H. P. Corbin. He, too, died as he had lived—a brave, generous, faithful soldier—and left behind him a store of cherished memories."

"Another comrade says: 'Wherever Captain Tucker was, there he found friends:

> 'None knew him but to love him,
> Nor named him but to praise.'

"No officer in the regiment gave greater promise than he; none ever died more regretted. Young, with a face of almost womanly beauty, a winning address, and that *bonhomme* which always captivates, he was one of the rare few who create attachments where others would only make acquaintances. He seemed to enter into the perils and hardships of the war as gaily as though it had been a day's frolic. If there was a thoughtful under-current in his mind, he never allowed it to come to the surface. His company was proud of him, and deservedly. There were few who could command so well, or in whom the spirit of leadership was so quickly recognized by subordinates. He was the beau ideal of a gallant, dashing officer; with a richly stored mind, an active body, and a capacity to do much and well. The future seemed to promise brightly for him. After an acquaintance of nine months, I can thus honestly speak of him. The praise of those who knew him during the whole of his short life, will give him no stinted measure of affectionate admiration.'

"A superior intellect early peered through his rich social affections, and accompanied, as it continued to be, with a notable modesty and diligence, rendered him a delightful pupil and won willing honor from schoolmates. He gathered knowledge with great facility. As soon as he could articulate, it was a pastime of his father to teach him portions of scripture, and when two years old he would repeat with en-

thusiasm, without being prompted, the nineteenth psalm. While yet a boy, he read extensiveiy the best English and German authors, and the acquirements thus made, and his ready command of them, were afterward, in all positions, a striking and valuable power. His mind was elastic and seemed not to tire. It moved with alacrity and vigor, moved heroically, and was versatile and clear. The teachers, both in his literary and his theological course, bestowed on him unmeasured praise. A brother officer, among other words of eulogy and grief, says of him: 'Seldom, even in this unnatural strife—claiming as victims the bravest, the wisest and the best—have we been called upon to record the death of one whose natural talents, scholastic acquirements, brilliant intellect, social qualities and goodness of heart, combined with a marked diffidence, gave more assurance of future usefulness than did our deceased friend. To those who knew him intimately, it is not necessary to say that in all the qualities that adorn and render life useful and happy, he had few equals. His mind was of the highest order, and mastered the most difficult studies with surprising ease. From early boyhood, he gave promise of an intellect which developed and matured, and made him almost the idol of his family and commanded the admiration of all who associated with him.' Much more to the same purpose might be cited from numerous pens, which seem never weary in their loving sorrow over his death. The communities who listened to his public addresses, were much impressed by the ability and eloquence associated with so useful a presence. His writings, from which I do not quote, only through want of time, at the age of sixteen to twenty surprise the reader by the freshness and maturity of thought and richness of illustration which run through them. His imagination was imperial, sweeping with a wonderful breadth and force, and filling the horizon with sparkling imagery. Yet scarcely less remarkable was his logic, and in some productions were the shrewd searching and quiet strength of his critical reasoning.

"But what we dwell on with chief pleasure and gratitude to his Creator and Saviour is, his early and steadfast piety. In his fifth year he became very much interested in reading

'The Attractions of the Cross,' by Dr. Spring, and would sit an hour at a time attentively looking at a lithographic representation of the crucifixion, and reading with the deepest emotion. When six years old, in the absence of his father, he asked if he might say grace at the table, which he did with the sincerity and devotion of an older person. At twelve years of age he publicly devoted himself to Christ. At fourteen, he entered Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, where before the close of his eighteenth year, he graduated with the honors of the college, giving an oration to which the Faculty awarded the high praise of being the best ever delivered by a student of that college. His mind, which had wavered between the professions of Law and Divinity, then became settled, and he passed the next two years chiefly in theological studies at Madison University, near Rochester, N. Y., there, too, distinguished and admired for his proficiency. The horrid rebellion was then raging; and he could not but feel the most lively and anxious interest in the mighty problem to be wrought out by the war. Looking at public affairs not only nor chiefly in their lower field, so often murky with human passions, but studying them on the higher plane and in the purer light of their relation to the Divine counsels and government and to the broadest questions of duty, he decided to give himself to the cause of his country, which he deemed also the cause of the human race and of God. Nor to his latest hour did he lose confidence in the worthiness of the side he espoused, and in the purity of his motives. But though his heart burned and his reasonings were weighty and earnest to be gone to active service, out of respect to his parents' desire that he should complete his theological course, he remained to graduate, acquitting himself so as to inspire a very warm interest, and large expectations of usefulness. He had already begun the contemplated work of his life, to preach the gospel, and the few written sermons he left deepen our sense of loss in his early removal.

"Leaving the University, he at once set himself to the labor of raising a company, of which he was commissioned Captain, and which as a part of the One Hundred and Fourteenth New-York Volunteers, through various vicissitudes by

land and sea, he led, under General Banks, to New Orleans, and other points in Louisiana, and finally to Port Hudson, Louisiana. There in the very gallant, but inevitably fruitless and disastrous assault, the fourteenth of June, 1863, as the first rays of the Sabbath sun were smiling on the ramparts of Port Hudson, leading his men, he fell. The ball struck him in the breast, and in about ten minutes the mortal life had ceased. As he lies, languishing, with difficulty he speaks to an intimate friend, of the purity of the desire he has felt to serve his country—how strong has been his trust to serve her, but is conscious he can no longer. His memory recalls the home he has left. 'Tell them I was conscious to the last. I had strong hopes to see them all again when peace should relieve me of present duty. These hopes fade, but *other hopes*, which have been a comfort to me before, are now brightening, and fast becoming the body of my life.' A few other fond words for those who would most grieve for him, and much more which cannot be caught—for the battle is fierce around them—and he seems engaged in prayer. Then in occasional accents of peace and triumph, his voice dies away, while his face is lighted up with unusual brightness."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN ANDERSONVILLE.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"—*Burns.*

"But whether in the prison drear,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."
—*Inscribed in the National Cemetery at Andersonville.*

In my visit to the Soldiers' Home, in March, 1868, I had some conversation with William Stockdale, a young man with a fair, modest, intelligent countenance, and a quite superior manner of speaking. Something, I could hardly say what, for his pronunciation betrayed no peculiarities, made me think him an Englishman, so I asked: "Are you an Indianian?" "No, I was born in England, and had been here but a short time when the war broke out."

He was evidently in delicate health, one eye was nearly out, one leg was off, and it seemed to add to the severity of his fate that he should be a foreigner. I thoughtlessly began, "Do you not regret," then, interrupting myself, "It would be unfair to ask that. But you certainly have suffered and sacrificed much for an *adopted* country."

"I do not regret enlisting," he said quietly, as if the question were a familiar, or at least a settled one.

He told his story, then at my request wrote it out, sending it to me, as my visit was short, accompanied by a note in which he says, "I have the pleasure of forwarding to you a statement of a portion of the facts concerning *Andersonville* as I remember them."

I give you the narrative without alteration:

"My name is William Stockdale. I was formerly a pri-

vate in company D of the Forty-Eighth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and was wounded in action on the fourteenth of May, 1863, in the battle of Jackson, Mississippi. On the following day the wounded were taken into Jackson by our men, and a hospital established. Surgeons and attendants were left with us, and the army moved on to the rear of Vicksburg. In two or three days the Rebels under Johnston occupied the town, and we became prisoners of war. Each man was searched for money and jewelry, and told by the officers who conducted the search, that any such valuables taken from us would be returned when we were about to be exchanged. Very little credit, however, was placed by us on any such promises. Our fare consisted of corn bread, beef, and corn coffee in limited quantities. As fast as the wounded were able to be moved, they were formed in squads, a Federal surgeon attached to each squad, and were sent through to Richmond for exchange. By the latter part of June we were reduced to ten men, and entirely under the treatment of the Rebel surgeons, ours having been sent on with the men for exchange. On the sixth of July it became necessary to amputate my leg in consequence of gangrene. The operation was performed by a young Rebel surgeon, and I was afterwards told it was his first.

"Of my treatment during the first nine months of my imprisonment, I must in justice say that I cannot complain, for though at times my comrades and I did suffer much because of the want of proper nourishment and care, from what I could learn at the time, I was induced to believe we fared as well as could be reasonably expected.

"When Jackson fell the second time (in July) I, with others of the ten who were living, was retaken by our troops, but in consequence of the state of my limb and health, I and six others who could not be moved, were left in the hands of the Rebels, the Union men, with every wounded man who could possibly bear transportation, returning to Vicksburg.

"From Jackson I was sent to Brandon, with two others, one of the two having been wounded in the last fight at Jackson. I afterwards learned that he reached our lines. The other man died at Brandon.

"I remained at Brandon about four months, and being the only Federal in the hospital, fared as well as the Rebel patients. From Brandon I was sent to Cahawba, Alabama, to a military prison established at that place. I remained at Cahawba nearly two months. The building used for a prison was a large tobacco ware-house of one story. The men suffered much from the smoke of the cooking fires, which were built on the ground in the building, the flooring having been torn up. The quantity of food issued there was greater than that at Andersonville.

"From Cahawba we were sent to Andersonville, and at the same time we were told by the Rebel officers that we were going to Savannah to be exchanged. Their reason for deceiving the men was to keep those who were able to make an escape, from making the attempt. We arrived at Andersonville in the latter part of April, 1864. Our number was about six hundred, of whom but a few were sick, the majority of the men not having been prisoners over four or five months.

"Wirz was there to receive the prisoners, and he at once succeeded in making himself notoriously known to all the men, for he *damned* them liberally to begin with, telling them they had not Captain Henderson, of Cahawba, to deal with. I made up my mind to get into the hospital at once if possible, knowing that I would stand a poor chance in the common prison on one leg. There were some six or eight who were very sick, and who could not have walked to the prison. I staid with them, and we were taken to the hospital in what the Rebels called an ambulance. It was composed of an ox team and an old lumber wagon. The so-called hospital was at that time in one corner of the stockade, and had no barrier between the main body of the prisoners and the sick. The shelter furnished the afflicted was a square piece of canvass stretched over a pole, which was supported by crotches set in the ground. Each tent contained twelve men, who, when lying down, entirely covered the ground that was sheltered by the canvass from the sun and rain. The foliage of the pine tree, commonly called pine straw, was given them to lie on, and was their only protection from

the ground, unless the prisoner was fortunate enough to possess a blanket. A comrade and myself were assigned a place in one of the tents, but we determined to lie in the open air in preference, and were advised to do so by the hospital attendants for our health's sake. The inmates of the tents were as lousy as men could possibly be, and the helplessly sick suffered very much from such vermin. A majority of the sick were too weak to move themselves when nature demanded, consequently the stench was intolerable. The nurses would clean them by throwing water on their persons, and by holding their shirts over the smoke and heat of a pine fire, in order that the lice might be scorched or suffocated off. Men who were able made a regular practice each day of hunting and killing the vermin that infested their garments. There was no way of boiling water in sufficient quantities for washing purposes, and cold water don't, in any way, inconvenience a gray-back. It was a common thing to see, in the evening, the sick, who were too weak to walk, crawl out for the purpose of holding their shirts over the fire to rid them of their loathsome tenants. Even the wood that was used for that purpose was a luxury that many a poor sick fellow, who did not belong to the hospital, did not get. A man was not admitted to the hospital until in a very bad condition, many dying in the camp every day. I fortunately had a blanket, and a nurse gave my comrade one that was left by a dead man, one of which we spread on stakes for a shelter, and the other we used for a cover at night, and we were better off than hundreds of others, for many of the men were deprived of their blankets when captured, and had to do without shelter, (I have reference to those not in hospital,) unless they could crowd in with some friend, or get a blanket left by some dead comrade.

"The food consisted of a ration of corn bread, a very small piece of meat, and a cup of rice soup in the morning, the grains of rice being frequently so scarce that they might easily be counted, and placed in the bowl of a table spoon. In the evening another cup of rice soup that was always tasteless and flat, because of the lack of salt. The quantity of corn bread issued at that time was sufficient, but of a

quality so miserable we could not eat it except when driven to it by actual hunger.

"In June, if I remember right, the hospital department was moved out of the stockade to a new and clean piece of land, on which the trees still stood, the shade of which afforded us much relief from the heat of the sun. By that time the patients numbered, as near as I could judge, about two thousand. When moving from the old hospital to the new one, all who could possibly walk were ordered to start, under the escort of the guard, for the new quarters. The patients did not need urging, for they were eager to leave their filthy quarters, knowing the change would be for the better, so every man, who could move, willingly took up the line of march, leaving only those who could not stir. Wirz made his appearance just then, and seeing the men in the tents, swore he would pull the tents down on them if they did not leave, but he talked and threatened in vain, for those who lay there were dying men, and would walk no more.

"Our quarters were much better on the new ground, and the shelter from sun and rain was much improved, but the number of sick was increasing fast, and death was busy in July and August, at one time the deaths averaging over one hundred per day. The corpses were numbered and hauled away in the mornings in a large army wagon. Two corpses would be placed in the forward end of the wagon, with the feet to the mules, and over the end of the wagon; two more would be placed against them, and so on until the load was completed. The pantaloons or drawers would slip down on the stiffened limbs; the bed of the wagon would hide the bodies of the dead from view, leaving only to sight the naked, stiffened limbs of a dozen or more dead men, the load being so arranged that they were feet uppermost.

"Meat was issued in September in very small quantities, finally so small that it became almost an impossibility to divide it into so many rations, so the cooks were ordered to chop it up and boil it with the rice soup in the mornings, then if a person found a little piece in his tin cup he was a lucky fellow, and might, if closely watched, be seen to smile. Any large bone which had been thrown away after having

been picked clean, would certainly be picked up by some hungry one, and broken into small pieces, then boiled until all its grease and substance were imparted to the water, making, with the addition of a little salt, a weak soup.

"In October the rations of corn bread gradually grew much smaller than they had previously been, and more irregular in coming into camp. The men would gather in knots, and wait anxiously for the coming of the wagon that each morning brought the day's ration. Many of the men would follow the wagon from the entrance to the cooking department, for the purpose of picking up any crumbs of bread that might fall to the ground while it was being handled. In fact the allowance at that time was so little that a person would find himself continually thinking of, and wishing for food.

"The hospital contained about twenty wards, and each ward about one hundred and fifty patients. Six or seven of the wards were provided with board bunks, supported on stakes driven in the ground. The wounded were placed in these wards, two men occupying each bunk, no matter how badly wounded. I have seen two men, each with an amputation above the knee, lie side and side on a bunk that did not exceed four feet in width, and with nothing to protect them from the hard boards except a blanket or two, doubled and placed under them. They died after much suffering. Indeed death seemed inevitable to all men severely wounded who were brought direct to Andersonville from the field of battle. In many cases a wounded man and a sick one would lie together, a burthen and an offence to each other.

"Many died from the effects of vaccination. Gangrene would attack the spot punctured by the doctor's instrument, a large and loathsome sore would be caused, and death, in a great many cases, would be the result. The majority of the wards were destitute of straw or boards, the men lying on the sandy ground, with blankets, if they had them, without if they had not. During the heavy rains the water would flood the tents of those who occupied the lower parts of the camp, washing the sand upon the limbs and bodies of those who were entirely helpless.

"Six hundred of the disabled and sick left there in Novem-

ber to go to Savannah for exchange. I was included in the number. We were stopped at Millen, and put into the stockade there for two nights and days. The men were sadly dejected, fearing they were deceived in regard to exchange, having no faith in the assurances of the Rebel officers, who said an exchange would soon take place, the prisoners always being led to believe that when they were moved it was for the purpose of exchange. An attempt was made to call the roll before entering the stockade, and the men were ordered into line for that purpose, but they were so dejected and heart-sick at the prospect of entering another *pen* that it was almost impossible for the officers to form a line. As soon as any part of the detachment was formed, and the officers left it to urge others into line, the sick would drop down, perfectly indifferent to roll call, and heedless of everything save the dreaded prospect of continued imprisonment.

"While we were in Millen rations of corn meal, raw beef and rice were issued, but we received no wood for cooking purposes, and were therefore obliged to trade a part of our rations for wood to those who had been there for some time, and had managed to save, and could spare a few sticks. We had learned how to make a little wood go a great way. It was generally split into pieces of six or eight inches in length, and a fire built under our quart kettles in such a manner as would save the wood as much as possible. When the cooking was done the sticks that were not entirely consumed would be freed from fire, and carefully preserved for further use. We left Millen on the nineteenth of November, 1864. While waiting for the train near the depot, an incident occurred that might well go to show how hungry the men would get. The Rebels had a number of our men detailed for the purpose of cooking meat for those who were about to take the cars. They had taken the meat from the kettles, and the water the meat had been cooked in was ordered to be given to the detachment. Buckets were got and filled, and men carried them beyond the guard that stood sentinel over the contents of the kettles, and the meat. The moment the buckets were within reach of the men, they

made a rush with their tin cups for the soup with such violence that the buckets were upset in spite of the exertions of the men who were trying to deal the soup out, consequently it was wasted upon the ground. We reached Savannah on the twentieth of November. The citizens of that place gave us food as we passed through the town, though it was against the order of the General who had command of us. We reached our boats on the Savannah river on the afternoon of the twentieth, some few of us having been prisoners eighteen months."

CHAPTER XIX.

AFFAIRS AT HOME IN 1863.

"Know you what the devil thinks? Seated behind hell-fire with his arms folded, Satan says, with a malignant look and a hideous leer, 'Ah, but these fools are wise men indeed to do my work for me!'"—*Luther.*

"When the bitter period arrives, in which the people must give up some of their darling absurdities;—when the senseless clamor which has been carefully handed down from father fool to son fool, can be no longer indulged;—when it is of incalculable importance to turn the people to a better way of thinking, the greatest impediments to all amelioration are too often found among those to whose counsels, at such periods, the country ought to look for wisdom and peace."—*Sydney Smith.*

The sharpest touch of the war which Indiana experienced on her own soil during the Rebellion, was in January and February of 1863, when the fruit of the fall elections graced, or disgraced her Legislative Halls. No trimmers smoothed away asperities. From the first day of the session to the last, the representatives of the two parties were sharply defined and stiffly arrayed. With no disparity in combativeness and no disproportion in constancy, they were strikingly unequal in number and unlike in moral character.

The majority was shrewd, turbulent, unscrupulous and impatient of restraint. During the developments of the session it showed itself animated by no lofty desire, stirred by no noble impulse, incapable of statesmanship as of patriotism or philanthropy, scornful of the arts of persuasion and argument, vigilant to outwit and to cheat, prompt to browbeat and to bully its small but gallant antagonist.

The minority was keen, cautious and courageous, jealously guarding, and zealously defending the interests of the soldier, the honor of the "soldier's friend," and the dues of the country, and not failing to recognize the claims of humanity in the persons of the fugitive black and of the inmate of

public asylums. Paris C. Dunning, of Monroe, was elected President of the Senate. Samuel H. Buskirk, of Monroe, chosen Speaker of the House.

After preliminary skirmishing, in which the opposing forces rapidly and boldly felt each others' lines, the battle opened by a covert and preconcerted attack on Governor Morton.

The House voted that the election of United States Senators should take place at two o'clock of the second day of the session, the hour devoted by usage exclusively to the reception of the Governor's message. The Union Senators prevented the election by leaving the Hall and thus breaking a quorum.

Assurances that there was no prospect of a joint convention at any time soon, and the fact that he had sent advance copies of the message to the press at various places, determined Governor Morton to transmit it to each House, such a course, though not on any previous occasion adopted in Indiana, being constitutional and being also the practice of the Federal Government, and many of the State Governments. Accordingly the Governor's private secretary delivered the message, in printed form, to the Legislature, finding both Houses apparently in session. Without ceremony, the communication was rejected, by the Senate because a quorum was not present, by the House of Representatives on the plea that, in the absence of a quorum from the Senate, there was no General Assembly. It was ordered to be returned. Mr. Packard, Representative from Marshal and Starke counties, remarking, while the subject was under debate, that "the manner in which the message was delivered was a discourtesy, which self-respect forbade the House to submit to."

With ceremonious courtesy a committee was afterwards appointed to wait on his Excellency and ask when he would be ready to deliver his message. Governor Morton, in a concise and dignified manner, declined any further consideration of the subject. The Legislature, however, was not yet willing to relinquish it. Mr. Hanna, of Vigo, offered to the House the following resolution:

"Whereas, His Excellency, Governor Morton, in the midst of his ardent and patriotic endeavors as Commander-in-Chief

of the military and naval forces of the State of Indiana, has neglected to give his annual message to the General Assembly thereof, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this House adopt the exalted and patriotic sentiments contained in the message lately delivered to the Legislature of New York by His Excellency, Horatio Seymour."

Mr. Hanna's resolution was not adopted, but it was greeted with applause, and was followed by another of similar character, prepared by Mr. Packard:

"*Resolved*, By the House (the Senate concurring) that the thanks of the General Assembly of the State of Indiana are due and are hereby tendered to the Honorable Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York, for the able and patriotic defence of the constitution, the laws and liberty of the American citizen, contained in his late message to the Legislature of that State, and particularly for his just and high appreciation of the interests, position and patriotism of the great North-West; and that we assure him that the conservative people of our beloved State are looking with deep solicitute and confidence to his executive action, believing that they will find in it a firm and determined resistance to the encroachments of a despotic administration upon the liberties of the American people, as well as a bold defence of the independent sovereignties of the several States of this Union, and that such action will receive the warm sympathies and hearty co-operation of all the conservative citizens of this State."

The inconsistency of this action, Governor Seymour's message having been delivered to the New York Senate alone, in consequence of the unorganized condition of the House, is explicable only on the principle of an old adage as rendered by Tittlebat Titmouse: "Cases alter circumstances."

The last of January, Mr. Davis, of Elkhart, proposed to the House that fifteen hundred copies of Governor Morton's message be printed for distribution in the field, but the Speaker declaring himself not aware that the Governor had delivered a message, the resolution was ruled out of order.

A few days before the final adjournment of the Legislature, the Speaker found it convenient to allow that a quo-

rum was not necessary for the reception of reports from committees, and messages from the Senate, and from the Governor, whereupon Mr. Hanna, a lawyer of some acuteness, though the most unscrupulous of partisans, asked if this ruling would not conflict with the ruling of the House in regard to the Governor's annual message. The Speaker, again with the supple wisdom of Tittlebat, decided that it would not.

The majority was in haste to assail the negro, and having once got a gripe, was as tenacious of its hold as a sleuth-hound. As early as January 13, Mr. Cobb, Senator from Lawrence, introduced a resolution condemning the course of the National Executive and Congress on the slavery question, and in connection with it a resolution charging a change of the object of the war on the part of the leaders of the administration party. The last was a loop-hole for the escape back into Democracy of pro-slavery men who, carried away by the national tide of enthusiasm, had supported the war in the beginning. On the fifteenth Mr. Burton, of Sullivan, in the House, offered a resolution "pledging that while the President persists in his abolition policy Indiana will not contribute another dollar or man toward the unholy war."

On the twenty-seventh Mr. Holcomb, of Gibson, read a joint resolution, instructing our Congressmen not to vote to pay for slaves emancipated anywhere, and to oppose the proclamation, and requesting our Senators to resign if they do not intend to carry out these instructions.

February 10, Mr. Cobb reported back, from the Committee on Federal Relations, a joint resolution proposed by himself, instructing Indiana Congressmen to vote against the bill to raise negro soldiers. He maintained that the proposition to raise an army of one hundred and fifty thousand negroes was designed to interfere with slavery, and was an attempt to make negroes the equals of whites.

Mr. March, Senator from Delaware and Blackford, could not understand why, in time of war, when other things were being trampled down, slavery should be held sacred. He would not touch the property of loyal slaveholders, and was not for prosecuting the war simply to destroy slavery, but if,

during the war, slavery received a side blow, those Rebels, who were the sufferers, should not receive sympathy from loyal men.

Mr. Claypool, Senator from Fayette and Union, moved the following amendment: "And that they use their influence in favor of the passage of any and all measures looking to a vigorous prosecution of the war for the maintenance of the Union, the enforcement of the laws, and the suppression of the rebellion."

Mr. Ray, Senator from Shelby and Hancock, moved to amend the amendment so as to add: "And with the distinct understanding that the war shall be prosecuted only for the purpose of crushing out rebellion, restoring the Union, maintaining the Constitution, enforcing the laws and securing American liberty, and not for any sectional, political or anti-slavery purpose."

Mr. Wolfe, Senator from Washington and Harrison, moved to further amend by the addition of: "*And provided*, That it shall be the duty of the President to immediately withdraw the Emancipation Proclamation."

Mr. Douglass, of Huntington and Whitley, moved further to amend so as to add: "*And provided further*, That if the propositions made by the Legislatures of the different States failed to effect an honorable settlement or compromise between the Federal Government and the seceded States."

Mr. Ray said that if the Proclamation had been issued by the President as a civil officer, it was a usurpation; and if as a military officer, it was nugatory. It had proved to be detrimental to the army, had diverted the war from its original object, had strengthened and nerved Rebel armies, and had created divisions in the North; it had no legal efficacy, and no power beyond the lines of the Federal army, where it was not needed. It was ineffectual in every sense, except to stir up strife in the North and to strengthen the Rebels.

Mr. Cobb gave it as his opinion that, if the Rebels were to lay down their arms, peace would not follow as long as this Proclamation remained in force. It was a barrier to all settlement. It was intended to increase the horrors of war.

Its effect was to set at liberty three million slaves, to be allowed to roam about, and to swarm into our State in violation of the thirteenth article of the constitution. The war debt would be heavy, and we could not expect Southern men to pay their portion, if we took away their vast resources. The bill before Congress, providing for arming negroes, had a tendency to encourage negro equality. Negro officers and soldiers were placed on an equality with white officers and soldiers on the battle-field and in the camp. Such a course was an admission that white men could not prosecute the war without the aid of the black race.

Mr. Wolfe was in favor of bringing the war to a speedy conclusion in a constitutional and legitimate way, unless the Federal administration abandons its emancipation policy. The South could never be subdued as long as war was the only remedy. He would be governed by that policy which would save the country, not by that which would most severely punish the Rebels. The country could not stand another year of this anti-slavery war without bankruptcy.

Mr. Dunning asserted that the Emancipation Proclamation had destroyed the Union sentiment at the South. He thought it was ill-timed, unwise, impolitic and injurious; he did not believe it would free a single slave, and declared himself unable to find any clause in the constitution granting power to the President to take private property for public use without compensation.

Mr. Brown, of Wells, capped these deliberations, the puerility of which almost disguises their maliciousness, by declaring that he would rather see the country fall than saved by the hands of negroes.

He and all his party were very like the Spanish king who roasted to death rather than have the fire in his front put out, or his chair moved back by other than the hands prescribed by court etiquette. However, it was not himself, but his country, which Mr. Brown was willing should be reduced to ashes.

On the other hand, Mr. Brown, of Randolph, considered that if it was not unconstitutional to deprive Rebels of life, it certainly was not to take their property.

Mr. Mellet, of Henry, declared that the war ought to be prosecuted, or it ought not; and if it ought to be prosecuted, it should be done without conditions.

Mr. March said: "If the statements of those who attacked the Proclamation were correct, they were fighting a man of straw, for they have declared it was a nullity. They admitted that a military commander had a right to do what the President attempted to effect. The Proclamation was nothing but a military order from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It has been detrimental to the army only in the imagination of Senators and in the wishes of Northern traitors."

Mr. Claypool was assured that if the Democratic party would come forward and unite for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and agree to favor the further increase of white soldiers, there would be no use for negro soldiers. But if they failed to do this, he was in favor of arming negroes. For his part, he would rather fight by the side of a loyal negro than by the side of the whitest Democratic traitor in the country.

Mr. Murray, of Elkhart and Lagrange, was convinced that Mr. Cobb's resolutions, if adopted, would add to the excitement existing in our State, and increase the divisions in the North. Legislators ought to do nothing to fan the flames. The blacks were as much bound to fight for their country now, as when they aided Jackson at New Orleans. Mr. Lincoln had for two years prosecuted the war on border State principles. He had made Fremont, Phelps, Hunter, Lane and Cameron withdraw their proclamations and expressions in favor of arming negroes. He had now determined on a different policy, and until this policy had been tried, he was not for asking him to change.

All amendments were voted down. The resolution passed by twenty-eight votes to fifteen.

The negro was on the tapis in another form. The devastation of town and country in the South forced thousands of wretches toward the North. They toiled wearily to the Ohio river, and looked to its northern shore for shelter and protection. It might be supposed that the mute appeal of home-

less, helpless, harmless wanderers would be irresistible to statesmen of the present day; that they would feel a noble pleasure in softening and enlarging the sympathies of their fellow-citizens. He who could indulge so wild a fancy did not know the Democrats of the Indiana Legislature of 1863. They delighted in playing upon vulgar prejudices, in striking the down trodden, in barring and double-locking the doors of Indiana. They presented, without shame, petitions from their constituents praying the Legislature to enforce the thirteenth article of the Constitution, an article which forbids negro emigration, and which, though it violates the Constitution of the United States, was apparently dearer to the Democratic party than all the Constitution besides. They carefully prepared and brought forward resolutions and propositions to make the article more stringent, declaring negro emigration a contempt for the Constitution and a felony; requiring all negroes and mulattoes to present themselves for registry to the Clerk of Circuit Court; pronouncing null and void all contracts with negroes or mulattoes who had come into Indiana since October, 1851, or who would hereafter come; imposing a fine of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars on negro emigrants or on whites, who should know without revealing that another afforded protection to a negro or mulatto fugitive, and any white who permits a negro to remain at his house or on his premises to be regarded as sufficient evidence against such person.

Days and days were passed in debate of a bill to the above purport. The staunch Republicans opposed it with the plain arguments of justice and humanity. At length, Mr. Claypool proposed the following amendment: "It seems to be," he said, "modeled after the dog law, and in order to make it assimilate nearer, I move to recommit with instructions to amend so as to provide that it shall be lawful to kill all negroes running at large after the first day of July, 1863, without being licensed under this act."

The bill passed, though without the amendment. If the latter had proceeded from Mr. Cobb or Mr. Wolfe, there is no reason to suppose it would have been unacceptable.

Such was the reputation of the Indiana Legislature abroad that Mr. Claypool's amendment was taken as a bona fide proposition. The *New York Evening Post*, commenting on the bill, said: "A Copperhead named Claypool made a speech upon it, saying that it should be made to read like the dog law; that all negroes found at large without a license or a collar on their necks, should be killed." And the *Nashville Union* gave its opinion that: "Claypool (Mudhole) is one of the fellows who believe that slavery was ordained by the good Father of the human family to Christianize the negro."

Not satisfied with snarling at the negro soldier, and kicking out the negro refugee, the Democrats fell foul of the old, tax-paying negro citizen, who claimed for his children the benefit of the public schools.

Compromise! Armistice! National Convention! were rallying cries which drew to their feet and to the van of their forces the leaders of the majority. A proposition for a national convention in July, and for an armistice from April to August, was warmly supported, as was also a resolution that: "No plan, overture or proposition for a compromise coming from any section or State be considered humiliating or dishonorable, but be hailed with gladness, pledging to the seceded States a liberal compromise and additional safeguards for their rights." Assertions that only compromise could secure peace, and that it would be better to *let the Rebels go* than to continue the war, were received with approval.

Nashville having been designated in a joint resolution before the Senate as a favorable point for the Peace Convention, one Republican proposed Richmond instead, and another suggested "the suburbs of Charleston, as near to the city as circumstances will allow, and that Jeff. Davis be requested to furnish an escort and guard for the occasion; also, to notify this Legislature at an early day of his willingness to furnish said escort and guard."

The shot fell harmless. The majority was as impervious to ridicule as it was to reason.

January 27, Mr. Wolfe introduced a series of resolutions which, as usual with that gentleman's resolutions, (his name seemed to designate his nature) outraged common humanity, if not common sense. It is as follows:

"WHEREAS, The present civil war, into which the people have been forced by the wicked and fanatical factions North and South, is detrimental to the best interests of the country, and of mankind, and a reproach upon the civilization of the age, filling the land with widows and orphans, and mourning households; bankrupting the Government, and oppressing the people with taxation beyond their ability to bear; destroying the productive industry of the laboring man, and filling the coffers of the wealthy; filling the northern section of the Union with a vagabond and servile race to compete with or prey upon the industry of the white man; imposing unequal burdens and commercial restrictions upon the different portions of the North, thereby increasing the danger and the evil of further disintegration; sapping the foundation of religion, morality and public virtue; corrupting our rulers by an increase of political patronage; destroying personal liberty under the tyrant's plea of necessity, and obliterating from the hearts of the people the spirit of nationality and brotherhood, which is the only sure bond of union; and

"WHEREAS, Experience has taught the costly and bloody lesson that war alone is no remedy for the evil of disunion, but when waged in the spirit of sectional hatred, for an unconstitutional purpose, or in a manner not sanctioned by the laws of civilized warfare, it is the strongest ally of disunion, and if persisted in will result, not only in the bankruptcy of the nation and the impoverishment of the people, but also in a final separation of the different sections, and the destruction of our admirable form of free government; and

"WHEREAS, The people of Indiana are desirous that no effort which inspires a reasonable hope of success in restoring the Union as it was, under the Constitution, shall be omitted; and being solemnly impressed with the conviction that arms alone, under the recent and present policy of the Cabinet at Washington, will never accomplish that desirable object; and invoking the prayers of all good men, and the smiles of

a God of Peace in the furtherance of our patriotic purpose; therefore,

"*Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana:* First. That while we continue to obey every constitutional requisition which true patriotism shall demand, for the purpose of restoring the Union and preserving our constitutional liberty, yet we are opposed to a war for the liberation of the slaves, and while that policy is maintained by the Administration, the highest dictates of patriotism impel us to withhold from it our support, believing that the war for that purpose is unconstitutional, and if persisted in, will lead to the inevitable and lasting destruction of the Union.

"Second. That no Union can be maintained in this country until fanaticism on the negro question, North and South, is eradicated, and the doctrine of Popular State Sovereignty is acknowledged as a fundamental axiom of the Government. The people of the North must yield up the heresy of Abolitionism, or else yield up the blessings of the Union. Abolitionism and the Union are incompatible; the one or the other must triumph. A war for Abolitionism is a war against the Union; a war for the Union is a war against Abolitionism. Abolitionism is moral treason, and but for the forms of law with which it is clothed by the Administration, is actual legal treason. No patriot can be an Abolitionist.

"Third. That the interests of the white race as well as the black, demand that the condition and locality of the latter should not be interfered with; and war, or legislation, or Presidential proclamations to accomplish the purpose of the negroes' freedom and consequent migration to the North, are acts of flagrant violations of the constitution, and in wicked disregard of the people's voice and the best interests of the country, and all such acts ought to be constitutionally resisted by an outraged people.

"Fourth. That President Lincoln's scheme of "Compensated Emancipation," which proposes to tax the people of Indiana to liberate the slaves of the South, is unconstitutional, and a monstrous iniquity, which a tax-ridden and overburdened people will not submit to. The freemen of Indiana will not consent to impoverish themselves and their

families to carry out that insane and wicked policy, but will resist it by every means in their power.

"Fifth. That the system of arbitrary arrests, and the wanton disregard of the Great Writ of Liberty, commonly called the *habeas corpus*, by the Cabinet at Washington, are acts of tyranny and usurpation, justly alarming to a free people, against which the State of Indiana protests with indignation; and in the name of constitutional liberty she demands that the accursed system shall cease within her borders; and we declare the unalterable determination of the people to maintain the liberty of speech, the liberty of the press, the right to the writ of *habeas corpus* and speedy trial by jury at every hazard of blood and treasure.

"Sixth. That the State of Indiana, on account of her devotion to the Union, and geographical position and commercial interests, never will consent to any settlement upon a basis of disunion or a policy which shall separate her from the States bordering on the Mississippi river. Her highest interest demands the perpetuation of the Union, and especially that the great valley of the Mississippi, from its source to its mouth, shall remain under one government and one flag.

"Seventh. That the war in which we are engaged ought to cease as soon as it can be brought to an honorable and satisfactory termination; and upon that subject, the people, who are bearing its burdens, have a right to speak. Therefore, our Senators in Congress are instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all the power and influence of their positions, by bill, resolution, or otherwise, to accomplish the following objects, namely: First. To procure an armistice of at least six months between the Federal and Confederate armies, for the purpose of testing the possibility of a permanent peace on the basis of the Union. Second. To pass a law calling a convention of all the States, composed of delegates freely chosen by the people, to take into consideration the state of the country, and to devise some plan of settlement, to be submitted to the vote of the people, North and South, by which the Union shall be preserved and the country restored to a lasting peace.

"Eighth. That the Governor be directed to transmit a certified copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be laid before their respective bodies, and to the Governor of each of the States, to be by them laid before their respective Legislatures."

Mr. Brown, of Wells, followed with resolutions demanding, in the name of the people of the State of Indiana, the establishment of an armistice, in order that a convention of all the States might be held, demanding of Congress the appointment of such convention; in the failure of that body to respond to the demand, inviting each and every State in the Federal Union, including the so-called Confederate States, to meet delegates from Indiana in convention at Nashville, Tennessee, the first day of June, 1863, each State to send as many delegates as would equal the number of Congressmen; appointing the first Monday in April for the election of thirteen delegates from Indiana; allowing "a generous per diem and mileage" to be drawn from the State Treasury, and ordering Governor Morton to transmit a copy of the Resolutions to the President and the Congress of the United States, and to the Governors and Legislatures of all the States, including the Confederate States.

Contemplating, as these Resolutions did, the action of Indiana independent of, and in opposition to, the National Government, they virtually declared for Secession. But their passage was not immediately forced.

A bill creating an Executive Council or Military Board, to consist of the Auditor, Treasurer, Secretary and Attorney General of State, making the signature of a majority necessary to the legality of any action on the part of the Governor; and a bill to repeal so much of the charter of Indianapolis as authorizes the establishment of a city police, and to create a board to be elected by the Legislature to appoint and control the police of the city, were cunningly devised measures to give the State and City over to Secession, as a police elected by the Legislature would be solidly Democratic; and of the four State officers proposed for the Mili-

tary Board, three, from their bitterly partisan character, were suspected to be members of a secret treasonable society.

At a later period, the worst suspicions in regard to the character of these men were confirmed. In the summer of 1864, in the office of Daniel W. Voorhees, Senator in Congress, a letter from Mr. Ristine, the Auditor, was discovered, of which the following paragraph is an extract:

"The successful resistance of the South I regard as the only safety of us of the North. Should she be overwhelmed, woe betide us who have dared oppose the policy of the Administration.

"Daniel, a Democrat of the North who dares to oppose the policy of the present leaders, is as much hated as those of the South, and I look upon this war as much and more a war upon the Democracy than anything else."

This letter was written in 1861, four months after the war began. Mr. Ristine, who desired the *successful resistance* of the South—in other words, the defeat of the Union arms, the slaying of Union soldiers—and the like of Mr. Ristine, were, by the provisions of this bill, to bind the hands of Governor Morton.

However, both the bills were laid aside, ostensibly in deference to the storm of indignation roused by their high-handed and revolutionary character; in reality to be reproduced at a future day, as an offset to resolutions for appropriations necessary to carry on the Government.

Rumors of the existence and rapid growth of a secret society, the object of which was to undermine the Government, at first the mere breath of suspicion, gradually acquiring form and force, and at length confirmed by the grand jury of one of the United States courts, produced, in the winter of '62 and '63, a wide-spread and intense distrust. At an early period in the session of the Legislature, the subject was brought up in the House, Mr. Cason, Representative from Boone and Hendricks, proposing the appointment of a committee of five to investigate the existence of a secret political organization which purposed encouraging the Southern Confederacy and forming a North-Western Confederacy. The Resolution was voted down by a strict party vote.

In a few days, the Republicans returned to the charge, Mr. Gregory, Representative from Warren, proposing to appoint a committee of seven to inquire into the existence of a secret political society in the interest of the Rebellion. During the ensuing discussion, Mr. Buskirk declared: "We (Democrats) are a band of brothers. We vote together, act together, think together, and we expect to do so as long as we remain. Even in measures I do not endorse, I will go with my party." He asserted that he knew of secret political organizations, all over the State, in favor of the party in power, and he desired that these should be included in the investigation, adding, "If you kill our dogs, we will kill your cats."

Mr. Brown, of Jackson, equally regardless of propriety, declared that "the charge was a lying assertion of the foul Abolition party. He was opposed to Abolition testimony, and would take none but Democratic testimony in regard to the designs of secret societies." The Resolution was tabled by a strict party vote.

The Democrats were profuse in professions of gratitude and in expressions of approval to the soldier. They desired that he be paid in gold, even at the cost of national bankruptcy; they were anxious that he be saved from the inhumanity of surgeons; they lauded the private at the expense of the officer; considered an orderly the most important and the most abused officer in a company, proposed advancing his pay, and that of all inferior to him, and lowering the wages of superiors, and repeatedly passed resolutions of thanks and willingness to do honor to the fallen, either in monumental marble or a published enrollment. When put to the test, however, their honors proved to be exceedingly empty.

Mr. Packard proposed to appoint a committee of five to collect statistics and prepare a roll of honor to commemorate the Indiana soldiers who had fallen or died in the service. Upon which Mr. Lamb, of Switzerland, offered the following amendment:

"*Resolved, further*, That the sacred cause in which they fell (the preservation of the Union), shall never be given up,

but shall be maintained at whatever cost of blood and treasure; that their graves shall never be desecrated by traitors' feet; and the flag in defense of which they fell shall never be withdrawn from the soil that holds their patriotic dust."

This resolution was laid on the table by a party vote.

During the discussion to which the Resolutions gave rise, Mr. Packard desired to have it understood, that while he would enroll the names of all soldiers, he would thank only Democrats.

Mr. Cason introduced a joint resolution in reference to allowing Indiana soldiers to vote at the annual State and County elections. It was referred to the committee on elections, and by that committee was reported back to the House with a recommendation from the majority that it be laid on the table, and from the minority, that it be passed. It was then referred to the committee on judiciary, which returned it, reporting against the constitutionality of any law authorizing soldiers to vote out of the township where they reside, and with the recommendation that it be laid on the table. It was accordingly tabled.

Mr. Anderson, of St. Joseph, introduced the subject again, but with the same result.

The policy of traducing faithful public officers, both by open denunciation and by innuendo, was unvaryingly pursued. One regretted that President Lincoln and Governor Morton had lost all regard for the white race of the North, and had turned their attention to the black race. Another knew that Governor Morton was not only reckless of expense, but was guilty of frauds. Mr. Brown, of Jackson, "would allow the Governor to be a member of a Military Board, provided there were enough honest men on it to control it."

"I could have made myself as popular as Governor Morton," said Mr. Brown, of Wells, during a debate on the propriety of acknowledging the kindness of the Governor to sick and wounded soldiers, "if I had had control over the hundred thousand dollars appropriated by the last Legislature to the incidental expense fund."

"I regard Lincoln and Morton as despots and tyrants, worse than those of Austria," declared Mr. Packard.

Mr. Packard, and Mr. Brown, of Jackson, distinguished themselves by the agility with which they gained, and the persistence with which they retained the floor. This, their main strength or weakness, depending on the point of view from which it is regarded, was the occasion of the following lampoon which appeared, to the amusement of Indianapolis, in the *Daily Journal:*

"Brown and Packard, Packard and Brown,
One is up, and the other is down.
One is nothing when t'other ain't there;
The other is nothing anywhere.
Each is only a part of the other,
Yet each is as much as both together.
Nothing from nothing, nothing'll remain,
Nothing to nothing, the result's the same."

These gentlemen both had classic names. Mr. Packard's was Marcus Aurelius Orestes, and Mr. Brown's Jason. The last was explained in a newspaper squib as the consequence of a parental presentiment that he would one day go out for wool, and come home shorn.

Democrats found countless opportunities to drag into notice causes for dissatisfaction. They groaned under the weight of taxes, and under the pressure of New England—a pressure which, they declared, was grinding the North-west to dust. They were especially disturbed by an alleged deficiency in the number of volunteers from Massachusetts. They called Union men Abolitionists, using the word exactly as prescribed by Beauregard. They accused Abolitionists and preachers of having made the war. They urged that any attempt to commit the Legislature of this State to the support of the war, by threats or otherwise, be treated with contempt. They styled the action of the President and military authorities, in making arrests, in attempting to restrain the press, and in the suppression of the writ of *habeas corpus*, "arbitrary, violent, insulting and degrading to a degree unknown to any government on earth, except those avowedly and notoriously cruel and despotic," while there had not occurred a single arrest except for crime against the Government. They dwelt with undisguised satisfaction on their

doubts as to the continuance of the Union. Mr. Lasselle, of Cass county, did "not know whether we were to have the Union of our fathers or not—whether, in six months hence, the Government would be a Government of the whole or of a portion of the Union, nor what portion Indiana would belong to."

Mr. Niblack, a very prudent man, looked to a revision of the United States Constitution.

The Indiana soldier, facing the enemy in the field, beheld this war in his rear with profound surprise and uneasiness, and at length with loudly expressed indignation.

In the Army of the Cumberland, twenty-two Indiana regiments and four batteries—all which were not absent on detached service—recommended the following resolutions for the adoption of the Legislature:

"First. That we are unconditionally and determinedly in favor of the preservation of the Union.

"Second. That in order to the preservation of the Union, we are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war.

"Third. That we will sustain our State and Federal authorities, with money and supplies, in all their efforts to sustain the Union and prosecute the war.

"Fourth. That we will discountenance every faction and influence tending to create animosities at home or to afford consolation and hope to our enemies in arms; and that we will co-operate only with those who will stand by the Union, and by those who are fighting the battles of the Union.

"Fifth. That we tender to Governor Morton the thanks of his grateful friends in the army for his extraordinary efforts in their behalf, and assure him that neither time nor the corrupting influence of party spite shall ever estrange the soldier from the 'soldier's friend.'"

Accompanying the resolutions, as sent to the Legislature, was a memorial to the effect that officers and soldiers cheerfully submitted to a policy which denied them a voice in the election; that they approved the wisdom which secured the civil from the influence of the military power, but that they felt compelled to petition the Legislature to refrain from political discussions, to disapprove a compromise, to give the

war a hearty support, to pour out the treasures of the State, as the soldiers had poured out their blood, to sacrifice everything except liberty and political equality, to national interests, to strengthen every department of the Government, to sustain all officers of the State and General Government in their efforts to subdue the Rebellion, and especially to sustain and encourage Governor Morton.

The same soldiers addressed the citizens of Indiana, entreating them to believe that only a vigorous prosecution of the war could cause its speedy termination; urging them to support the Governor and the President, and to avoid strengthening their party by weakening their country.

The Thirty-Third and Eighty-Fifth regiments, at Brentwood, Tennessee, in the form of a memorial, cast a defiance in the teeth of the Legislature:

"Whereas, A portion of the Legislature of the State of Indiana has, at its present session, by a series of acts and resolutions, shown a manifest intention to embarrass the Federal Government in the prosecution of the war by propositions for an armistice, and to take the conduct of the war from Governor Morton, and place it in the hands of those who avow themselves in favor of a North-Western Confederacy, which propositions can have no other effect than to give aid and encouragement to the enemies of our Government, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we, as citizens of Indiana, do unqualifiedly condemn such acts and proceedings of our Legislature, and all other acts having in view the settlement of the present controversy in any other way than the return of the rebellious States to their allegiance to the Federal Government, and that to secure this end we favor a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that we stand ready at the call of the Government to go home, if necessary, and crush out all treasonable combinations which defame the fair name of Indiana.

"That Indiana has been our watch-word and rallying cry, a sufficient incentive to arouse every energy and inspire every heart to the most vigorous efforts, until that infamous Legislature took advantage of the absence of the soldier and patriot to steal into power and clog the wheels of the Government,

by discouraging enlistments, encouraging desertions and repudiating taxation, thereby refusing to pay us the small pittance allowed us.

"That the civil officer who takes part in the encouragement of the Rebellion, should be driven from his post and from the community in which he lives; and that measures should be taken at once to fill the vacancy with a loyal man, without respect to party.

"That we hold it to be right and proper that volunteers should vote for every civil officer, at all legal elections in our State, and that the language of the Constitution providing for a vote in the township in which the voter resides, does not apply to a state of civil war, when, necessarily, one-half of the voters are abroad from their residences, and unless allowed to vote in camp, will thus be deprived of the priceless and inalienable right of self-government.

"That in this great emergency in our country's life we demand the right to vote as well as fight, and call upon our rulers at home to place this inestimable prize at once within our reach. We do not cease to be citizens because we are soldiers. We have not laid down the right to rule because we have sworn to obey.

"That, in our opinion, the factious opposition shown by a portion of the Northern people to the Federal and State Governments in the proceedings of their Representatives in the Legislature, the editorial articles of their newspapers, and the sentiments expressed by their newspapers, is intended to and does have the direct effect to encourage our enemies to hold out and prolong this war in hopes of seeing the North so divided that our armies will fall an easy prey to their united exertions. And so believing, we hereby pledge ourselves each to the other, that if this course is persisted in, we will hold the men so engaged as our mortal enemies."

The Indiana regiments at Helena addressed to the Legislature a letter full of the sturdiest patriotism.

"Do not place one straw in the way. Remember that every word you speak to encourage the South, nerves the arm which aims at the heart's blood of our brothers and kindred,"

JAMES B. BLACK,

BREV. MAJ. GEN

wrote General Hovey, Colonels Spicely, McLean, McGinnis and Slack.

General Milroy and his officers in West Virginia warmly remonstrated.

The Twenty-Seventh regiment recommended Governor Morton to punish traitors in the Legislature, and expressed its willingness to come home and assist him.

No body of Indiana troops failed to remonstrate and to signify emphatically their disapproval of the course of the Legislature.

General Rosecrans also wrote to the Legislature, "throwing all the weight of his name and fame against the Copperheads."

The majority in the Legislature was sorely offended and was not rendered less factious by these proceedings. One, trembling with rage, thought "it was high time to know if there was a Cromwell at the doors." Another, Mr. Wolfe, insisted on reducing the pay of the "shoulder-strapped gentry, who, instead of attending to their legitimate business, were holding political meetings and passing resolutions condemning the free Representatives of the people. Perhaps they would then mind their own business." He called their course infamous and insulting, and declared that it was instigated by Governor Morton and his minions.

After a series of angry debates, the "whole batch," to use the elegant language of the Senator from Clay and Putnam, was rejected. Nevertheless, an apology, full of insinuating flatteries, was addressed to the soldiers.

Governor Morton was regarded as the head and front of this vexatious interference, and was opposed with increased animosity, if that were possible.

According to our Constitution, the Governor is Commander-in-Chief of the military forces. He may call them out to execute the laws, to suppress insurrection, and to repel invasion. He has authority to commission all militia officers, issuing commissions in the name of the State, signing them with his own name, and sealing them with the State seal. It is his duty to appoint the Adjutant, Quartermaster

and Commissary Generals. The Indiana Legion can be called into existence and continued by him, every county being required to give bond, to be approved by the County Auditor, for the safe keeping and return of all arms, accoutrements and munitions, and the counties being held liable to the State for all arms distributed.

On the seventeenth of February, Mr. Hanna introduced into the House a bill which, at one fell blow, would revolutionize the Government of the State of Indiana. It included the provisions of the Military Board bill, which, earlier in the session, had excited in the adherents of the Government the most serious apprehensions, and which had been laid aside with private assurances from potent individuals that it should not again be brought up. According to its provisions the Auditor, Secretary, Treasurer and Attorney General of State were to have the arms of the State in their custody, and were to be endowed with authority to bestow upon militia officers,—a Major General and Brigadier Generals,—certificates, which, in the event of the Governor's refusing commissions, were to be of equal authority. The Major General, so certificated, was to select his own staff, which should perform the duties and have the powers now appertaining to the departments of the Adjutant, Quartermaster and Commissary Generals. The Indiana Legion was to be disarmed and dissolved, and all commissions previously issued to its officers to be rendered null and void. Arms were to be given out on the requisition of the Brigadier Generals, and without bond or security for their preservation or return.

Thus while the bill showed a faint semblance of respect for the Constitution by suffering the Governor to retain the title of Commander-in-Chief, and by allowing his staff to continue in ostensible existence, it robbed both Governor and staff of every vestige of military authority, and, in its true and manifest purport, defied the State and National Governments.

Governor Morton, in his message, had urged immediate appropriations for the relief of soldiers' families, for the satisfaction of military claims to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, due from the State, and approved by

the auditing committee, for the payment of a large debt to assist surgeons who had been sent to the field at various times, and who had rendered invaluable services; and for the payment of officers and men of the Indiana Legion for repelling invasion, and protecting the border. But these things had all been sedulously deferred, as had also appropriations for the support of the arsenal; for sick and wounded soldiers in the field; and for the advance of soldiers' pay, due and in arrear from the General Government, though it had been shown by the Governor that this advance could be made with little or no loss to the State. Even the usual appropriations for the support of the State Institutions, the Hospital for the Insane, the Institute for the Blind, and the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, had been withheld. No money had been allowed for the support of the penitentiaries, and the Northern prison was now deeply in debt. The Indiana Legion had received no pay since the beginning of the war, while the Southern border was constantly disturbed by the danger of invasion. The only fund for contingent military expenses, including the care and relief of the sick and wounded, was a small remnant of the appropriation made in 1861. For the civil contingent expenses of the Executive Department there was no provision whatever.

The single appropriation which had been made was for legislative expenses at the opening of the session. The sum so hastily appropriated was seventy-five thousand dollars, more than double the amount of any former sum devoted to the purpose.

Affairs were in this unfinished and chaotic condition when, on the twenty-fifth of February, but nine legislative days remaining, the military bill was pressed to its engrossment, all amendments and substitutes having been voted down, all reference to committees refused, and all debate cut off. To make assurance doubly sure, and coolly calculating on the desperation of the perplexed and harrassed minority, the Democrats held behind the bill, and tantalizingly displayed as dependent upon it, all the so earnestly desired appropriations. Behind it also they held, in shadow Brown's resolutions in favor of secession, Wolfe's demanding an armistice,

and Niblack's depriving Indianapolis of control over its own police.

In the ordinary course of events the passage of the bill was inevitable, and with it war in Indiana; for though so open a violation of the Constitution might and must be referred to the civil courts, the law's slow delay would allow of ruinous action. In any event a legal decision, coming early or late, would be no more binding to the Democratic party than were to Samson the withes of the Philistines.

Driven by the terrible alternative of Revolution, the minority in the House accepted the last resort, and withdrew, thus breaking a quorum.

It was fresh in the memory of all, that twice in the previous regular session, also in 1857 and in 1855, the Democrats had bolted on comparatively insignificant questions. But the majority, standing as it always stood, on the platform of self, was not the less exasperated. It angrily debated the propriety of arresting the absentees, but at length concluded to go home, and "bring about such a storm as would force the Governor to call an extra session," Mr. Buskirk complacently suggesting, that "in a very short time we should have nothing of a government left, except what we had in Indiana, and that it therefore behooved Democrats to keep the State Government in its pristine strength."

The Legislature adjourned on the ninth of March, after a session of fifty-nine days. Its departure was the lifting of an incubus. Governor Morton immediately consulted the Auditor and Treasurer of State, with the hope of obtaining from the Treasury money for the most pressing necessities. Those officers promptly decided that not a single dollar, in the absence of Legislative appropriations, should be drawn from the public funds. Governor Morton then appealed to the loyal people of the State. He also applied to the President for an advance, under an appropriation made by Congress, in July, 1861, of two hundred thousand dollars, partly for the purpose of providing arms for loyal citizens of States which were threatened by Rebellion. Both appeals received a cordial response. The President advanced two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Counties, railroad companies,

private individuals and one bank, knowing that he had not the *right* to borrow the money, but relying on the action of the Legislature in some future session, made a further and ample supply. "Thus," said Governor Morton, in after days narrating the events of 1863, "thus the danger passed by, and the government of the State went on."

The Democratic party, not content with its action in the Legislature, was exceedingly busy in every corner of the State. Such a multitude of private letters were written to soldiers urging desertion and promising protection from arrest, and so productive were these letters of evil, that the army at one period sent back a counter-current of cowards almost equal in weight and volume with the stream of recruits. In the single month of December, 1862, more than two thousand deserters were returned to the field through Indianapolis alone. Robert Walpole, an active Democratic lawyer, boasted that he had aided five hundred soldiers to escape. Treasonable books and documents were sent in great numbers to the army, and were scattered over the country.

The contemptuous nicknames *Butternut* and *Copperhead* were insolently adopted; ornaments made of that much abused nut, and of heads cut from copper coin being ostentatiously worn, and by women as well as men. Influential speakers threatened the Government with the anger of the people, and strove to rouse the people to wrath and riot by painfully depicting their wrongs. Daniel W. Voorhees, member of Congress from the Seventh District, on the twenty-third of February, 1863, uttered in Congress, during a debate on the Conscript bill, the following mischievous language: "You seek to establish a despotism by this bill, in order to fill the ranks of the army by force. Go back to the Constitution, as you value your lives; cease, as you value the peace of the country; cease, as you dread the lurid flames of civil war, at your own households; cease these infractions of the American's birthright, the Constitution. Dare no more to lay your hands on the white man's liberty. Go no further in the line of policy which you have attempted. I say to you, gentlemen, that, as the Lord God

reigns in Heaven, you cannot go on with your system of provost marshals and police officials, arresting free white men for what they conceive to be their duty within the plain provisions of the Constitution, and *maintain peace in the loyal States.* BLOOD WILL FLOW. You cannot and you shall not forge fetters on our limbs without a struggle for the mastery."

Senator Hendricks proclaimed similar sentiments, and plainly suggested the formation of a North-Western Confederacy. Political meetings throughout Indiana endorsed and published rebellious principles. In January, 1863, conventions in Carroll, Brown, Lawrence, Stark, Rush, DeKalb, Martin and Scott counties adopted resolutions opposed to the war and the President's Proclamation, and in favor of an armistice, compromise and amnesty to Rebels. In February, at a festival given to Senator Hendricks in Shelby county, the Administration, arbitrary arrests, emancipation, conscription and the war were denounced, and Hendricks, while speaking on the subject of volunteering, said: "Not intending to enter the Union army myself, I never asked any one else to do so." Also, in February, the counties of Greene, Putnam, Jackson and DeKalb published revolutionary resolutions. In March, the Democratic club of Indianapolis demanded a State convention because "the Legislature had failed to protect the citizens against the tyranny of the administration," and declared in favor of a cessation of hostilities.

A political meeting in Warren county opposed the conscription and the administration. The Tenth and Eleventh districts, in convention at Fort Wayne, arraigned the administration as tyrannical, and proposed revolution as a last resort. The Democracy of Wayne county met at Cambridge City and resolved:

First. That the further prosecution of this war will result in the overthrow of the Constitution, in the overthrow of civil liberty, in the elevation of the black man and the degredation of the white man in the social and political status of the country.

Second. In favor of an armistice and National Convention of all the States.

Third. Denouncing the clergy in the following language:

"*Resolved*, That the majority of the clergy for the past two years, are the devil's select and inspired representatives, preaching envy, malice, hate, vengeance, blood and murder, instead of love, charity, christianity, and the doctrines of Christ, and they therefore receive our unqualified and indignant condemnation."

Fourth. Denouncing the Provost Marshal system as an institution unknown to the Constitution, subversive of State Rights, dangerous to liberty, obnoxious to lawful resistance, in conflict with civil jurisdiction, and pregnant with demoralization to society.

"Fifth. That we say to the administration that as the Lord reigns in Heaven, it cannot go on with its Provost Marshals and Police officials, arresting free white men for what they conceive to be their duty within the plain provisions of the Constitution, and maintain peace in the Northern States. *Blood will flow!* They can not and shall not forge fetters for our limbs, without a struggle for the mastery."

June 4, Andrew Humphreys, a member of the Legislature, addressing an approving rabble, represented President Lincoln as an old tyrant and usurper, who wasted treasure and lives, killing forty thousand men a day. In September, the same gentlemen, standing in a wagon-bed, at a picnic in Jackson township, Sullivan county, spoke with much feeling to four hundred armed men of the beauty and necessity of peace, urging Democrats not to hoard their money, and not to spend it in levity, but to use it in preparing for self-defense. After Mr. Humphreys, a stranger from Georgia mounted the wagon, partly to show the crowd how a Rebel looked, to which it responded that he was "a good-looking fellow," partly "to represent to his friends the importance of resisting the present administration at the sacrifice of their means, their families, and themselves if necessary."

In Allen county, in August, a convention declared "the proposed draft for five hundred thousand men the most damnable of all the outrages that have been perpetrated upon the

people by this administration, and further, that the honor, dignity and safety of the people demand that, against ruin and enslavement, they must afford to themselves that protection which usurpation and tyranny deny them."

The *Crawfordsville Review*, taking upon itself the authority of prophesy, declared: "The day is coming when the word *loyalty*, if that day has not already arrived, will be a stench in the nostrils of every honest man."

Many pages might be filled with the disloyal sayings of bad men, but where would be the use?

During the autumn of 1863 the sowers of strife were not without some show of harvest. In Morgan county soldiers arresting deserters were fired on. In Jay county arrested deserters were rescued. In at least nine different counties riots occurred in resistance to the enrollment. Fletcher Freman, an enrolling officer in Sullivan county, was murdered in cold blood a few days after the pic-nic in which Mr. Humphreys and his Georgian friend urged that men should arm themselves to maintain peace. Frank Stevens was killed in Rush county shortly after the Democratic newspaper of Rushville advised enrolling officers to insure their lives before entering on their duties. Captain McCarty was killed in Daviess. Mr. Collins was shot in Terre Haute. In several communities Union men were warned, through anonymous letters, to leave the neighborhood, and their barns, hay stacks and wheat ricks were burned. In Brown county the lives of all Abolitionists who refused to sign a peace memorial were threatened.

That murders were not more numerous and riots were not more extensive, in short, that the seed of rebellion bore little fruit in proportion to the diligence with which it had been scattered, is due to the vigilance and wisdom of our State administration, to the innate honesty of our people, and, above all, to the favor of our God, who rewarded the righteous act of emancipation by the victories of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Port Hudson and Helena, bringing from the blackness of night the beauties of dawn, and advancing it toward the perfect day.

CHAPTER XX.

AFFAIRS AT HOME—*Continued.*

To horse! to horse! the sabres gleam;
High sounds our bugle call;
Combined by honor's sacred tie,
Our word is *Laws and Liberty!*
March forward, one and all!— *War Song—Scott.*

Wednesday, the eighth of July, 1863, at that dusky hour between night and day, when the absent and the dead,—the soldier in his tent and the soldier under the sod,—claim their vacant place at home, the silent city of Indianapolis was startled by the clank of the alarm-bell. No cry of fire followed. Between the strokes was a deathly stillness as if the town were without inhabitants. Then church-bells and fire-bells struck in, and with deafening clamor. Still there was no cry, nor flame, nor smoke, and no answer to the enquiry, "What does it mean?" People streamed from the most distant suburbs toward the centre, after the first unanswered question scarcely speaking. With every square the throngs increased until, before the Bates House, a vast, silent, wondering, alarmed crowd was assembled. Governor Morton stood on the balcony with despatches in his hand. John Morgan had crossed the Ohio, and was in Indiana with four or five thousand horsemen, and with artillery. "It is necessary to organize without delay," added the Governor, "therefore go at once to your wards."

The mass separated as rapidly as it had collected, women back to their homes, men to the school-houses or engine-houses of their wards.

Unexpected as was the intelligence to the people, it had not taken the Governor by surprise. On Saturday, the fourth of July, at noon, General Boyle telegraphed that Gen.

John H. Morgan, with a large force, was marching in the direction of Louisville, and asked that such troops as Morton had in Indianapolis might be sent to him. The Seventy-First regiment, Colonel Biddle, and the Twenty-Third battery, Captain Myers, were forwarded during the afternoon, and arrived at Jeffersonville during the night. Adjutant General Noble went down with them, and ordered out the Clarke county regiment of the Legion, under command of Colonel Wiley. It rendezvoused at Jeffersonville Sunday afternoon. The Seventy-First regiment and Twenty-Third battery crossed over to Louisville, and were sent out on the roads leading into the city.

The Legion of Floyd and Harrison counties was called out. The Floyd regiment arrived in New Albany Sunday afternoon.

Monday General Boyle learned that Morgan was at Salt river, hesitating as to his course, though determined not to approach nearer the city.

So the Legion was sent home after signals had been agreed upon for assembling, in case of sudden need. Tuesday morning scouts reported Morgan falling back in the direction of Elizabethtown.

Tuesday afternoon the Lady Pike, as she was steaming up the river, came to a stop on seeing Rebel troops at Brandenburg, on the Kentucky shore, and in possession of two United States steamers. Without making any investigation as to number, she turned and hastened down to Leavenworth, where she told the news, and shortly after took on board thirty men, Home-Guards, with one gun, under Captain Lyon. She then set off up the river again, but losing courage as she approached the point of danger, she landed the little force three miles below Brandenburg, on the Indiana shore. The gun was dragged by hand two miles, to Mauckport, where two companies of the Sixth regiment of the Legion had hastily collected, under the direction of Major Pfrimmer and Colonel Timberlake. Assisted by this additional force, the Leavenworth men hauled their gun a mile further, and at seven in the morning put it in position on the river bank opposite Brandenburg, which was entirely con-

cealed by a heavy fog. At eight the captured boats, full of Rebels, could be seen through breaks in the fog. Captain Lyon's gun cast a shell across the river, producing such apparent alarm and confusion as to confirm a report that Morgan had not more than two hundred men, and was without artillery.

Very soon the Home-Guards were undeceived. A sharp cannonade opened on them from the southern heights, and two regiments pushed out from the southern shore. A squad of the Guards endeavored to hold the landing, another tried to drag off the gun, and a third attempted to hide the powder. The last succeeded, but the first was beaten back with loss, and the gunners, after having hauled the gun a half mile through mire and brier, were compelled to leave it behind, and attend to their own safety. Four men were killed, one died from exhaustion, and one was mortally wounded.

By this time militiamen were hurrying in from farms, up from Mauckport, and down from Corydon, but there was no use in trying to make a stand on the river, so they fell back on different roads. Major Pfrimmer moved directly northward, skirmishing with Morgan's advance, and joining Colonel Jordan, who was near Corydon with a reinforcement. Jordan extended his command, something less than five hundred men, so as to cover all the roads from the river to Corydon. He then chopped down trees and threw up breastworks, but he was unable to hold his position. Accordingly he withdrew into the town, and surrendered.

Meantime Governor Morton issued a proclamation which roused the State. Although the fields were bending to the harvest, and the country had been so drained of men that women were wielding the sickle and binding the sheaf, no less than sixty-five thousand men tendered their services within forty-eight hours. Twenty thousand reported to rendezvous at Indianapolis alone. On Friday, the tenth, they began pouring into the city along every railroad and turnpike. Within three days thirty thousand men were organized into regiments, and sent into the field. Saturday an order was issued to check further enlisting.

Where Morgan meant to go, nobody pretended to know. What he meant to do, everybody was able to guess. Consequently banks sent their gold, and most of their currency, to New York; the Branch of the State at Indianapolis, during the afternoon of the ninth, cancelled twenty-three thousand dollars of its own issue, and shipped two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in gold and currency; families buried, or otherwise concealed their silver plate; horses were hurried off to the North, and everything that could gratify the cupidity of the raiders was put out of the way.

It was rumored that Morgan desired, above all things, to burn Indianapolis, and that he would have no objection to include Governor Morton in the flames; but whatever might be his wishes, it was soon evident that he had no such determination. It is asserted that before he left Kentucky, his plan was laid to ride through Indiana and Ohio, and to recross the river near Buffington Island; but it is certain that no other course was open to him after he left Corydon, and that he could not have rested forty-eight hours without being overwhelmed.

General Hobson, with cavalry and artillery, which included the Fifth Indiana under Lieutenant Colonel Butler, and the Fifteenth battery under Von Schlen, followed him from the southern part of Kentucky. Nine miles from Brandenburg, his troops halted, while he, with a small escort, pushed on to Rock Haven, to make arrangements with gunboats for a simultaneous night attack. The gunboats were not at hand, and General Hobson went back, reaching his men at one in the morning. He found it impossible to rouse them, so overcome were they with fatigue and sleep; but he started at dawn, and early on the eighth reached the Ohio river. Here he divided his force, sending one portion on gunboats up the river, and keeping the other on the trail of the invaders.

Scouts scoured the river counties. The Legion and Minute Men directed their march toward every point which had attractions for a hungry and angry enemy,—to Jeffersonville, to save the vast Government stores collected at that point, to places on the various railroads to prevent their destruction, and to all the crossings of the Ohio from Mount Vernon be-

yond Lawrenceburg, in order to hinder escape. They were close on him, right and left and rear, and pressing toward his front. He had little time for replenishing purses or wardrobes, or for collecting horses. At Corydon, he levied twenty-one hundred dollars on mills, giving the owners the alternative of fire; his men stole or destroyed everything they could lay their hands on—from horses, of which they captured five hundred in the county, to babies' shoes and women's dresses. By flag of truce, they induced Mr. Glenn, who lived in the suburbs, to come among them, and then killed him, and burned his houses and barns. They killed William Heth, toll-gate keeper, and shot at a number of others. In other places, they committed comparatively few depredations. As they were compelled to live off the country, of course they appropriated all the food they could find along their route. "There is a custom prevailing in Indiana and Ohio," says Basil Duke, Morgan's historian, "which is of admirable assistance to soldiery and should be enccuraged—a practice of baking bread once a week in large quantities. Every house is full of it."

Trotting nineteen or twenty hours of the twenty-four, dodging here and there, breaking into small bands in order to slip through or around large forces, or concentrating to run over small bodies, the Rebels avoided a battle and sped on night and day. From Corydon, they proceeded to Salem, which made unavailing resistance.

"On the morning of the tenth," says the Rebel annalist, "we set out for Salem. Major Webber was ordered to take the advance, and let nothing stop him. He accordingly put his regiment at the head of the column, and struck out briskly. Lieutenant Welsh, of company K, had the extreme advance with twelve men. As he neared Salem, he saw the enemy forming to receive him, and, without hesitation, dashed in among them. The party he attacked was about one hundred and fifty strong, but badly armed and perfectly raw, and he quickly routed them. He pursued as they fled, and soon supported by Captain W. J. Jones' company, drove them pell mell into the town. Here some two or three hundred were collected, but as the Second Kentucky came pouring

upon them, they fled in haste, scattering their guns in the streets. A small swivel used by the younger population of Salem to celebrate Christmas and Fourth of July, had been planted to receive us; about eighteen inches long, it was loaded to the muzzle, and mounted in the public square by being propped against a stick of firewood. It was not fired, however, for the man deputed to perform that important duty, somewhat astounded by the sudden dash into the town, dropped the coal of fire with which he should have touched it off, and before he could get another, the Rebels captured the piece. The shuddering imagination refuses to contemplate the consequences had that swivel been touched off. Major Webber might have had some trouble with this force, which was being rapidly augmented, but for the promptness and vigor of his attack.

"A short halt was made in Salem to feed men and horses, and during that time several railroad bridges were burned. The Provost guard had great difficulty in restraining the men from pillaging, and was unsuccessful in some instances. Major Steele, of the Third Kentucky, had been appointed Provost Marshal of the division, and was assisted by picked officers and men from each of the brigades. Major Steele was a most resolute, vigilant, energetic officer, and yet he found it impossible to stop a practice which neither company nor regimental officers were able to aid him in suppressing. This disposition for wholesale plunder exceeded any thing that any of us had ever seen before. The men seemed actuated by a desire to 'pay off' in the 'enemy's country' all scores that the Federal army had chalked up in the South. The great cause for apprehension, which our situation might have inspired, seemed only to make them reckless."

Ignorant of Morgan's arrival, a company of the Washington county Legion entered the town to procure provisions and arms, and was immediately captured.

Leaving Salem in the afternoon, Morgan spent the night in Lexington. The next day, Saturday the eleventh, he passed through Paris, and skirmishing on the right and left, reached Vernon. The troops from Indianapolis ought here to have been in his front, but they were not. Although, with

that good fortune which seldom deserts the forethoughtful, Governor Morton had just procured a large quantity of arms, and was able in consequence to answer every requisition, the inefficiency, resulting from drunkenness, of another officer, interposed a delay of eight hours at a crisis when every moment was golden.

Greatly to the chagrin of General Wallace, who had been appointed to the command of a force to be taken to Madison, the train which should have left at eight in the morning of Saturday, was not off until four in the afternoon. At Columbus another vexatious delay occurred, and it was Sunday morning before Wallace reached Vernon, fifteen miles above Madison. Fortunately, other troops had just arrived. General Love, after going to New Albany and Seymour, proceeded to Vernon, and reached it in the evening of Saturday. At North Vernon he found Colonel Burkham with part of a regiment, and at Old Vernon, a mile distant, Colonel Williams, with two hundred men, besides a number of armed citizens of Jennings county. Williams had just arrived, and had put but a small portion of his force in position when Morgan appeared in his front and made a demand for surrender. He replied that he "was able to hold the place, and that if Morgan got it he must take it by hard fighting." Morgan asked a reconsideration. Williams detained the bearer of the second flag of truce because he approached nearer than was warranted by military usage.

At this juncture, General Love arrived. He returned the messenger, inspected the position, and then sent Williams to Morgan to ask a delay of two hours for the removal of women and children. After a detention of an hour and a half, Colonel Williams was informed that thirty minutes would be allowed for the purpose, with fifteen minutes for his return to our lines. The women and children accordingly hastened out of Vernon; and General Love prepared to receive the terrible onslaught. He prepared and waited. There was no movement, no sound in the direction of the enemy's lines. Not a gun, not even a departing hoof broke the stillness of the night.

At length it appeared that during the prolonged negotia-

tions, the wily enemy had withdrawn, and was now swiftly pushing toward the east.

The next day, Sunday, General Love turned over his command to General Wallace, who, failing in all endeavors to get means to pursue in force, ordered Colonel Shuler, of the Hundred and Third regiment of militia, to mount as many men as possible and follow Morgan as long as he was within the State lines. Shuler mounted one hundred and forty-six men and set out at four in the afternoon. Monday forenoon he gained the advance of Hobson. Late in the afternoon he began to pick up Rebel stragglers.

The Hundred and Fifth, Colonel Shryock, fell in with Shuler, and although on foot, followed at so rapid a pace, that during the afternoon it marched more than twenty miles. Shuler reached the Whitewater to find the bridge burned, and to see the enemy's rear resting at Harrison, but by the time he had forded the river the Rebels were all gone. At five in the morning he started again, but the raiders having traveled all night, were now twenty-five miles ahead, so at Batavia, Shuler left the chase to the indefatigable Hobson and the militia of Ohio.

Morgan swept round Cincinnati, and along many roads to the river, which he struck near Pomeroy. Before he could cross it gunboats steamed to his front, and horsemen mounted the hill in his rear. He fled up the river fourteen miles, and again attempted to effect a crossing. More than three hundred of his men succeeded in gaining the southern bank before gunboats in front and pursuers in the rear again put an end to the attempt. Basil Duke's command received and partially checked an assault which was gallantly made by three regiments led by a detachment of the Fifth Indiana, but after a severe fight it was forced to surrender. Lieutenant O'Neill, of the Fifth, conducted himself with distinguished gallantry in this affair. Six days more of hot and panting chase brought down Morgan and the last of his band.

Long before the raid came to an end, the militia of Indiana had disbanded and returned to the avocations of civil life; even several regiments, which had been stationed at Cincinnati at Morton's request, had been allowed to return.

The One Hundred and Fifth, Colonel Shryock, before disbanding, suffered from a blunder as serious an injury as is often inflicted in battle. While reconnoitring near Lawrenceburg on the night of the fourteenth, a sudden alarm, produced, probably, by rapidly approaching Union cavalry, caused confusion. A single shot was followed by rapid firing. It lasted but a minute, yet five men were killed and eighteen wounded.

The fall elections of 1863, which, in Indiana, were confined to county officers, were favorable to the Administration. Troops were recruited and military organizations were formed, throughout the year, as in the previous years of the war.

The Twenty-Second, Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth batteries, which were organized in November and December of 1862, were retained several months for service in Indiana, mainly in guarding prisoners of war. The Twenty-Second was tampered with by Secessionists, until many of its members became dissatisfied and deserted. Six men, it was afterwards discovered, belonged to the secret treasonable society, whose existence was not yet positively known, though strongly suspected. In March, it was sent to Kentucky. It carried with it the taint of treason, from which it was only purified by fire, but no organization in the war more nobly did its duty when it was fairly put to the test.

The Twenty-Fourth battery also went to Kentucky in March. A section of the Twenty-Third accompanied the Seventy-First under Colonel Biddle, to Monroe, Sullivan and Greene counties, in order to quell disturbances.

The Fifteenth battery, which was surrendered to the enemy on Maryland Heights, was returned to the field in March, 1863, having been exchanged and provided with new guns. In Kentucky it was employed against the guerillas, especially Morgan's band, which constantly kept that State in turmoil.

In June, Governor Morton called upon each Congressional District for a regiment to serve during a term of six months. But it was now near the time of harvest, and there

was already such a deficiency of labor in the country, that the harassed farmers knew not where to turn, consequently the call received but a cold response. Only four regiments were organized: the One Hundred and Fifteenth, Colonel Mahan; One Hundred and Sixteenth, Colonel Kise; One Hundred and Seventeenth, Colonel Brady, and One Hundred and Eighteenth, Colonel Jackson. Before the appointment of its field officers, the Hundred and Sixteenth was sent to Dearborn, Michigan, to guard a United States arsenal at that place. In September it was recalled, and sent to Nicholasville, Kentucky, where the six months troops were brigaded together.

During the fall and winter, six cavalry regiments and six infantry regiments were recruited and organized for three years service, but, except the Seventh, they were not sent into the field until the spring of 1864.

The cavalry regiments were the Seventh, Colonel Shanks; Ninth, Colonel Jackson; Tenth, Colonel Pace; Eleventh, Colonel Stewart; Twelfth, Colonel Anderson, and Thirteenth, Colonel Johnson. The Infantry regiments were the One Hundred and Twentieth, Colonel Barter; One Hundred and Twenty-Third, Colonel McQuiston; One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, Colonel Burgess; One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth, Colonel DeHart; One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth, Colonel Case, and One Hundred and Thirtieth, Colonel Parrish.

The Seventh cavalry consisted of twelve hundred and thirteen men organized into twelve companies. It was raised largely at the expense of the private means of J. P. C. Shanks, who was commissioned its commanding officer.

Colonel Shanks had already done excellent, though short military service. During the session of Congress, of which he was a member, in 1861, he accompanied the army to the Bull Run battle-field. When the firing grew hot, rout and ruin threatened, and other civilians fled, he seized a musket, and, entering the ranks of the Sixty-Ninth New York, fought throughout the day. He afterward, on General Fremont's staff, rendered efficient assistance in organizing and moving troops in Missouri.

CHAPTER XXI.

TULLAHOMA.

There is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like grey-hounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.—*King Henry V.*

While General Rosecrans gathered strength at Murfreesboro for a further advance into the South, General Bragg established his army in intrenched camps behind the Coffee Hills, a high, rough and rocky spur of the Cumberland range. Eighteen hundred infantry, under General Polk, at Shelbyville, protected by cavalry reaching to Columbia and Spring Hill, formed his left. Twelve hundred infantry, under General Hardee, in the vicinity of the mountain gaps on the east of Shelbyville, and covered by cavalry reaching to McMinnville, constituted his right. His centre was eighteen miles back of Shelbyville, at Tullahoma. General Buckner's division held East Tennessee, from Knoxville to Chattanooga. At any point in his front he could readily concentrate forty thousand men, while, should a falling back be advisable before a battle, he could draw together a larger army

Preliminary to the opening of the campaign, Rosecrans made ostentatious demonstrations on Bragg's left. The most important of these was a violent and successful attack by General Mitchell's cavalry division on a Rebel cavalry outpost. The Fourth and Second Indiana cavalry were in Mitchell's division, and were engaged in the affair.

The campaign began on the twenty-fourth of June. The same day a dismal and protracted rain set in, immeasurably increasing the difficulties and hardships of march, bivouac and battle. The Twentieth corps, McCook's, moved directly toward Shelbyville, the most prominent and accessible point

in the enemy's line, in order still further to delude him into concentrating there, and to enable Thomas and Crittenden to gain, through the gaps in the hills farther east, a passage which would threaten the remote and nearly inaccessible rear.

McCook started early. At two in the afternoon, as he began to thread his way through the hills toward Liberty Gap, his skirmishers, five companies of the Thirty-Ninth Indiana, which was now mounted, met the skirmishers of the enemy, and as they pushed on, discovered a force of eight hundred infantry posted in front of the gap. General Willich advanced his brigade, and failing in an attempt on the front, stretched out left and right to reach both flanks. Failing also in this, he boldly engaged, while Colonel Miller, with the Second brigade, reinforced and lengthened his left, enabling him to stretch his right beyond the enemy. The left and right then changing front, closed in upon the gap, while the reserve regiments advanced directly upon its entrance. The enemy fled. Willich's and Miller's brigades pursued him a mile, then encamped, while Baldwin took up the advance. The Sixth Indiana and the Louisville Legion, deployed as skirmishers, kept up a sharp fire, and made steady though slow progress until night.

Early in the morning Willich advanced beyond Baldwin, and posted the Thirty-Second Indiana and Eighty-Ninth Illinois in his front on an irregular ridge. The enemy, heavily reinforced, occupied the crest, slope and base of an opposite ridge. Desultory firing gave place near noon to a series of sharp engagements. The Rebels, leaving their position, which was secure and commanding, resolutely advanced under cover of artillery. They were repulsed, but they repeatedly and fiercely renewed the movement. When Willich's ammunition was nearly gone, Miller brought his brigade to the front, and successfully met the enemy's struggles.

While triumphantly pushing forward, he was wounded by a rifle-ball, which entered his left eye. He was borne from the field, but his men pressed on. Davis' division reached the ground, and Simonson's battery added its thunders to the batteries of Johnson's division. But the Rebels were

already routed. Nothing is known of their loss, except that seventy-five dead were left on the ground. Johnson lost thirty-nine killed and seventeen wounded.

The affair is in some respects more particularly narrated in a letter from Colonel Baldwin to General Thomas T. Crittenden:

"TULLAHOMA, July 2, 1863.

"DEAR GENERAL:—I snatch a few moments from pressing duties, to tell you something of our military operations since clearing Murfreesboro on the twenty-fourth of June. We moved out the Shelbyville road to some distance, and then turned to the left, taking a dirt road leading across the country to Liberty Gap, fourteen miles from Murfreesboro. The order of our march was the First, Second and Third brigades. The roads were bad, and it was after twelve o'clock when I reached the gap. Willich had two regiments deployed as skirmishers, and was blazing away. The gap is a narrow defile in the mountains, up which runs a crooked, bad road. It was raining in torrents, which continued all day and night. The skirmishing was sharp, the enemy resisting stubbornly, and men falling on both sides. We made but little headway until two of Miller's regiments moved to the right and flanked them, or rather forced back their left. They then retired up the pass half a mile. Receiving reinforcements of five regiments, they made a stand on a strong position formed by the road turning square to the left and running five hundred yards along the base of a precipitous hill, and then entering the hills through a narrow defile.

"There I was put in. It was five o'clock when the Rebels retired from their first position. I was then ordered to relieve General Willich and press them, but owing to the muddy ground and the change of position, I did not get thoroughly to work before six. I deployed the Sixth on the road extending to the right and left just before the road turned, and the Legion on the extreme right, with orders to take the hill, of which the enemy's position was an extension. They met with but little trouble, going up in fine style, though with the loss of two killed and seven wounded.

"The work of the Sixth was more difficult. Where the road turned to the left a level plain extended to the left fronted by a hill, being a continuation of the hill on which their right had to operate. They acted splendidly, now going up with a rush, now crawling through open ground, very much exposed and meeting with considerable loss, considering the ground and length of time engaged, which was only an hour. They took ten prisoners, killed and wounded many. It was a beautiful performance. I never saw better skirmishing in my life.

"This fight gave me more insight into the proper way of attack and defense of hilly positions, and in fact, of handling troops generally, than I had before had.

"Miller was wounded on the twenty-sixth. He had his quarters in an old church, and when I moved my brigade into reserve there, he gave me quarters with him, and treated me very kindly because of my relationship to you. He talked so kindly of you that he quite won my heart. We received orders at the same time and moved up at the same time, and it was but a few moments before I saw them carrying him off. He was shot when he was riding along at the turn of the road, where I fought two days without being fired on from the top of the hill at the opening of the pass, five to six hundred yards off. We left there on the night of the twenty-sixth, marching nearly all night, returning to the Manchester pike, thence to Manchester, and thence to this place, reaching here to-day at two o'clock in the morning.

"It has rained constantly night and day. The roads are indescribable. I never saw such roads, nor such marching as we had to do; but the men stood it without grumbling, and my health improved rapidly. I was quite unwell before I started, and I am confident that I would have been really ill if we had not moved. I have never gone through such exposure, some people would have called it hardship, as on this march,—working all day and all night, snatching a few moments sleep on the wet ground, and not having even a blanket with me."

While McCook was forcing his way through Liberty Gap, Thomas advanced toward Hoover's Gap, Wilder's mounted

brigade scouring the country along the Manchester turnpike. The Seventy-Second, being the foremost regiment, came upon the enemy's skirmishers, and pushing them impetuously, drove them rapidly. The brigade following closely, entered and pressed half way through Hoover's Gap, a defile three miles long. Wilder then halted and considered the expediency of waiting for the rest of Reynolds' division, which he knew was coming up as fast as infantry could come. But as even a short delay would enable the enemy to increase the force at the further extremity of the pass, and as his dash had thus far been crowned with an unexpected degree of success, he concluded to spur forward. He was shortly brought to a stand by evidence of the enemy's readiness to fight. He placed the guns of Lilly's battery on a commanding point, a small howitzer on lower ground, and formed his four regiments,—the One Hundred and Twenty-Third and the Ninety-Eighth Illinois, the Seventeenth and Seventy-Second Indiana,—in line. The artillery opened fiercely on both sides, and the musketry was not slow to begin. The struggle was stout and long, lasting five hours, but it was very unequal, the Rebels having fifteen regiments engaged, and would doubtless have ended in Wilder's defeat, had not Hall's brigade opportunely arrived. By night the pass was cleared. All the troops behaved with distinguished gallantry. General Thomas commended especially the Seventy-Second. The chaplain of this regiment, John N. Eddy, of Lafayette, was among the killed. According to Henry Campbell, of the Eighteenth battery, the Seventeenth regiment lost more than any other at Hoover's Gap. After stating the proportion, he adds:

"It is very strange to me that the loss in our battery was not greater. We were exposed to the fire of a Rebel battery and a company of sharpshooters during the entire engagement, and were in plain sight of both, while they were concealed from us. The hill that they occupied being higher ground than that which we were on, made it difficult to get their range; but the flash of their guns informed us, and we compelled them to change position more than once. The boys were all as cool as if they were firing blank cartridges.

The gun corporals made splendid shots. During the engagement we dismounted two Rebel guns. A shell exploded under one of them, tearing the gun from the carriage and scattering the pieces in every direction. Every time that we would see the Rebel guns flash, some one would cry out, 'Down!' The men at the guns would all lie flat on the ground, and the drivers, who were dismounted and held their horses on foot, would lie down too. Our horses stood very well. I dismounted and made myself useful when I was needed, sometimes carrying orders, but mostly on the top of a high hill on the right of the battery, telling the effect of the shots. I was taking an order over to the section of the Nineteenth battery that was posted on the hill across the road behind, when a six pound ball whizzed over the back of my horse within a foot of me."

General Granger, who had the extreme right, skirmished all the way from Triune to Guy's Gap, with Stanley's cavalry clearing the gap, and with Minty's pursuing the Rebels seven miles, driving them into and then out of their rifle pits near Shelbyville. Klein's battalion charged a troop of Rebels twice its own number, and drove them into the river. Company G did most of the fighting, Lieutenant Callahan leading the charge.

Granger carried the intrenchments without difficulty, took more than five hundred prisoners, and rested the night of the twenty-seventh in Shelbyville.

The danger of the march was in the front, where balls and bullets were flying, but the body of the army had double toil and trouble, as every regiment made the mud deeper and stickier. A member of the Eighty-Seventh Indiana thus describes the march of that regiment:

"In order to avoid obstructing the passage of the wagons we pursued our way principally across the fields, where the soil was anything but firm beneath the tramp of so many feet. Beyond Christiana we halted, built fires, procured water, and pitched our tents, using guns for the last, as wood was scarce. The soldiers crowded together, each one intent on having his bed on a row rather than in a furrow. Rain fell all night. Wind blew down our tents, and water filled

our boots and shoes. The men who rolled into furrows in their sleep looked in the morning like drowned rats. About ten the march was resumed, over roads and through fields, which were now become lakes of mud. It is not pleasant to be in camp during inclement weather, as the frail shelter-tent is but a poor protection against the driving storm; but the most unpleasant thing a soldier has to do is to march through mud from one to two feet deep, carrying his tent when it is thoroughly soaked with water, and his blanket, its weight increased by dampness, not to speak of knapsack, haversack, canteen, gun and cartridge-box. All day long the sound of cannon could be heard. At dark we halted to prepare a hasty meal. In fifteen or twenty minutes groups of men were seated on stumps or stones, with coffee-pots, oyster-cans or tin-cups by their sides, and a huge hard tack and a hunk of raw pork in their hands. We continued the march far into the night."

Thomas' corps was not wholly up until the twenty-sixth. On the afternoon of this day Wilder's brigade cleared the way by seizing Matt's Hollow, a gorge two miles long, with scarce room anywhere for wagons to pass each other. Pressing on beyond the hollow, and skirmishing heavily, the brigade and division reached Manchester, where General Rosecrans arrived next day, and where, within a few days, the whole army concentrated.

Colonel Wilder proceeded round and below Tullahoma to tear up the railroad bridge, and to destroy Elk river bridge, and large reconnoitring parties sedulously endeavored to discover and disclose the enemy's positions and intentions. But Bragg was wide awake and convinced that discretion was the better part of valor, at least with an army that was outflanked, and in danger of being cut off from its base. Accordingly, while he held Elk river bridge with a force that was invincible to Wilder's brigade, and strongly guarded all the roads north, east and west, he rapidly retreated.

On the first of July Brannan's, Negley's and Sheridan's divisions took possession of Tullahoma. The Seventy-Fifth Indiana was the first regiment to enter the Rebel works. A heavy pursuit was instituted, but as the Rebels destroyed the

bridges on which they crossed the streams, and the waters were swollen, it effected little. Bragg was driven out of Middle Tennessee, leaving behind him sixteen hundred and thirty men and three guns, captured. Rosecrans lost five hundred and sixty men. The campaign was thus eminently successful. It was only of nine days' duration, but the rain had been constant, and the roads so bad that Crittenden's corps, which moved by the most difficult, because the most mountainous route, required four days of incessant labor to advance twenty-one miles, even though large quantities of the officers' baggage were thrown out and burned to lighten the wagons.

With each step the army found increased difficulty in moving, having to make and repair roads and bridges, to bring up supplies, and to guard, with a heavy force, every mile of road. Its lines were now over three hundred miles of an enemy's country. As it was impossible to bring up a sufficient number of trains, it was widely scattered. While several brigades were thrown forward to the Tennessee river, the main part went into camp in the barrens at the foot of the mountains, and one or two divisions were sent back to positions they occupied previous to the movement.

The position, condition and spirit of the army is shown in the soldiers' letters:

"Army of the Cumberland, July 17.

"Our army has been crowned with victorious laurel, and we rest in security, conscious of having done our duty, and ready for the severer struggle that our judgment assures us is pending at no distant period. We see here the workings of the great machinery of war. By day the whistle of the locomotive and the rumble of long supply and transportation trains sound right merrily in the ears of the soldiers of the advanced army. The first is like music from the 'horn of plenty,' and both give aid and comfort.

"By night the signal flags are supplanted by lights whose complex movements change the position of armies as fate the fortunes of men.

"We have one of the most beautiful camps we have yet had. It is in the lawn of a beautiful mansion, owned by a

niece of James K. Polk. Two or three large Rebel houses have been torn down within a day or two past, they being in the way of our siege guns, and have furnished ample material for the comfort of the boys. We have houses in camp made of nothing but window-sash and blinds, neatly arranged 'under canvass,' and supplied with every variety of household furniture,—cots made in the frames of mirrors, and floors of pannelled doors. Such is war's devastation.

"WILLIAM HURBERT."

FYFFE'S BRIGADE, McMINNVILLE, July 21.

"This is a splendid place to camp. Our brigade is on a high hill at the edge of town, and has plenty of water, blackberries, huckleberries, potatoes, &c. We have good pies. The advantages we have gained over the enemy since the first of this month are very encouraging. Many who were despondent, and thought much of home, are now jubilant, and say they must remain in the army and see the thing through. You may depend that Bragg's army is demoralized. These mountains are full of deserters. About eight thousand have deserted, and will not leave their State again. Soldiers and citizens are coming into our lines every hour, many of them joining the army and taking the oath.

"I was sorry to learn of the great casualties in the Twentieth Indiana in the battle of Gettysburg. A regiment scarcely ever suffers such loss in battle. It is hard for men, after serving and suffering as long as they have, to be killed, and never reach home to enjoy the blessings of peace that they have worked so hard to obtain. I feel very sorry for the death of Theodore Day. He was a good boy, and Colonel Dick says he was a very good soldier. I trust that the country will ever remember the honored dead who have fallen in defence of such a cause as ours.

"DARWIN THOMAS."

"WILDER'S BRIGADE, DECHERD, August 1.

"The mountains here are only about eight hundred or a thousand feet high, but that is very well up in the air. From the top, a good view of the surrounding country for several

miles can be had. For the width of about twenty-five miles, all along the foot of the mountains, is a level plain with a soft sandy soil, very thickly covered with small jack-oaks. No one lives on it, and there are no roads. Everybody makes his own road. When we crossed it, the mud was almost impassable. We cut roads through the timber, and filled them up with trees and brush. Sometimes it took ten horses to pull a gun through! Tullahoma is situated in the midst of this waste, where there is nothing whatever in the formation of the country which would encourage the building of a town. It is very small, like all Southern towns. I havn't seen one, with the exception of Nashville, as large as Crawfordsville—by half. We often pass through a town without knowing it, as they give the name to every blacksmith shop. Decherd consists of a dwelling house, a burnt depot, and a water tank.

"Everything is quiet. No movements are being made, except that the second and third brigades of our division have been sent on top of the mountains.

"HENRY CAMPBELL."

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
FOURTH DIVISION, FOURTEENTH CORPS,
UNIVERSITY, TENNESSEE.

"The brigade moved up to this place on the mountain, over a rough road, with about two miles of the way up hill, on Saturday. I could not possibly have been assigned to a more disagreeable position. General Crook had just been relieved from this command, and had carried away with him all his staff officers, including Commissary and Quartermaster and their clerks. General Turchin brought with him only his Adjutant General. He was a total stranger to his command and to his staff. The brigade was far removed from the world and the necessary supplies. What little Commissary and Quartermaster supplies were on hand, had to be left under guard at the old camp, because of the difficulty of pulling them up the mountain. You will have some idea of the road when I tell you that the teams were from one morning until eight o'clock the next coming twelve

miles. The prospect of getting supplies and feeding the brigade was anything but pleasant, I assure you. But it was doubtless a good thing to break me in. I have been working early and late. My clerk takes to his work admirably. We built a shelter for our stores with our paulins, and were busy all day selling to officers. I am keeping, for the first time in my life, a retail grocery. I got here Sunday afternoon in a heavy rain, found everything in confusion, no commissary stores, and nothing to eat. (General Turchin having his wife continually with him in the field, does not mess with his staff.) I had my tent put up on the wet grass, and went to bed hungry. I have a first-rate cook, but he could not make a meal out of nothing. Captain Leech, the division commander, is to-day hauling up supplies sufficient for the two brigades here and the Fifteenth. He stores them at the University site, about a mile and a quarter from here, on a good mountain top road. There is a railroad from Cowan, up the mountain, running quite near us and on to Tracy City, to the coal mines. It will soon be put in operation and our supplies steamed up.

"The top of this mountain was the site for a grand Southern college, to be established at a cost of three million dollars. It was to be a stock concern with shares of fifty dollars each. The corner stone was laid, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars expended, when the scheme failed. Some of our soldiers tore up the corner stone, and found a hymn-book, bible, and some gold coin. The hymn-book is said to have been one carried by General Scott all through the Mexican war. The place is twenty-seven hundred feet above the Tennessee river, is ten miles from Decherd and seven from Cowan. The road leading from the University to Decherd runs on the top some four miles before it begins to descend.

"This is a delightful place to camp. Beautiful ground, cool breezes, and the finest and clearest spring-water I ever saw, and plenty of it. No one could ask a pleasanter summer residence. General Reynolds' headquarters and Colonel Wilder's brigade are still near Decherd, and will not come up until the railroad is working.

"Heard yesterday that Major Parrott and the Sergeant Major of the One Hundredth had been killed by the falling of a tree. I don't know when any news has shocked me so much.

"EDWARD WILLIAMS."

"STEVENSON, ALABAMA, August 5.

"We are back on the old ground, just where we were last year. I arrived day before yesterday, with forty-seven horses, after a long and tedious trip from Nashville.

"All along the road, I met friends and acquaintances. I have fully concluded it is a good thing to have friends, especially when traveling without a blanket, as I was, having expected to bring horses by the cars. The battery (Sutermeister's) had already arrived. It is probable it will join our brigade at Bridgeport, in a few days. General Sheridan came to-day, he having been commanding the corps, with headquarters at Winchester, during M'Cook's absence.

"HENRY M. WILLIAMS."

It was thought that General Rosecrans delayed unnecessarily after the battle of Stone River; that half a year for rest and preparation was a most extravagant and lavish expenditure of time, when the country seemed languishing at the point of death. However that may be, having once again set his army afoot, he remained unwillingly halting in the hill country, and made immense exertions to proceed. But an army moves, so Frederick the Great, or some other renowned warrior asserts, and all commissaries testify to the truth of the assertion, as the serpent in Paradise was condemned to go—by means the farthest from wings. Consequently, though troops were gradually thrown over the mountains, it was long weeks before the line of the river was gained.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHICKAMAUGA.

"We dared not speak to each other at table of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heart-rending for an officer who had a heart, to look down his line on parade day, afterward, and miss hundreds of faces of comrades—humble, or of high rank—that had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? The men had no heart to cheer. Not one of them but was thinking, 'Where's my comrade?—Where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear Captain that led me yesterday?'"—*Henry Esmond.*

Until the middle of August, General Rosecrans was forced to retain the main part of his army on the northern slopes of the Cumberland Mountains. On the sixteenth of that month he started out again with a front extending from Athens, in Alabama, to the head of the Sequatchie valley, in Tennessee, over one hundred and fifty miles. Stanley's cavalry guarded McCook's corps, which moved on the right. Thomas followed the general line of the railroad toward Stevenson and Bridgeport. Crittenden climbed the heights and steeps of Sequatchie valley. The weather was hot and dry, and the men, so often drenched with rain on their marches, now dripped with sweat, and panted with heat. In the almost incredibly short period of five days, the wide-spread host surmounted the rugged wall of rocks and appeared on the banks of the Tennessee. On the twenty-second, Lilly's battery threw shells across the river into Chattanooga, the stronghold to which Bragg had retreated and where he awaited reinforcements,—Buckner from East Tennessee, Longstreet's veteran corps from Virginia, and a division from Johnston in Mississippi.

Henry Campbell narrates the movements and action of Lilly's battery, which announced to General Bragg the approach of his antagonist.

"*August* 18. Marched in a general north-east direction through thick woods, over bad roads and rocky hills. Passed Wagner's brigade about three o'clock. In the morning, went through a very large pine forest. Camped on the banks of a very small stream in the woods. Forage scarce and rattlesnakes plenty. Marched about sixteen miles.

"*Nineteenth.* Left camp this morning at six. We have been traveling on the top of a mountain, high table land ever since we left University Springs. Very little of the land is fit for cultivation. About eleven, commenced descending the mountain by a very bad road. We are now in Sequatchie valley. After traveling through Jack Oak woods three days, it is a relief to see open ground and farm houses, and especially orchards filled with ripe fruit. The valley is about four miles wide and very fertile. The Sequatchie river runs through its entire length. We marched up to Dunlap and encamped about four o'clock. At dark, Cruft's brigade, of Palmer's division, came down into the valley by a different road, and camped near us.

"*Twentieth.* At six this morning left all our wagons, tents, knapsacks and everything but just what we could carry on our horses, and with five days rations in our haversacks, passed Cruft's camp, forded Sequatchie river, and started up the mountain. Were about three hours getting up. Passed Hazen's brigade at the top. Marched across the top and down into a valley, where we camped for the night. Seventeen miles to-day.

"*Twenty-first.* Left camp at six. Expect to fight at Chattanooga before we get to another camp. The road down the valley is good. The corn crops the best I have seen in Tennessee. Apples and peaches are abundant. All you have to do to raise peach trees down here is to scatter a handful of peach seeds in a corn field, and in a year or two you have a good orchard. The people that live in this valley are all for the Union. Many came to see us as we marched along the road. About nine, as we were ascending the hill from which you can see Chattanooga, we were ordered to form into column. At the same moment the Rebels commenced firing on a company of our scouts who had

gone down to the bank of the river, and there had captured a lot of Rebels that were grazing their horses on this side of the river at a distance of one thousand yards, and placed two guns on a hill about five hundred yards to the right of the road, and opposite a heavy fort on the other bank. Commanding the hills which we occupy, are seven forts and batteries. If they had the right number of guns to fill all the embrasures, they could bring about twenty-seven to bear upon us. Chattanooga is not as large as Crawfordsville. The two principal streets commence at the river and extend back about a mile. The business part of the town is on these two streets. The private houses are in a grove. Several large warehouses are down by the bank. Two steamboats lie in the river, and a pontoon bridge is ready to swing across. With this rough sketch you can form some idea of Chattanooga.

"The first gun from our side was fired at ten o'clock, at one of the steamboats. The shot struck it, and made the men who were at work on it scatter up the bank in a hurry. We kept on firing until we sunk the lower boat, and had shot the upper one through and through. The Rebels replied from eighteen different guns, but all their shot and shell fell short, striking the ground and bursting about half way up the hill, without doing any harm.

"After we had disabled the boats, we turned our guns on the Rebel forts. Four other guns which were now in position opened fire on a battery near the warehouse, on a fort over the cliff, and two other forts. The firing for a few moments was quite brisk on both sides; but the Rebels finding that they were only wasting ammunition, ceased, except an occasional gun from the high hill fort. We fired away slowly, and although we were at a distance of a mile and a quarter, we threw several shells into the embrasures where their guns were, and dismounted a gun. One of our shells exploded within five yards of a woman who was walking slowly across the street. We all thought she would be killed, but, when the smoke blew away, she was still walking, though more slowly than before. We afterward learned

that a fragment of a shell struck her in the side. One of the Rebels, wishing to show that he was not afraid of the Yankees, rode up and down in front of one of the forts, in a carriage. One of the boys sighted a gun at him and sent a shell which burst right over the horse, and sent him up the street in a big hurry.

"About three the firing ceased, although we remained in position. An hour afterward, a movement was observed on board of a ferry boat that was lying by one of the steamboats. It was thought they were trying to get it off and run it down the river, so we commenced firing at it from the right gun. We had just fired the fourth shot, the cannoneers and drivers of the other guns were lying round, some behind trees and others watching the shot, when, at the moment it exploded, a thirty-two pound shell came whizzing among us. Passing between the wheels of the left gun, it struck the ground about twelve feet from it. Abram M'Corkle was lying near, with his left leg extended and his right drawn up. The shell struck his left leg between the foot and knee, taking it entirely off. Glancing up, after striking the ground, it killed four horses in the caisson team, the shell going through and through every one of them. If the drivers had been at their posts, they would all have been hurt. Our horses are so well trained that they will not move from where they are standing, and are not alarmed in the least by the report of the guns. M'Corkle was carried off to an ambulance, the harness was taken off the dead horses, part of the gun team was changed to the caisson, everything was straightened up, and we were loading to reply to this thirty-two pounder, when we were ordered down the road by Colonel Wilder, to go into camp.

"It was the first shot the Rebels had fired from this gun, which they had just brought up. They happened to get the range at once.

"We camped for the night about five miles north of Chattanooga, at the foot of the mountains.

"*Twenty-second.* We staid in camp until evening, when one section of the battery went up on the hill in front of Chattanooga, and opened on the thirty-two-pounder. We

fired about twenty shot, putting some in very close around it. They fired five shots and quit. It was too hot for them to remain near their gun, although they were behind their works.

"*September* 25. We are doing nothing now except lying here to prevent the Rebels crossing the river. We go up every once in a while and shell the town just for amusement. Everything goes on smoothly. Wagner's brigade is camped up on the mountain above us. Palmer's division is back about three miles from us."

The lines which sever the States of Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama are drawn among the highest and ruggedest of the Cumberland Mountains, where the broad, bright Tennessee, with impetus acquired from a hundred turbulent torrents, cuts its way toward the south-west. Bold, bleak spurs of the Cumberland Mountain range, running parallel, cross the corner of Georgia, and sink into the plains of Alabama. Raccoon range, of which the northern extremity is called Sand Mountain, skirts the river. Its summit is an almost barren plateau, twelve or fifteen miles wide. Lookout Mountain, two miles east of Raccoon, rises two thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is so rugged that, in fifty miles, but three wagon-roads are practicable, of which, one overlooks the Tennessee two miles below Chattanooga, and the others are twenty-six and forty-two miles below the same point. The top, contrary to the expectation of the fatigued mountain climber, is table-land, and is beautified by a heavy growth of trees, and by smooth though infrequent streams. At its western base is Lookout valley, watered by Lookout creek. At its eastern base is McLemore's cove, the lower part of which is divided by Missionary ridge, a chain of wooded hills, into Chattanooga and Chickamauga valleys, each traversed by a stream of the same name. Pigeon ridge branches out from the southern extremity of Lookout Mountain, and forms the eastern wall of McLemore's cove. The three ranges, Raccoon, Lookout and Pigeon, with Missionary ridge, are, in a special manner, guardians of Chattanooga, and by their position and situation, make it what it is appropriately called, the "Central Citadel of the South."

Chattanooga lies between Lookout Mountain and Missionary ridge, in the mouth of the little valley of its name. The word signifies "Eagle's Nest," and was first and most fitly applied to the beetling cliff of Lookout Mountain, whence it was transferred to the town at its base. Chickamauga is said to mean "River of Death."

In little more than two weeks from its appearance on the northern shores of the Tennessee, the army of General Rosecrans, by the aid of rafts and pontoon bridges, landed on the southern banks. McCook and Thomas climbed Raccoon ridge by different but equally difficult and devious paths, and met at Trenton, in the upper part of Lookout valley. Thence they proceeded in a south-easterly direction, toward the Atlanta railroad, to gain the rear of the Rebel army, to cut its communications, and to strike its reinforcements in detail. Crittenden moved directly toward Chattanooga, and discovered, with equal astonishment and satisfaction, that it was abandoned. Throwing into it Wagner's brigade to serve as garrison, with the main part of his corps he rapidly pursued the trail of the enemy.

Intelligence of Bragg's retreat gave new vigor to the toiling troops of McCook and Thomas, and they hastened to intercept his march before it should reach Rome, a strong position on the Oostanaula, the Etowah and the Coosa. McCook was at Alpine, more than forty miles south of the Tennessee river, Thomas was at Dug Gap, in Pigeon ridge, and Crittenden was at Ringgold, when Rosecrans became aware that Bragg, though manœuvred out of his mountain fastness, so far from continuing his retreat, was receiving reinforcements, and was now concentrating along the highway from Lafayette to Gordon's Mills, preparatory to striking his pursuers in detail, or to turning their entire flank, in order to return to Chattanooga and destroy the bridges and all means of communicating with the North.

It may be believed that General Rosecrans and his corps commanders never so felt the force of the national maxim, "Union is strength." After making two attempts to clear Dug Gap, first with Negley's division alone, then with Baird and Negley together, Thomas moved down McLemore's

cove on the eleventh of September. The next day Crittenden made a rapid flank march to the left of Thomas. Wilder, who, in clearing the way for his advance, had gone so far as Tunnel Hill, and lost, in one skirmish, thirty men, now protected his rear. Owing to the treachery of his guide, Wilder was surrounded, and narrowly escaped capture; but he fought his way out, and by a night's march reached Gordon's Mills. McCook faced about on the thirteenth, and retracing his laborious route over the mountains, was able, on the night of the seventeenth, to touch Thomas' right with the advance, Johnson's division.

At this time Crittenden, at Gordon's Mills, which are ten miles from Chattanooga, and on the Chickamauga river, formed the left, Thomas the centre, and McCook the right, the order being the same as on the previous marches, and in the battle of Stone river. Negley, detached from his corps, guarded Owen's ford. Several miles to the left the reserve corps, under Granger, guarded the approaches to Rossville. Nearly every man had twenty rounds of ammunition in his pocket, beside the usual quantity in his cartridge-box.

An attack in strong force on Minty, and afterwards on Minty and Wilder, who were both on Crittenden's left, near Alexander's bridge, four miles north-east of Gordon's Mills, made it evident that the enemy, unable to interpose between Crittenden and Thomas, was now crossing the Chickamauga in order to plant himself between Crittenden and Chattanooga, and made it necessary to concentrate still more to the left. A constant shifting of divisions through Friday, Friday night and Saturday morning (every movement unfortunately noted by the enemy, from Pigeon mountain, where he himself was unseen) resulted in line of battle in the following order of divisions from left to right: Brannan, Baird, Johnson, Reynolds, Palmer, Van Cleve, Wood, Davis, Sheridan, (the two last withdrawn from the front) and Negley. Wilder's brigade having rejoined its division, occupied nearly the centre of the line, and was dismounted. The army was about forty-five thousand strong. It faced the east, lying more than two miles along the Chattanooga and Lafayette road, the right at Gordon's Mills, the left two or three miles

from Chattanooga river, which runs north-east. General Rosecrans' quarters were in the rear of Crittenden's corps, in a log cabin, of which spinning wheel and loom formed the chief furniture.

General Bragg had possession of nearly all the fords, and was able to move two thirds of his army across the river. Polk was in command of his right, Hood of his left.

The first blow of a general battle was struck by Croxton's brigade, of Brannan's division, about ten in the morning, just after that brigade had reached the extreme left. Croxton drove it back, but being attacked by a superior infantry force, he became engaged in a desperate and doubtful struggle which was fast turning to his disadvantage, when Van Cleve, and at length Baird, came to his aid. In this struggle, Colonel Carroll, of our Tenth, fell mortally wounded. Baird defeated and pursued the Rebel infantry, but halting to readjust his line, he learned from prisoners that the enemy was in force on his right wing. He attempted immediately to withdraw his right, Scribner's brigade; but Scribner was already reeling before overwhelming numbers. Loomis' battery was lost. Four pieces of the Fourth Indiana, after firing sixty rounds, were captured. Starkweather, also thrown into disorder, lost nearly all his artillerymen and horses. Whole battalions of Regulars in King's brigade, were captured.

Thus in his turn, defeated and pursued by a larger force, Baird owed his escape not more to his own efforts than to the speed with which Johnson, Reynolds and Palmer hastened to his relief. Johnson's division had just reached the ground, after marching several hours through intense heat and thick dust. It was thrown into line, and skirmishers advanced without a moment's rest. The enemy fell back until Johnson's division, pushing him, was separated from the other divisions, when he turned fiercely, and while bearing down on the front, outflanked Johnson's left. The Ninety-Third Ohio and Sixth Indiana here met him, but though with their first united fire they killed every horse and disabled half the men in a Rebel battery, they were not able to repulse him, until Colonel Baldwin, seizing the colors of the

Ohio regiment, and shouting: "Rally round the flag, boys!" led a charge against the flankers. Two Rebel guns were left in Baldwin's hands.

Willich's and Dodge's brigades repeatedly repulsed the enemy from the front, and at last, in an impetuous charge, drove him off the field. Willich captured five guns and caissons.

Overpowered by Palmer and Reynolds, the Rebels fell back to the river with great loss.

For an hour there was no fighting. Scribner had gallantly rallied his men and coolly reformed them under fire. Baird and Brannan, taking advantage of the pause, now organized their broken lines. General Thomas prepared his left to meet another onset of the enemy. But instead of reapproaching the extreme left in force, the Rebels massed in front of General Reynolds and came full upon him, pushing him back and necessitating an immediate removal of Brannan from the left to his support. At the same time, they assaulted the centre and right, which had previously been engaged only in artillery firing. Thomas' front was thrown into disorder, but was almost immediately restored. It not only held its ground, but repeatedly hurled back its assailants. The battle now raged over the whole ground, showing its ebb and flow only by smoke and dust, roar and rattle. Hood succeeded in pushing back Davis' division, and in capturing the Eighth Indiana battery; but after nearly four hours of unequal fighting, Davis was reinforced by Bradley's brigade of Sheridan's division, and enabled not only to regain the battery, but to capture a number of prisoners. The reserve corps was also attacked with fierceness, but after it had repulsed a single attack it remained unmolested.

About five in the afternoon, a terrific assault was made on the front, flank and rear of Johnson, who was somewhat isolated. The sun sank to rest and darkness enveloped the field while the struggle continued. The combatants grappled hand to hand. Blows and groans and curses and prayers loaded the air. Colonel Baldwin was fatally shot. Lieutenant Colonel Tripp was severely wounded. Captain Russell was shot dead. "Captain Palmer Dunn fell dead while

leading his brave company on with the Stars and Stripes, the banner of beauty, in one hand, and his sword in the other."* Captain Cutler also fell leading his company. Major Collins, and many others of the Twenty-Ninth were captured.

At length Baird's division became engaged, and in the end the enemy was repulsed.

The Union army fought stoutly throughout Saturday the nineteenth, and at night held an unbroken front before which lay a ghastly show of Rebel dead; but it was too conscious that it had put forth its whole strength, and too well aware of the enemy's superiority, to allow of congratulation, or of sanguine expectations. The Rebel host, on the contrary, was elated, and as it was still receiving reinforcements more largely than at the beginning, it outnumbered its antagonist. During the night, Breckinridge's division moved from the extreme Rebel left to the extreme right, preparatory to striking a bold and strong blow at an early hour, for the road to Chattanooga.

Sunday morning, a portion of the left, the centre and right of Rosecrans' left wing, now comprising more than half the army, took advantage of a heavy fog and threw up breastworks of logs and rails. At the same time, Beatty's brigade of Negley's division marched to the left and formed in a long, thin line, facing the north, and on the right connecting with Baird. At half-past eight the fog having risen, so that there was no longer danger of running into hostile lines, an effort was made to close up M'Cook's and Crittenden's widely extended divisions.

During these movements on the right and left, the Rebel army was also in motion, not changing positions nor concentrating, but marching to assault. Breckinridge, followed by all the Rebel right wing, pushed against Thomas's left, outflanked it, and easily gained the coveted road. Here his progress was checked, but, after a short time, his antagonists, Baird and Beatty, were forced to fall back. They had not retreated far when Vandever's brigade, which was Brannan's

* The words of a comrade.

reserve, charged down the road from the right, and some of Johnson's troops, with Grose's brigade of Palmer's division, and a part of Stanley's, met Breckinridge, stopped his advance, turned his course, pursued him, scattered his force, and regained the road. Under the protection of artillery, Breckinridge rallied on a commanding height, and being reinforced, renewed the combat with more than double his previous strength. Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds received assault upon assault, almost unmoved, behind their breastworks, while the force on their left swayed backward with ever changing fortune and never flagging fury.

On the right the battle was confused and uncertain. General Wood, misunderstanding an order, left his position in the front under fire, and moved to the support of General Reynolds. The enemy poured in after him, like high waters through a broken embankment, before Davis, moving with the utmost haste, could reach the break. The confusion which resulted was frightful to the extreme stretch of the imagination. Davis' division, attacked on flank and rear, was routed. Sheridan, who was moving to reinforce Thomas, was overwhelmed. Parts of Brannan's, Van Cleve's, Negley's and Palmer's divisions; Wilder's brigade, which changes in the line, had made the extreme right, all the ammunition trains, General Rosecrans himself, with Crittenden, M'Cook, Davis, Sheridan,and uncounted subordinate officers, were swept off. At two o'clock in the afternoon, nothing of the right wing remained.

Meantime, a messenger, whom Thomas had sent to hasten the march of Sheridan, returned with the intelligence that a very large force, of doubtful character, was moving toward an opening which commanded the rear of Reynolds. Wood, though unaware of the mischief he had done, confirmed the report. In consequence, while he, with the main part of his division was moved to the left of Brannan, where fighting was severer, Harker's brigade was detached and posted directly in front of the new danger. Harker was too weak to effect more than a momentary check, but he stood to his task, firing sharply on advancing skirmishers. At this crisis, General Granger, who had been attracted from his dis-

tant post by the roar of artillery, came on the ground. General Thomas immediately despatched to him a staff officer, Captain Johnson of the Second Indiana, with orders to push across the field and form on Brannan's right. Rushing to the gap which was now disgorging the Rebel force, Granger engaged in one of the hardest struggles of the day. Bent on clearing the pass, when cannon and muskets failed, he fell back upon bayonets, and with cold steel presented, had the joy of seeing the enemy turn and fly. "A thousand of our brave men," says Rosecrans, "paid for the possession of the pass."

Brannan, weakened by the loss of his right, had much ado to hold his ground, and could not have done it without the aid coming promptly when most needed, of the Ninth, Sixty-Eighth and One Hundred and First Indiana regiments, with the Twenty-First Ohio.

Thomas' flanks were gradually pushed back, and his front was forced to retire, until his line formed on an arc of a circle on a slope of Missionary ridge, the left resting on the Lafayette road, the right on the gap which commanded the rear. It was a strong and in every respect an advantageous position. The concentrated Rebel host seethed and foamed at its foot, rose upon it and fell back from it, under the cover and in the face of an incessant artillery fire. But Thomas' troops were panting with thirst, a large proportion having been without water the previous as well as the present day. His ammunition now was almost gone. The last rounds of shot and powder were distributed, and Reynolds began the retreat. Turchin, facing to the right while on the march, routed and drove a large Rebel force which was advancing from the woods, where it had formed unobserved. He captured two hundred prisoners, and then with Robinson and Willich, covered the rear of Reynolds. Wood, Brannan, Granger and Palmer, retired in turn, Palmer fighting, but with little loss. Johnson and Baird left the ridge last, and moved as best they could under the vindictive fire of the victorious enemy.

Night was now coming on, and as General Bragg was too cautious to risk his victory by a pursuit through darkness

and the uncertain mazes of a wilderness, General Thomas, without interruption or disturbance, formed the army in front of Rossville, from the left of the Ringgold road to and along Missionary ridge, on the right of Rossville pass. Minty's cavalry took up a position on the Ringgold road, a mile or two in front. By Monday noon, in splendid line of battle, the army awaited the Rebels. It saw them approach through clouds of dust, halt, prepare for assault, throw out skirmishers to feel for weak points, and drive in Minty's advance. In array brave and magnificent, as if it had never known defeat, or disaster, it waited while the day lasted. But the Rebels continued to hold off.

Monday night the army retired quietly and beautifully to Chattanooga. It threw up intrenchments and made every preparation to receive assault.

The Rebels took possession of the mountains, and looked down in surly silence upon the thronged streets of their lost citadel. They held the battle-field, but wearying of the work of burial, left hundreds to moulder and bleach in the line where the ball had struck them, or in the nook to which their dying strength had dragged them. To this day the visitor to that dreary ground sees the bones of men among the pebbles on the banks of the River of Death.

Few modern fields have been so overlaid with dead. General Bragg, who had fully sixty thousand men engaged, admits a loss of nearly eighteen thousand, nearly all killed and wounded. General Rosecrans, who had forty-five thousand on the field, lost upwards of sixteen thousand in the battle, several thousand in previous skirmishes, and by straggling a number sufficient to swell the amount to twenty thousand. As there was no water on the battle field, his wounded, about nine thousand in number, were all taken to Crawfish Springs, six miles to the rear, and laid on the ground, as near the spring as possible. Here thousands of them were captured. Rosecrans lost also thirty-six guns.

The battle of Chickamauga was not planned by any brain, nor was it, as a whole, or even largely in part, observed by any eye; and it occupied so much time, both of day and night, spread over so much and such uneven ground, it was

conducted in such disorder, and was followed by such crimination and recrimination, that it remains, in its details, a comparatively obscure event. To compensate for unavoidable deficiency in general description, as full notice as is possible of Indiana soldiers, individually and in regiments, is appended; also, epistolary narratives. The proportion of Indianians engaged was, of course, large. General Reynolds and General Davis were on the field with their divisions, and Willich, Dodge, Cruft, Grose, Wilder, Dick and others, in command of brigades. Twenty-eight regiments of infantry, two regiments and a battalion of cavalry, and eight batteries were in the battle. From General Reynolds, who was grand and brave as the invincible rock, and who was second in efficiency only to General Thomas, down to Orderly Shirk, who died with the flag in his hand, and to the private, who had no title, and who with his life lost his name, they did their duty.

The Sixth lost one hundred and eight, killed and wounded, eleven missing. Lieutenant Colonel Tripp, who was in command, was severely wounded. Captain Russell was killed. Colonel Tripp, Major Campbell and surgeon Schüssler were specially commended by General Johnson. Colonel Baldwin, who had charge of the brigade, was mortally wounded on the nineteenth. He was a gallant, kindly gentleman, and an able officer.

The Ninth lost one hundred and sixteen out of three hundred and thirteen, killed and wounded. Lieutenants Criswell, Nickston and Parks were killed, and Shipherd was mortally wounded. Captains Healey, Craner and Merritt, and Lieutenants Creviston, Marshall, Martin and Brickett were wounded. General Hazen, in his report, mentions with commendation Lieutenant Colonel Lasselle, Captain Cole, Lieutenant Bierce and surgeon Sherman; and after enumerating the Colonels of his brigade, Colonel Suman, of the Ninth, of course, included, he says: "They, with their regiments, are veterans, of so frequent trial that it would be mockery to praise them with words."

The tenth lost twenty-four killed, one hundred and twenty-seven wounded, and five missing, Colonel Carroll and Lieutenant Jones among the killed.

The Twenty-Ninth lost one hundred and seventy, fully one-half of its number. Two Captains were killed. Lieutenant Reese was missing. The regiment was led by Colonel Dunn.

The Thirtieth lost more than half its number on the first day of the battle. Six of its officers were wounded, two were killed, three were captured, and but four remained. It was warmly engaged and suffered severely also on the second day. Lieutenants Phelps and Eberly were the officers who were killed. Colonel Hurd was in command.

In the Thirty-First four were killed and sixty-six were wounded. Captain Lease was killed. He was one of the most faithful and able officers in the regiment, and was a man of sincere piety. Lieutenant Colonel Neff received a severe wound in the arm on Saturday, but he fought through both days, and accompanied his regiment in its retreat. Colonel Smith, in command, received the commendation of General Palmer.

In the Thirty-Second twenty-one were killed, seventy-eight were wounded, and seventeen were missing. Captain Ritter was one of the killed. Colonel Erdelmeyer was in command.

The Thirty-Fifth had nine killed, fifty-nine wounded, and fifty-six missing, fourteen of the last being wounded. It occupied one of the most exposed positions on the field, and bore itself with Irish gallantry.

The Thirty-Sixth lost fourteen killed, one hundred and ten wounded, and thirteen missing. Lieutenant Patterson was killed. Captain Graves and Lieutenants Butler and Colvin were mortally wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Carey was wounded on Saturday, but remained with his command throughout the day. Lieutenant Hilligoss was wounded. George Shirk, Colonel Grose's orderly, was mortally wounded while carrying the brigade battle flag.

The Thirty-Seventh lost several wounded at Dutch Gap, and eight wounded at Chickamauga.

The Thirty-Eighth lost ten killed, forty-eight wounded; fifty-one missing. It lost one killed and several wounded at Dug Gap.

The Forty-Second, under Lieutenant Colonel McIntire, lost eight killed, fifty-three wounded and thirty-two missing.

The Forty-Fourth lost eighty-two out of two hundred and fifteen engaged. Of these only three were killed. After the breaking up of the right wing, the Forty-Fourth, with two others of Van Cleve's regiments, rallied and formed on Thomas' right. Captain Gunsenhouser was killed.

The Fifty-Eighth lost one hundred and seventy-one out of four hundred engaged. Captain Bruce, Lieutenants Foster and Barnett were killed. General Wood complimented Colonel Buell, Lieutenant Yaryan and private Robert Lemon, a brave and devoted boy sixteen or seventeen years old, and a member of his escort. Wood also complimented Captain George, of the Fifteenth.

The Sixty-Eighth lost one hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred and fifty-six men and officers. Colonel King, who was in command, was killed. Major Espy, who succeeded him, was wounded. Lieutenant Price was killed. The Sixty-Eighth was one of the last Regiments to leave the field on the twentieth. On the two following days it repulsed attacks of the Rebels.

The Seventy-Second lost ten killed, twenty-three wounded and four missing.

The Seventeenth lost one killed and two wounded, in a fight near Ringgold. In the great battle, it fought nearly all day of Saturday, making several successful charges, and was engaged next day until three in the afternoon, with the loss of four killed, nine wounded and three missing.

The Seventy-Fourth was one of the first Regiments engaged, and with the Tenth was the last to leave the field. It lost twenty-two killed, one hundred and twenty-nine wounded, and eleven missing. Lieutenants Hall and Bodley were killed, and Lieutenant Davis was mortally wounded.

The Seventy-Fifth lost seventeen killed, seven wounded and four missing. The first day of the battle it was detached from its division in order to relieve an entire brigade, and was placed under the immediate command of General Palmer, who on the field complimented its gallantry. In the afternoon of Sunday it was commanded by Captain Steele,

Colonel Robinson having been called to the place of Colonel King, Lieutenant Colonel O'Brien having been wounded, and Major McCole being sick.

In a previous reconnoissance to Crawfish Springs the Seventy-ninth lost Lieutenant Clark, who was one of its best officers. When it moved back to Gordon's Mills, it left six pickets, uninformed of the movement, alone in the woods. They remained over night, when discovering their exposed position they managed to effect their escape in the face of the enemy. In the battle the Seventy-Ninth charged and captured one of Longstreet's batteries, the only battery captured from the Rebels. Captains Buchanan and Parker were wounded. Dr. McFadden, Lieutenant Harris and two men were captured. The whole number of wounded was forty. One was killed.

The Eighty-First lost eight killed, fifty-nine wounded and twenty-two missing. The Eighty-First began the battle under the command of Captain Boone, but was at an early hour, and while under fire, put under the authority of Major Callaway of the Twenty-First Illinois. The following passage occurs in Callaway's official report: "The enemy appeared emerging from a body of thick timber, about one hundred and fifty yards in our front, moving without skirmishers, and as near as I could judge by the battle flags exhibited, four lines in depth. We opened a terrible fire. The enemy steadily advanced until but three men held his first line, and half his second line was gone, when his farther progress seemed checked." Major Callaway won the confidence, gratitude and admiration of the Regiment, as a token of which a sword, with the following inscription, was afterwards given to him: "Presented to Major James E. Callaway, Twenty-First Illinois Volunteers, by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Eighty-First Indiana Volunteers, as a token of our confidence and esteem for the gallant and skilful manner in which he conducted us at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863."

Captain Mitchell, of the Eighty-First, was mortally wounded in the battle. He was an approved soldier in the Thirteenth Regiment, in the early part of the war, but having

been discharged on account of a severe wound, he re-entered the service in the Eighty-First. He was a devoted and conscientious patriot.

The Eighty-Second arrived on the field the morning of the nineteenth, after marching all night. It was warmly engaged during Saturday. Sunday, while it was lying down in the second line, it was run over by retreating troops, but retaining its composure, it charged on the pursuers, and repulsed them, though it lost in the charge eighty-eight men killed and wounded. It was unsupported, however, and after a brave struggle, was driven back to the hill on which Thomas, somewhat later, formed his line. The Eighty-Second, under half its battle-flag, the other half having been shot away, took up a good position and withstood the enemy an hour with the assistance only of a few scattered troops who rallied to its aid. The regiment lost half its number in killed and wounded, and had thirty-six holes shot through its flag. Captain McAllister was killed.

The Eighty-Fourth, under Major Neff, was one of the regiments which checked the stream of Rebels pouring through the gap in the hills on Thomas' right and rear. Fired on from right, left and front, it lost one-third of its men in fifteen minutes. Captain Ellis, Lieutenants Hatfield and Mason, were killed. Captain Sellers, Lieutenants Smith and Moore, were wounded. It lost one hundred and twenty-five killed, wounded and missing.

The Eighty-Sixth lost fifty-two killed and wounded. It was under the command of Major Dick.

The Eighty-Seventh lost forty killed, one hundred and forty-two wounded, eight missing, more than half the men and officers engaged. Captains Baker, Hughes and Holliday, Adjutant Ryland, Lieutenants Brown, Bennett, Martin and Andrew were killed. Colonel Gleason was in command of the regiment.

The Eighty-Eighth lost three killed, thirty-two wounded, and seventeen missing. Captain LeFevre was mortally wounded. Major Stough was severely wounded and captured. He suffered and lingered in Libby prison until the last of October, when he died.

The One Hundred and First lost eleven killed, eighty-seven wounded, and seventeen missing. Lieutenant Busick was wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Doan was in command.

The Eighth cavalry had nine killed, fifty-nine wounded, and forty-two missing. Lieutenant Butler was killed. Lieutenant Garboden was mortally wounded.

Lieutenant Flansburgh, who was in command of the Fourth battery, and who, a few days later, was commissioned Captain, was taken prisoner. He died in prison in Columbia, South Carolina. The battery was handled with great skill during the entire engagement. Lieutenant Willits, who assumed command after the capture of Flansburgh, received the thanks of General Baird. One limber-box was blown up and two axles were broken by the recoil of the guns. One man was killed, seventeen were wounded and six were missing.

The Fifth battery had one killed, nine wounded, and lost two guns and several horses.

The Eighth battery lost two killed, nine wounded and seven missing, and had forty-three horses killed and disabled.

The Eighteenth lost one killed and four wounded.

The Nineteenth, Harris', and the Twenty-First, Andrews', received the commendations of General Thomas and General Reynolds, for the steadiness with which they supported the division of the latter, Harris on both days, Andrews on Sunday. Captain Harris was wounded and was succeeded by Captain Lackey, who commanded ably. The Nineteenth lost two men killed, sixteen wounded, and two missing. It lost two guns, one left on the field because the horses were killed, the other disabled by the enemy's fire.

The Twenty-First lost ten men wounded and one gun abandoned because the harness broke.

The Eleventh battery, in Sheridan's brigade, was stationed near Gordon's Mills on Saturday, and was not called into action. Before dawn, of Sunday, it was moved toward the left. It was desperately engaged during the greater part of the day, and suffered terribly. Lieutenant Williams, the commander of one section, seeing the Rebels bearing down

toward him in overwhelming force, made strenuous efforts to check them, and at last to save his guns. He sighted the three last shots himself, and fired at short range with cannister, through an advancing Rebel regiment, but with ten out of twelve horses shot, five out of six drivers wounded, his right arm pierced by a bullet, he was forced to leave his guns in the hands of the enemy and retreat for his life.

The Seventh battery was found in the road unemployed, on the morning of Saturday, by General Reynolds, as he was moving into position, and added to Harris' battery and the Seventy-Fifth regiment,—to form a reserve force, but it was soon called to the front.

Lieutenant Frank Sheets, of Madison, Indiana, aid to General Johnson, was killed Sunday morning. He was scarcely eighteen years old, and was the pride and darling of his widowed mother.

Two million six hundred and fifty thousand rounds of musket cartridges, and seven thousand three hundred and twenty-five rounds of ammunition were expended in the battle.

Few officers attract as little general attention as an ordnance officer, yet not many of equal rank have an equal responsibility, and receive as little inspiration from the circumstances of battle. The commander of a train of ammunition moves up after the engagement has opened, too far in the rear to feel the fiery ardor which runs along the line, to hear the wild cheer or the thrilling command, or to attract the eye of the leader whose praise he loves. His drivers have as little to inspirit them, and less, as they have not even the pride of position. His mules are stupid and stubborn. The horse "saith among the trumpets, ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off." Not the mule. That less noble creature stands stock still, or backs, or turns, or slavishly obeys under blows and kicks and curses. It is a curious thing that the profane driver always invokes maledictions on the *heart* of the mule, as if the cause of his perversity was the very seat and centre of his life. Swear or resist, beat or kick as they may, the blood of man and beast is cold, and grows colder as the field of action is approached. Now a ball falls near. Now a shell crashes through a tree above.

Minies whistle. The wounded come limping, haggard and ghastly, an eye gone, an arm dangling, blood spouting.

A further idea of the difficulties of the position, and at the same time another glimpse of the confusion of the battle may be obtained by following on the field of Chickamauga, the fortunes of W. H. H. Sheets, Lieutenant and Ordnance officer for Van Cleve's division.

Knowing nothing of the state of affairs, but fearing that ammunition might be needed, he set out at dark Saturday evening to inquire. Another division occupied the ground on which Van Cleve stood in the morning, and had no knowledge of its predecessor. He questioned and hunted from field to hill, through gorge and wood, his anxiety growing with every hour. He was almost in despair. He fancied the division, on the following day, reduced to the bayonet, overrun, overpowered, lost, dear friends reproaching him and the commander reporting and surrendering him to disgrace. Pursued by these torturing thoughts, he reached, at midnight, General Rosecrans' quarters, where General Crittenden gave him information which served to direct him aright. From one o'clock until daylight he replenished the caissons and cartridge boxes of the division, issuing to the batteries three hundred and eighty-five rounds of shot and shell, and to the regiments one hundred and sixty-one thousand rounds of infantry ammunition. All of this was expended before the battle was over. The expenditure of infantry ammunition alone, in Van Cleve's division, during the battle of Chickamauga, was three hundred and seventy-eight thousand rounds.

Having attended to the duty of supplying the troops, Sheets withdrew his train to a cove in Missionary Ridge. It was soon so plain that at least part of the army might be routed, that he kept his wagons in readiness to retreat, compelling his drivers to retain their seats. With his ordnance sergeant, who was an excellent officer, and who, like himself, was armed with two pistols, he rode among them constantly exhorting and threatening. The stream of fugitives grew thick and thicker. At twelve o'clock, General M'Cook appeared, riding entirely without troops, and accompanied by

but two or three of his staff. The young ordnance officer rode up to the General and asked if his train was safe in the cove. "If you don't move it," replied M'Cook, "the Rebels will have it in five minutes." The train was ordered out immediately, and the teamsters, who each carried a pistol, were directed to fire on anybody who should try to break their line. It was fairly under way when a Captain belonging to Rosecrans' staff, galloping wildly from the direction of the battle, and evidently unable in his excitement to distinguish a line of wagons moving intact from the broken trains which were rushing every way, cried "Halt!" The Rebels were in sight. It was no time for etiquette. "Move on!" shouted the ordnance officer, and the wagons went on. The excited Captain was wrathful. He presented his pistol, and only with difficulty was convinced of the needlessness and impropriety of his interference. The train reached Chattanooga without detention. Lieutenant Sheets had been thirty-six hours in the saddle. Brannan's train, which was the next in order of retreat, was captured.

A few days after the battle, Captain Moreau, with thirty-one men, returned from a hazardous scouting expedition, on which he had started the sixteenth of the month. In finding his way through the enemy's lines, he lost four men.

"Lookout Valley, September 8, 1863.

"Dear Mother:—On the second, we crossed the river at Bridgeport, moving about three miles to Big Spring, Hog-Jaw Valley, at the foot of Raccoon Mountain. The original settlers must have been hard pressed for names. On the fourth, we moved to the top of Raccoon Mountain, being obliged to use ten horses to a gun, so steep was the road. The fifth, moved near Trenton, Georgia. The sixth and seventh moved about twelve miles from Trenton to where we now are, up Lookout Valley. Where we are going, I do not know—perhaps farther south, to cross the Lookout range, and then come back in the Chattanooga Valley toward Chattanooga. Except the almost intolerable dust, marching has been very pleasant. When my books accumulate, of course I am obliged to abandon them in one way

or another. I intend giving Dr. Junkin's "Political Fallacies" to some intelligent Southern family on the road, if I can find any such intelligent.

"We are all in fine spirits, and think we can whip an equal number of Rebels, and perhaps a third more, in their present state of discouragement. The entire army was never in better fighting condition. Faith in General Rosecrans is is unbounded. Our immediate commanders, General Sheridan and General Lytle, are beyond all doubt able men. I am sure you will hear a good report from us, if we are engaged.

"Father asks me to tell all about my section. I have two three-inch rifles, called Rodman guns, having all the good qualities of the Parrott, with the advantage of being lighter. They can reach at least three or four miles.

"This campaign ought to be decided in ten or fifteen days at the most. I do not believe that General Rosecrans will go as far as Atlanta, unless a demonstration be made on Mobile at the same time, or on some other points, which will cause the weakening of the Rebel army after it shall have retreated to Atlanta. Dalton will be our most advanced post."

"Camp on Lookout Mountain, Georgia,
September 15.

"We have been in the valley east of the Mountain range as far as Alpine, a day or two past, and are now returning or retreating, I don't know which. We occupy the same camp we did on the tenth. It seems to be uncertain whether the fate of the campaign is yet decided. It is probable, our flanking movement having compelled the enemy to leave Chattanooga, we have ascended the Mountain again to keep out of his way on his retreat through the valley, as the whole Rebel army could very easily overwhelm our corps twenty miles from support. Our entire line must be thirty miles long.

"Henry M. Williams."

"Chattanooga, Sunday, September 27, 1863.

"Dear Father:—We have seen rough times. On the night of the eighteenth, Thomas and M'Cook's corps marched

all night in order to be ready for the fight next day. So many troops being on the move, the road was pretty thoroughly blocked, and we made only six miles during the whole night. I shall not attempt to give you a description of the battle—that you have seen in the papers. It was probably as severe a musketry fight as the war has produced. On Sunday, from nine o'clock until quarter after twelve, it was terrific. It was then we began to fall back to Chattanooga. Captain Sutermeister says Henry fought bravely, but that he could not save his guns.

"General Reynolds' division stood through the two days fight splendidly. General Turchin won great honor, and managed his brigade so well that his loss is comparatively small. The men are all attached to Turchin since the fight.

"EDWARD WILLIAMS."

"September 28.

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—You can find a great deal more in the papers than I can tell you, for I don't know anything but what occurred in *our* front. Friday night and Saturday morning were very cold, and no fires were allowed. We shivered all night, and were glad when the sun rose. The battle commenced on the extreme left, where it was expected, about a mile from us. The firing was very heavy, exceeding anything I ever expected to hear. It was one continual roar. It gradually came rolling down the line, almost to our front. I counted twenty discharges of cannon in one minute. The roads were so thick and the ground so rough that there were few positions for artillery. Along the left side of the road to Chattanooga was a cornfield about one hundred yards wide, and extending along the road for some distance. This field was in front of us. Our battery was posted in the edge of the woods on the left of the field, and the troops lay before us along a fence. In the middle of the field was a ditch in which were our sharpshooters and skirmishers. The Rebels were across the road, in woods that were so thick they could not get their artillery up to fire on us, until afternoon. They used very little artillery all along their line,

but they made it up by the superior number of their infantry, playing their old game of massing a large force and charging on a weak place in our lines. They tried their hardest to turn our left flank and get between us and Chattanooga, but they failed every time. About twelve o'clock the firing opened very heavily on us, and in a few moments the Rebels came charging across the road and into the field, driving their skirmishers out of the ditch and back to the main line. We fired into them with double-charged cannister, just as fast as we could load. Every discharge would open their ranks in great gaps, but they would close up again and advance. They did not reach the ditch before they broke and ran. Our double-shotted cannisters and seven-shooters were too much for them. The ground was gray with the dead and wounded. This was the only charge they made on us, till just before dark, when they made another with the same result. All along the line the Rebels would mass troops and charge on our forces, but they were repulsed nearly every time. Our lines were so extended that no troops could be spared to return these charges with any vigor; but when our troops did charge, they always drove the Rebels. A great deal of artillery was captured and recaptured. Sometimes the guns would stand out between the antagonists until one or the other charged and succeeded in pulling them off. The battle ceased sometime in the night, and all was still once more, except the groans of the wounded. All night long we could hear their dismal groans and heart-rending calls on some friend to come to them, as they lay between the skirmish line and the Rebels. No one dared go out. It was the hardest part of the battle to lie within hearing, and not be able to assist them. The night was very cold. Rations were issued, for which some were thankful, as we had had nothing to eat since morning, but some had no way to cook them.

"Sunday morning the battle seemed to be waiting till everything got a good ready. About eight o'clock, it broke loose again, as on Saturday's fight, on the extreme left. They seemed determined to turn our left flank, but they were met as before by men who were determined to hold

their ground. At daylight our position was changed farther to the left, and back about a mile, on a hill in the rear of a field with heavy woods on both sides. The regiment built a line of breastworks of logs all along the edge of the woods. The fighting was not very heavy in front of us until we were charged by part of Longstreet's corps, then we advanced out of our breastworks and moved down to a place where we could rake them up a hollow. Here we poured the grape and canister into them without mercy, and laid them in the ditch by the hundreds. We repulsed the charge and saved Van Cleve's division. It was now about twelve o'clock. We fought steadily until about three, when we were ordered to go to Chattanooga, which was three miles off, cross the river, and guard the ford at Fryer's Island. We reached Chattanooga about five o'clock, and went up the island, where we camped on our old ground, placing two guns down on the bank, behind earthworks thrown up for the occasion.

HENRY CAMPBELL."

"CHATTANOOGA, September 24, 1863.

"DEAR MOTHER:—I don't know that I can write more than a word, for we are lying in the trenches expecting an attack any moment. You are aware that we were greatly defeated on last Saturday and Sunday, and on Sunday night fell back to this place. We have been fortifying and beating back the enemy ever since. Our works are getting strong, and, I think, if the assault is made, the enemy will suffer quite as much as we have, although they outnumber us perhaps two to one. None of the boys from our place are killed. Henry Flesher was left on duty at the Field Hospital, which of course fell into the enemy's hands. He may be released along with our Surgeons.

"We expected to fight all day to-day, but there are no demonstrations on the part of the enemy except an occasional attempt to place batteries on commanding positions. You will have learned all ere this reaches you. I hope I may be spared to give you some account of this awful campaign. I am getting tired and worn out, as is every one, and anxious for rest.

"This is the seventh day since the fight began. I am sitting under a tree in the grave yard at Chattanooga, upon the grave of a Rebel soldier. There is about an acre covered with the dead from the battle of Stone River. There is a board at the head of each grave, with the number upon it. The highest number I see now is eleven hundred and forty-five.

"Our regiment is just in from a twenty-four hours skirmish with the Rebels. The boys enjoy the fun in the day time, but at night it is too cold.

"What do you think of men lying in the same field, a few hundred yards apart, shooting at each other whenever a head appears above the weeds or from behind a tree? Does it seem possible that they should get so used to it as to enjoy the sport? I can not write more as it is four o'clock, and if the enemy try us to-day, it will be very soon. When they come they will come with a shout, and in great masses. Poor fellows! We have sheets of flame, clouds of smoke, and showers of lead prepared for them. In our attack last Sunday morning we drove them with great slaughter, and marched over their dead and wounded for nearly a mile, but we were too weak and had to give back before their increasing numbers."

"September 28.

"Dear Home:—I write again only to let you know I am still on top of the ground, although dwelling among the dead. Our camp or place, is in a large cemetery. Our intrenchments are just outside. I can not give you anything reliable in regard to the status of the two armies, only that we are behind good breastworks and occupy the Rebel forts, while the enemy is just outside, doing us no visible damage at present. His camp fires light up the hill-sides opposite to us every night, only about a mile distant. The pickets in front of General Thomas have a fight nearly every night, but our corps is not often disturbed. I think it is probable that some of the immense force which handled us so roughly in Georgia, has been withdrawn and that they are afraid to attack us here. Our whole train and half the baggage has been kept across the river until to-day. We are now al-

lowed our tents and baggage but no wagons. Our left rests upon the river. If we can maintain our position here and hold the line of the Tennessee, I shall be well satisfied and claim a victory for the cause, although we suffered so much in the battle just fought. We need more men than ever to withstand the desperate efforts of the enemy to break through the lines that are closing round them. What a pity that we could not be reinforced so that we might have defeated their combined efforts against us!

"The loss in the Eighty-Sixth is very light. I lost some good friends in other regiments. Lieutenant Wood, of Colonel Dick's staff, a splendid man, lies in his grave near my tent. Captain Murdock, of Van Cleve's staff, was mortally wounded. It is a wonder that more of us are not as they are. Howard High was mortally wounded and left on the field."

"Our ambulances are all engaged under the flag of truce, in bringing in the wounded, our poor fellows having been lying upon the field all this time, with but little or no attention.

"It is raining to-night for the first time for more than a month. The enemy's camp fires shine brightly through the darkness.

"Darwin Thomas."

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATHAN PALMER DUNN.

I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom.
—*Duke of Ormond.*

There is a character almost of repining in our grief for the youthful dead, all covered with smiling buds of promise as they were. This thread-bare and work-a-day world seems cruelly robbed of the noble and needed deeds they would have done. They, too, seem defrauded of earth's rich, even though sorrowful experience, and of their measure of fame. Yet while we almost repine, we almost rejoice that they entered the Celestial City directly through the gate Beautiful, after no weary wanderings in obscure ways. And if they have already done a heroic thing, with our grief, and repining, and rejoicing, mingles a mournful exultation. We "bless the turf that wraps their clay."

Captain Dunn ended his life in the third year of his military service, and not quite a month after the birth-day which made him twenty-two years old. Only his home and his comrades knew him. Therefore his fitting record is his mother's letter, though written with no thought of publication, and only in reply to a friend's inquiries:

"September 9, 1867.

"Dear K:—I have made several attempts to write to you, but have each time been obliged to give it up. The effort has called up so vividly my great loss that it has seemed out of my power.

"Our son, N. Palmer Dunn, was a graduate of Miami University, and was just ready to leave the Institution, when the first call was made for troops in April, 1861. He, with almost the entire class, enlisted at once in the Twentieth

Ohio volunteers, and served three months in Western Virginia. You remember that, for some reason, the troops from Ohio were not cared for as ours were in Virginia, and when he came home he was completely in rags. It was laughable, and yet I could not keep from crying to see my son in such a condition. However, he was hearty and happy, and so far from being disgusted with the service that, when he found more troops were wanted, he determined to reenter the army. Governor Morton gave him a commission as Lieutenant, and General Buell appointed him on his staff. Finding, however, that his position was informal, not being assigned to any company, he abandoned his commission, and went down to the army at Murfreesboro, where he enlisted as a private soldier in Company E, Twenty-Ninth Indiana.

"He was in the hard-fought battle of Shiloh, in the siege of Corinth, in the engagements at Lavergne, Triune and Liberty Gap, and in the battle of Stone river. At Shiloh he was slightly wounded, and at Stone river he was severely wounded in the foot, and taken prisoner. His wound was of such a nature that the surgeon stated that he could not be removed with the other prisoners without great danger, so he was paroled, and came home. As soon as he was able to return to the regiment, and his exchange was effected, he did so.

"You can judge of his standing in his company from the fact that very soon after he enlisted, a vacancy occurring, he was unanimously chosen Second Lieutenant, not long afterwards was promoted to First Lieutenant, and after the battle of Stone river was made Captain. He continued to fill that place until he fell in that bloody struggle where so many of our brave men perished. It was at Chickamauga, in a charge of Johnson's division on the enemy's lines, on the nineteenth of September, 1863. The color sergeant had been shot down beside him, and the flag, which he loved so much, had twice fallen, when he caught it. He held the flag in one hand and his sword in the other, and was urging and cheering on his men, when he was struck by a ball that prostrated him. While he was being carried from the spot another ball pierced his side, and his eyes closed forever.

"Preparations were being made to send his dear remains home, when our army was driven back. They were left, with his name written on a paper, and pinned on his breast. We did not know for several months that he was buried, but Dr. Landis, an Ohio surgeon, who was taken prisoner, obtained leave to bury him and several others. As soon as Dr. Landis was released he gave notice through the *Cincinnati Gazette*, but before that time his uncle, Colonel D. M. Dunn, of Logansport, had recovered the body and brought it home.

"He now rests in the cemetery near the home of his boyhood. A handsome monument, erected by his company, marks the spot.

"Thousands of valuable lives were sacrificed in putting down the rebellion, yet we can but feel that ours is no common loss. Fitted by nature and education to act his part, our dear son had a heart that prompted him to every good work. We saw in him the promise of a life of usefulness.

"I should like to add one thing, though I am afraid you will think I exaggerate, as mothers often do. But I am sure this is correct, that so far as his father and I can recollect he never uttered a falsehood, or in any way swerved from the truth, not in his earliest boyhood, when children are so easily tempted or frightened into untruth.

"This letter, very imperfectly written, and with many tears, is but to assure you that I have not been unmindful of your request."

To the modest and tender testimony of his mother may be added the just tributes of others. His commanding officer writes of Captain Dunn:

"Free from all those vices too common in a soldier's life, and ambitious to succeed in his undertaking, his ability, energy and bravery soon gave him an enviable reputation in his regiment, and among his fellow officers. Fully assured in his own mind that the cause in which he was engaged was just, he threw all the vigor of his young and ardent life into the work before him with a conscientiousness and devotion unsurpassed in the army. He bore his part like a true soldier on all the bloody battle fields in which his regiment was engaged."

His pastor, Rev. Mr. Irwin, says: "From his very childhood he was never known to disobey those in authority over him. He was proverbial for his truthfulness, conscientiousness and sincerity. Mild and gentle in his demeanor, and generous in all his instincts, he was one to attach to himself not only the respect but the affection of his comrades and friends. Singleness of purpose, clearness of perception, an earnest and honest perseverance and fidelity, together with a certain ardor and enthusiasm in his pursuits, were other elements in his character which laid the foundation for a noble, useful and heroic life.

"In his literary career he fought as one not beating the air. His reports were uniformly of the highest grade. In Miami University he maintained his character and standing.

"His last experience of earth was the dash of armies, the confusion and roar of battle, and the garments dipped in blood. How great the contrast as a moment afterward, if our hope be true, he lifted up his eyes to the infinite calm, the perpetual joy, the intense blessedness of the cloudless, sinless, sorrowless land. He is known to have thought much, as such a nature must, upon the great themes of religion and salvation. He was a child of the covenant. Early dedicated to God by parental piety, he lived such a life of purity and goodness that one could scarcely think otherwise than that he was led by the Spirit of God, perhaps insensibly to himself, into the paths of everlasting peace.

"His character was singularly faultless, and his life, short as it was, must be accounted a royal success."

Immediately after the battle of Shiloh young Dunn wrote to his home: "A kind Providence watched over me. I thought often of you all during the battle, still I never felt afraid. If I had fallen it would have been in a good cause, and I hope I should have died in the faith of my fathers."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHATTANOOGA.

"Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she has left behind her;
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her,
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetnes
Of her divine completeness;
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her;
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unvailed,
And all repaying eyes look proud on them in death."

—*Harvard Commemoration Ode.* LOWELL.

In the position which the antagonists assumed on the Tennessee, the Southern army lay on Missionary Ridge, across Chattanooga Valley, and on Lookout Mountain, its picket line stretching along the river many miles above, turning out near Citico creek, running in front of Orchard Knob, a solitary hill east of Chattanooga, and returning to the river at the foot of Lookout to extend to Bridgeport, twenty-eight miles further; while the Northern army was within the enclosed area, its right flank at the mouth of Chattanooga

creek at the foot of the one mountain, its left near Citico creek not far from the upper knob of the other. The mountains commanded an unobstructed view of the plain, and an observer on the plain had but to cast his eye upward to note the character and extent of the Rebel front. The hostile pickets were within talking distance, the neutral ground being little more than two hundred yards in breadth. A Rebel brigade in Lookout Valley and on Raccoon Mountain, with sharpshooters strengthening the picket line, held the railroad on the south and west bank of the river, the bridge over which was destroyed. With every approach cut off from the south, east and west; with his line of communication and supply but the single track of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to Bridgeport, and from that point the circuitous and precarious route of sixty miles over Walden's Ridge and through Sequatchie Valley, General Rosecrans could do no more for weeks, and perhaps months to come, than to hold his ground and feed his troops. On the other hand, the same circumstances gave to General Bragg the expectation amounting almost to certainty, of accomplishing by starvation what he had failed to do by strategy and force of arms. That he understood his advantages and meant to turn them to account, may be seen from the following paragraph of his official report:

"These dispositions, faithfully sustained, insured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga, for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest route to his depot, and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time."

The Southern public entertained the same, which was indeed not an unreasonable, view of the situation, but had no mind to abide the issue of time. It could not afford to wait, nor limit its ambition to the destruction of Rosecrans. The *Chattanooga Rebel*, a newspaper which had retreated from its original location to Atlanta, stated both its wants and aspirations in an issue of the ninth of October, 1863.

"Food and raiment are our needs. Kentucky and middle Tennessee alone can supply them. Better give up the sea-

coast. Better give up the South-West, aye better give up Richmond without a struggle than lose the golden fields whose grain and wool are our sole hope. We must gain one signal Stonewall Jackson campaign; run Rosecrans to the Ohio river; retake the valley of the Mississippi; secure the election of a peace Democrat to the Presidency, and arrange the terms of treaty and independence."

To accomplish his object neither of the commanders spared his strength. The one threw up works on hills which in themselves were bulwarks, and kept his numerous and well-mounted cavalry on predatory excursions. The other built fortifications of the strongest character, kept out heavy picket lines, and sent numerous bodies of troops as foragers, as escorts to trains, and in pursuit of Rebel raiders. The foragers were compelled to take grain from friend and foe alike, leaving many families with very inadequate stores for the winter. But the mountaineers were generally loyal, and gave assurances that they would rather contribute all they had than be left again in the hands of the Rebels.

The last day of September, General Crook, with Wilder's mounted brigade, from Friar's Island, and Colonel Ed. McCook, with three cavalry regiments from the vicinity of Bridgeport, left their encampment and hurried to the rescue of the wagon-line, which was in immediate and imminent danger from Wharton and Wheeler. M'Cook came upon the raiding forces October 2, in Sequatchie valley, after they had captured and while they were burning nearly a thousand wagons, laden with supplies. In a sharp fight he gained the advantage, but during the following night, the Rebels, whose object was not fighting, but the destruction of stores, escaped.

General Crook, who crossed the Tennessee about sixty miles above the crossing of McCook, worked his way through the mountains with immense toil, hoisting Lilly's battery fifty men to a gun, up cliffs which it was barely practicable to pass. At dusk of the fourth day Colonel Crew's Rebel brigade was discovered close at hand in Thompson's cove. Wilder's brigade moved to an immediate attack. The Seventeenth Indiana, in advance, wound cautiously and silently

along the narrow and broken mountain road, and halted at the entrance of the cove. "Who are you?" demanded the enemy. "Who are you?" returned Major Jones, in command of the Seventeenth. "We're Rebels, come over," was the response. Jones addressed his men: "Forward! Double-quick! Charge!" They sprang forward. Their rifles lighted up the gorge. The residue of the brigade moved up. So sudden was the onset that the Rebels scarcely offered resistance. They fled, leaving a few wounded and killed, a great number of arms, and the battle flag of the Second Kentucky cavalry.

Hastening on to McMinnville, Crook found Wheeler in possession of the place, and of the garrison of six hundred men, who had surrendered without a struggle. The complacent victor was burning heaps of supplies, and trains of wagons and cars, but after a sharp fight he was forced to fly. As they passed through McMinnville the pursuers picked up crackers which the Rebels had scattered, and ate them hungrily, having started in the morning without breakfast, and having had nothing during the chase but what they could gather up.

Crook followed to Murfreesboro, back to Shelbyville, and on to Farmington. There Wheeler turned like a bear at bay, and fought furiously, but he was well beaten, losing four guns and hundreds of prisoners, beside a large number of killed and wounded. His troops were nearly all comfortably arrayed in the clothing which had been sent from the North to our shivering army at Chattanooga.

The fight at Farmington took place on the evening of October 7. Crook resumed the pursuit at daylight. He was unable again to overtake the main force, but he captured the rear-guard of seventy men, on the Tennessee, at the mouth of the Elk.

The Seventeenth Indiana lost fifty-five, in killed and wounded, in the various encounters of this chase.

The Seventy-Second suffered in the same proportion.

The troops and teamsters taken with the train on Walden ridge were marched forty-eight hours without rest, food or water, and at McMinnville, while so exhausted they could

scarcely stand, were compelled to carry the Government stores from the Court House to the fires in the street. Five miles beyond McMinnville they were released, having been robbed of money, overcoats, hats and boots.

Wilder's brigade lost eighty, killed and wounded. A portion of the force now rested, but another portion, which included the Seventeenth, continued many weeks longer in search or in pursuit of Roddy, Forrest, Wharton, Wheeler and others, who were always meddling with the line of communication. From the eleventh to the seventeenth of October the Seventeenth Indiana marched one hundred and seventy miles.

For the sake of obtaining forage, as well as to guard the valley, several regiments encamped on the Sequatchie. Immediately after Wheeler's raid the Thirty-Ninth, which had been reorganized as the Eighth cavalry, with the addition of two companies, pitched its tents on the east bank of the little mountain river. The following notes are from the diary of Leroy Fallis:

"*Wednesday, October* 14. It has been raining several days, and the camp is very wet. The boys keep up a continual strain of singing and joking, so as to make everything appear as lively as possible.

"*Fifteenth.* Raining still. Received orders to saddle at one o'clock last night, and move to higher ground, but it was so dark we could not see to get out of the woods, and we did not move till daylight. We had almost to swim our horses. The water pours in torrents down the roads. The valley is completely overflowed. We went about two miles on the mountain, and went into camp about dark. At the foot of the mountain the charred ruins of wagons lie in heaps.

"*Sixteenth.* Pleasant. Dug over a potato patch, and obtained any amount of nice Irish potatoes, which answer for bread.

"*Seventeenth.* No forage to be found for man or beast. Citizens are in bad condition. The boys run upon some honey, which they went for, orders having been given to take whatever we could find.

"*Eighteenth.* Rained all day. Last night received orders to move to Poe's cross-roads. We went down the mountain at Wild Cat pass, a steep, rugged pass.

"*Nineteenth.* At ten last night ordered to saddle up, and move to Harrison's Landing. Arrived near Dallas at three this morning. Roads very bad. At noon went on picket.

"*Twenty-second.* The Potomac boys have been here about three weeks. They wonder why they don't go into winter quarters, why they have no straw, and have to live on sow-belly and hard-tack. They had cheese and such like before they came here."

The fall rains rendered the mountain roads, at times, absolutely impassable, and the vigilance of Rebel cavalry made it always difficult to secure the passage of supply trains. In consequence it became necessary to reduce the whole command to half rations within a few days of the withdrawal from Chickamauga. Horses and mules bore the brunt of hardship. The miserable creatures were unable to draw half a load, yet as long as they could stand were compelled to go. Ten thousand, it is computed, died in and around Chattanooga of starvation and overwork. In November a member of the Eighty-First regiment declares: "We might have constructed a pontoon bridge of their carcasses from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, and had a surplus of several hundred."

After living several weeks on half rations, the troops were, for a time, reduced to quarter rations. For eleven days officers and soldiers received one cracker a day, accompanied by a small allowance of meat. "I saw many men of the gallant Carlin's brigade," says Major Callaway, "subsisting for days on less than a sufficiency for a single meal. I often saw them, with patient and industrious care, pick from the dirt and break the little bits of half-sound bread from the corners of spoiled crackers, thrown away by the commissary. When I would say, 'Boys, this is a hard fate,' they would answer, 'Yes it *is* a hard fate, but we will climb the mountains from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, with boxes of crackers on our backs, before the Rebels shall have Chattanooga, if Rosy says *stay*.'"

Hunger is not dainty, and men picked up and ate not only crumbs of crackers from the mud, but grains of corn where horses had been fed days or even weeks before. Three thousand wounded soldiers in the hospitals suffered, and a vast number died for want of proper nutriment.

The season was cold and wet. During six weeks rain was almost constant, yet clothing was scanty, as the troops had started on the campaign with no overcoats, and but one blanket a piece, which, in the fight on Chickamauga, or in the retreat, they had thrown away. There was a proportional deficiency in tents. Many were thin and leaky. Some regiments had none at all. Our Eighty-Fourth was without both tents and blankets until the middle of November, and nine days and nights of the time held a picket line two miles down the river, skirmishing with the enemy at intervals. Firewood was also far from abundant. It was necessary to dig up roots of trees and shrubs, and even with these campfires burnt low. Every day men went to the front and cut wood, and hauled it off in full view of the Rebel pickets.

A member of the Fifty-Seventh tells the following story: "One day when our regiment was on the line, some boys from the camp came out to procure wood, and one of them cut a tree that stood near the line. Unfortunately it fell with the body and top outside. Stepping over the line and mounting the log, he commenced chopping, when a Rebel picket, who was watching him through the bushes, ordered him to stop and recross the line. Reluctantly the Yankee shouldered his axe and obeyed the order."

The army was reorganized in October. It was consolidated into two corps, the Fourth, under General Granger, and the Fourteenth, after a few changes, under General Palmer. Crittenden, McCook and Reynolds were relieved from command, the first two to submit to trial for their behavior at Chickamauga, the last who received universal commendation for his conduct in the battle, to be placed chief on the staff of General Rosecrans. Several divisions were abolished. Six remained—Stanley's Sheridan's and Wood's, in Granger's corps; and Johnson's, Davis' and Baird's, in the Fourteenth. Brigades were enlarged, and many Colonels who

had been acting Brigadiers were remanded to their regiments. A stroke of General Halleck's pen gave the finishing touch to the reorganization of the Army of the Cumberland, by deposing its commander.

General Rosecrans, in the excitement of the race over the mountains, had apparently grasped at more than his cool wisdom had planned, and in the battle he had performed an insignificant and singular part, but he had gained Chattanooga, the original object of the campaign, and he had not lost the esteem and affection of his soldiers. They looked after him regretfully, as he turned his back on the mountains and the disputed field. General Thomas assumed temporary command, while General Grant was called from the farther West to become Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Cumberland and of additional forces which now began to concentrate about Chattanooga.

In the middle of September, when satisfied that Bragg was receiving reinforcements from the Army of Virginia, but too late for the impending conflict, General Halleck imperatively directed Burnside and Hurlbut in East and West Tennessee, Grant in Mississippi, Schofield in Missouri, and Pope in the Northwest, to detach and forward portions of their forces. Immediately after the battle, he withdrew from the Army of the Potomac and forwarded the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, under the command of General Hooker. These last were the first upon the ground, reaching Bridgeport the first of October. As they were twenty thousand more mouths to feed, to say nothing of their horses and mules, their arrival was but a misfortune, unless they could open the railroad from Bridgeport, for which the prospect was not favorable.

Before the arrival of Hooker, Rosecrans advanced from Nashville and other points small bodies which had been left to guard his rear. Half of the Twelfth Indiana battery, which had been in Fort Negley more than a year, arrived at Bridgeport, in charge of Lieutenant Dunwoody, on the twenty-sixth of September, and was sent over Walden's bridge, without delay to Chattanooga.

In consequence, General Hooker was obliged to leave troops along the line of communication. His only Indiana regiment, the Twenty-Seventh, was stationed at Tullahoma.

On the eighteenth of October, General Grant, on his way to his new field, telegraphed from Louisville to General Thomas to hold Chattanooga at all hazards. "I will hold on till we starve," was the reply, and it expressed not only the decision of General Thomas, but the resolution of the troops. They were entirely patient and cheerful, under hardships greater than they had ever before endured.

October 26, a movement was set on foot to gain possession of the railroad from Bridgeport to the mouth of Lookout Valley. Hooker crossed the river at Bridgeport, and with Howard's corps and Geary's division of Slocum's, took up the line of march along the base of Raccoon Mountain, pushing the Rebel pickets before him. He was supported by one division of the Fourteenth corps, under Palmer, who had marched from Chattanooga on a road north of the river, hauling his guns and caissons, (a hundred men to each gun of Cox's battery,) up the Walden hills by picket ropes. Both Palmer and Hooker were closely observed, but they were not molested. The same day, Turchin's brigade crossed the river from Chattanooga, and marching out of view, established itself in a concealed camp near the eastern bank, where the river, thrown to the north by the obtruding foot of Lookout, forms a peninsula called Moccasin Point, from its resemblance to an Indian moccasin. In the night, sixty pontoon boats, each laden with thirty men, armed with guns and axes, and all under the command of General Hazen, put out from Chattanooga, floated silently round Moccasin Point, there being no need of oars in the strong current, passed the enemy's pickets without attracting their attention, and landed at Brown's Ferry on the western shore, opposite the concealed camp. The boats then rowed across, and returned with Turchin's troops and with bridge material. The enemy, who was now alarmed, was driven back. Strong intrenchments on a good position, and a bridge two hundred feet long, were commenced at once, and were completed before noon of the twenty-eighth.

By this time, Hooker, who had followed a little stream, the Running Water, through a gorge, was in Lookout valley. From the heights on the west and from a succession of timbered hills with narrow crests, running three miles along the middle of the valley, the enemy kept up an ineffectual artillery fire, and once with musketry from the dense forest of one of the central hills, arrested the column, but he offered no serious opposition. He was effectually taken by surprise. When Hooker halted at night, his line fronted the east, his left being on the Tennessee river at Brown's ferry, and his right up the valley at Wauhatchie. At one in the morning the enemy attacked him, and fought hard during several hours, but he was defeated, and was hurried into inglorious flight by a pack of frightened mules mistaken for a body of cavalry.

Hooker established his line strongly behind Lookout creek, his left flank on the Tennessee, his right on Raccoon mountain. Palmer's brigades at Bridgeport, Shell Mound, Whiteside and Tyner's stations protected the railroad and river. The Tenth Indiana battery, now under the command of Captain Naylor, remained at Moccasin Point, in a position which enabled it to throw shells on the front of Lookout and in the valleys of Lookout and Chattanooga. Turchin's brigade, which included the Eighty-Second Indiana, and Hazen's, in which was the Sixth Indiana, returned to the fortifications of Chattanooga.

The Rebel line on Lookout was now in the form of a V, the point on the south bank of the river, more than a thousand feet above the batteries on Moccasin Point. On the east it stretched back four or five miles, forming a junction with the line on Missionary ridge. From the north end of Missionary ridge to the north end of Lookout, the Rebel front was about six miles long.

The situation of the Union army at this time is partially described by Major Leaming:

"We discover in the newspapers, published away up north as they are, that we are a wonderful set of fellows, and can take a battery, for instance, (as in the case of the repeated captures of Lookout mountain) on the top of a perpendicu-

lar cliff two hundred feet high, (which one man could defend with stones for a year) simply by making a grand charge with bayonets. Now the truth is, that same battery and mountain are in the hands of the Rebel rascals this moment, and from them they send in daily their compliments in the shape of shot and shell. It *is* true that we have the river to within some three miles of this place, and steamboats arrive at the landing below Lookout, loaded with supplies, every day, and that there is no danger now of being starved out. The river after passing here runs south to the very foot of Lookout mountain, then doubling on its course, runs back almost due north for several miles, and then passes through the gap between Walden ridge and Raccoon mountain. We have possession of the latter point on the south side of the river, and the peninsula enclosed in the bend, but at the extreme southern curve, where the river strikes Lookout, and then turns north, the Rebels hold entire possession, and of course the river is not navigable just there. The distance by the river around the bend is twelve miles. Across the base of the peninsula thus formed, it is only about two miles. To this point, then, our steamers come, and, having unloaded, the supplies are hauled in wagons across the country and over the pontoon bridge to Chattanooga.

"The question now is, will we permit the Rebel army to sit quietly down in our front all winter, while we await the results of the conscription in the spring? If we drive them away now, or soon, the triangle of railroads, with Dalton as the apex and Chattanooga and Cleveland as the base, would make us a magnificent line of supplies, with our army lying in the enclosed space, and would at the same time make our connection with Burnside safe and expeditious. This would give us, too, the use of the Tennessee river to Knoxville. Perhaps small gunboats could be placed upon the river, and thus, for the greater part of the year, make an excellent patrol for that stream. 'All of which is most respectfully submitted,' as our red tape documents say. For my part I am most anxious to get matters in the shape I have spoken of, before winter sets in, and am entirely willing to take a hand in having it done. *We want men. We must have men!*

Give them to us now, or in the spring, and we will wind up this rebellion, and let them go home in the fall. It might have been done this year, but the infernal Copperheads made such a row that the Government was scared off."

Sherman began to move his corps from the Big Black on the twenty-second of September. John E. Smith's division, which was at Helena, was transferred from the Seventeenth corps to the Fifteenth, and one of the divisions of the latter was left at Vicksburg, whence the remainder proceeded up the Mississippi. Being forced by want of fuel, to gather fence rails in some places, and to land wagons and haul wood from the interior in others, the voyage was slow, and it was the fourth of October before Sherman landed at Memphis. The wagon trains were moved under escort. Three divisions of troops were transported on the railroad as far as Corinth. The Fourth division, Ewing's, left Memphis on foot and made long marches each day. Small but active bodies of the enemy infested the way throughout. As Sherman approached Colliersville, at noon of the day he left Memphis, he became aware of a fight in his front. At the same moment the train was stopped by the enemy's fire. Six companies of the Sixty-Sixth Indiana, in a stockade, were defending themselves gallantly against an investing force, but were sorely pressed. Sherman's escort, a single batallion, advanced in charge, whereupon, the enemy, who had already as much as he could do, abandoned the field. Nearly sixty of the small Union force were killed or wounded.

The marches of Ewing's division were excessively long. October 13, it went from Colliersville to LaGrange, thirty-three miles. It is not possible to imagine the weariness of men in the last ten miles of a march of this length, nor the profanity. One man swears that his feet are worn off, another that he has slung away his legs, and is stumping on his bloody knees, a third that he is forced to go on his bloody trunk. But the most, forbearing even such grim jokes, indulge their impotent rage in loud-mouthed imprecations against their superiors, of whose blind tyranny they seem to be the helpless victims. They curse their Captain, their Major, their Lieutenant Colonel, their Colonel. They curse

their Generals of every degree. They curse the kind President. They curse the war. They curse the Rebels, and, above all, the Copperheads at home, by whose machinations the war is prolonged. It is a melancholy fact that our army swore terribly. Yet in the ranks there were lofty-souled men, and not a few, whose lips an oath never stained; who trudged along in uncomplaining patience, while their feet smarted, their shoulders ached, and up and down their backs crept the chills of feverish fatigue; who were sharply wounded when beloved names were dragged down from Heaven into the dirt, and yet were silent.

From Corinth progress was slow, as the stringers and cross-ties of the railroad were burned, the rails were bent, and the bridges destroyed. For one day's advance two days were spent in work and waiting. On the twenty-seventh, after a severe fight at Cane creek, the advance occupied Tuscumbia. The same day Sherman, in consequence of an order from Grant, dropped all work on the railroad, and spurred forward. His corps consisted of four divisions, commanded, the First by Osterhaus, the Second by Morgan L. Smith, the Third by John E. Smith, and the Fourth by Ewing. In the Third division were the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth Indidiana. In the Fourth were the Twelfth, Ninety-Ninth and One Hundredth. The Eighty-Third and Ninety-Seventh were also included in Sherman's corps. The Tennessee river was crossed at Chickasaw, ten miles north-east of Iuka, on boats sent up from Cairo for the service. The Elk, at Rogersville, when Sherman reached it, was impassable, and he was obliged to prolong his march up to Fayetteville, where he crossed on a stone bridge. He went by Winchester and Decherd, descending the mountains into the valley of Battle creek. November 15, the column reached Bridgeport, having marched about two hundred and fifty miles, and the commander reported to Grant at Chattanooga. The tired troops were immediately set to work in a series of marches and countermarches, which were to end in a series of blows upon the secure enemy.

General Grant knew an opportunity when it stared him in the face, and unlike most men, recognized its fleeting nature.

An opportunity now offered itself. Bragg had sent Longstreet's strong division into East Tennessee, and Burnside had lured the Virginia veterans to the vicinity of Knoxville. But Burnside was sorely beset, and must succumb if not relieved within a few days, while if ever there was a moment in which the hills round Chattanooga could be assaulted, it was the present, when they were shorn of a portion of their strength.

The emergency, and the half-starved condition of the men and animals about Chattanooga as well, roused Sherman and his troops to herculean exertions. They crossed the river on the pontoon bridge at Bridgeport. Ewing's division moved to Shell Mound, thence along a deep gorge called Nickajack cove, and up the steep acclivity until at night it reached the summit of Raccoon Mountain. The eighteenth of November was a calm, clear day. The solemn glories of the mountains stirred the souls of the men who had wandered

> "Through many a dark and dreary vale,
> And many a region dolorous,
> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and shades of death,"

and roused anew the ardor of their patriotism. They were weary, but they desired no rest. Nor at this moment could rest, on any terms, have been granted them. Every hour increased the peril of Burnside.

Sherman's advance drove out of Trenton a small force of the enemy. One brigade occupied the little town, while another reconnoitred up the valley, and still another held a position on the mountain. The last built camp-fires sufficient for the whole corps, so as to make it appear that a large force was concentrating at the point. Meantime the divisions of Osterhaus and the two Smiths, with the Forty-Eighth Indiana, as rear guard, entered Lookout valley. Ewing and the Smiths then, marching all day and all night of the nineteenth, passed quietly in the darkness through Hooker's camps, while the Rebel camp-fires, lit up the mountain side for miles along the line, crossed the Tennessee again, and pushed on over frightful roads until they gained a secluded valley, entirely concealed by high ridges, four miles above

Chattanooga, and on the opposite side of the river. Osterhaus was detained at Brown's ferry by a break in the bridge, caused partly by drift-wood on the river, which was swollen by heavy rains, and partly by logs thrown into the stream by the enemy. Notwithstanding incessant toil, it was the twenty-third of November before the troops were in such order as to warrant movement for attack. Then the line ran thus: In Lookout valley, near Brown's ferry, Hooker, with his Twelfth corps, Osterhaus and Cruft, the last temporarily in command of two of Stanley's brigades, of Palmer's corps; on Moccasin Point, artillery, under Captain Naylor; about Chattanooga, and forming the centre, Thomas, the divisions of Sheridan and Wood forming his front, the division of Johnson, and the corps of Howard and Palmer his rear; and Sherman, with Davis' division, to take the place of that of Osterhaus, about as far above as Hooker was below Chattanooga. The line crossed the Tennessee three times, and its extremities were thirteen miles apart. The frowning heights, studded with Rebel artillery, and lifting their brazen heads to the clouds, seemed not less impregnable than when defended by the whole of Bragg's army. But the enemy, when he awoke to the situation, was silent, anxious and bewildered. Early on Monday, the twenty-third, a deserter reported to Grant that one of Buckner's divisions had gone to join Longstreet, that another had started, and that Bragg was withdrawing his army. After all the vast effort that had been made, the coveted opportunity seemed on the point of eluding the eager grasp. But as Sherman's force was strained to the utmost to get into position, the assault could not be hastened. Thomas prepared to throw out a strong reconnoissance, of Wood's division supported by Sheridan's, toward Orchard Knob, a bald, conical mound, a hundred feet high, and three quarters of a mile directly to the front. At two in the afternoon Wagner, Harker and Colonel Sherman advanced their brigades to the music of the drum, so steadily and beautifully that it is said the Rebels in front supposed the movement to be a grand parade, and watched it, leaning on their rifles; and so rapidly that they swept before them pickets and picket reserve, captured the rifle-pits,

with over two hundred men, and established themselves on Orchard Knob, before Bragg had time to send up reinforcements from his main camp.

A passage from a letter of Captain Williams, in Turchin's brigade, describes the movement as seen from one of the forts in Chattanooga:

"Yesterday afternoon the whole army moved out of its camps, and took position in line of battle along the picket lines. Our heavy guns in the forts opened up, and threw their scorching shells into the Rebel camps on Missionary Ridge, and the Rebels, in turn, paid their compliments to us. I stood upon the parapet of Fort Negley, beside two thirty-pounder Parrotts. General Palmer, who now commands the Fourteenth corps, and General Johnston, the successor of General Rousseau, were there, viewing the movement through their glasses. I never expect to see such a grand sight again. It is not often that one can take in, in one view, the well-defined lines of two such armies. But little fighting was done, however, except the driving in of the enemy's pickets on our left, and the capturing of some two hundred prisoners."

Hooker was early at work on the morning of Tuesday, —, bridging Lookout creek, which had suddenly risen, throwing troops up the valley to cross near Wauhatchie, and posting batteries on every available hill to enfilade the Rebel intrenchments, preparatory to a demonstration which was to be a feint or a serious attack, according to circumstances, and which was undertaken to draw the attention of the enemy from Sherman's proceedings. Redoubts, redans and pits, low down the face of Lookout, repelled approach from the direction of the river, and restricted operations to the left flank, which, though also well fortified, presented a less formidable front.

Geary and Cruft, while the enemy was engrossed by the bridge-building near the mouth of Lookout creek, marched up the valley, and under cover of a heavy fog, captured the pickets along the creek, swung round near Wauhatchie, and marched northward, their right, Whitaker's brigade, far up the rugged steep, and their left, the brigades of Grose and

Wood, on the east bank of Lookout creek. They dipped down through gullies and gorges, climbed over ledges, and bowlders, and breastworks, in the face of heavy opposition, and, with the help of the artillery on the hills, in Lookout valley, on Moccasin Point, and even in Fort Negley at Chattanooga, gained the whole western slope, and struggled round to the north, where, midway between the summit and the river, was a line of earthworks on a projecting shelf.

It was a dark day, but at this point and upward the ascending columns were occasionally seen from Chattanooga and watched with the intensest interest, through rifts in the clouds hanging round the top and sides. At noon the combat was plainly visible on the verge of the beetling cliff, the national banner fluttering in the breezes of that lofty region, and slowly ascending from rock to rock. Then the scene was all shut out, and the mountain was wrapt in an impenetrable mantle of gray, while only the roar and crash of arms, and shouts, ringing out clear and shrill, reached the anxious valley.

Hooker's troops had been ordered to halt on the summit, but fired by success, they pressed on, driving their antagonists from walls and pits, over the rocks and down the steeps. They were not ten thousand in number, and were in three divisions, which never before had been brought together, but they moved with the weight and with the harmony of a host, infused and inspired by one soul. At four o'clock their line was established, and was invulnerable, from the palisades on the eastern brow of the mountain to the mouth of Chattanooga creek. Carlin's brigade then moved from Thomas' extreme right, and lashing boats together, crossed the creek, and united the right wing with the centre. After night, in the misty moonlight, the enemy made an attempt to regain his lost ground, and the mountain rang once more with battle cries, and flashed with battle fires. He was unsuccessful, and at midnight ceased his struggles.

While Hooker mounted and surmounted Lookout, Sherman was less noisy, but was equally busy at the other end of the line. At midnight his troops moved out of the valley, and rapidly up the river to the pontoon boats, which had been

prepared, in the mouth of the North Chickamauga. The night was cloudy. The river was shrouded in darkness. Neither the national sentinels on the north bank, nor the Rebel pickets on the south, perceived the boats as they glided downward. Not a whisper broke the stillness. Not a sound was heard save the measured dip of the oars. Yet eighty boats carried at each passage a brigade of men. A small advance captured the out-guard along the river. The troops, as they landed and moved into designated positions, commenced intrenching, such as had no tools working with their tin-plates, cups and spoons. Day dawned upon a strong line of rifle-pits, the length of two divisions. Rain drizzled, and fog rolled down the mountains, and spread through the valley, covering Sherman's proceedings from the enemy. Davis' division crossed before noon. Meantime pontoon bridges were commenced. By midday a bridge, thirteen hundred and fifty feet long, spanned the swollen Tennessee, and a shorter one crossed the Chickamauga. Five thousand cavalry and ten batteries of artillery passed over.

Meanwhile the line moved forward, and having gained three quarters of a mile, again intrenched, seeing dimly through the fog the top of Missionary ridge, and hearing the sullen roar of Hooker's battle miles away on the right. At two o'clock, it moved out in column of division toward a long strip of timber behind which the enemy was supposed to be in force. John E. Smith was in the centre, with Ewing on the right, and Morgan L. Smith on the left. The brigade of Colonel Alexander entered the timber in advance, moved through a difficult swamp, at the sharp sound of rifles deployed into line of battle, cleared the woods and reached the railroad, seeing the skirmishers half way up the mountain side, with here and there a Rebel disappearing over the crest. A few minutes more and the summit was gained, the enemy retreating to the next height. About four o'clock he attempted to regain his hastily abandoned position, but failed, though he occasioned Sherman severe loss.

General Thomas strengthened his positions during the day, and threw Howard's corps up the Tennessee to Sherman's

Map of
THE BATTLE FIELD
OF
CHATTANOOGA
Tennessee River
Friars Isl.
Chickamauga River
Caldwell
Boyce's Station
Mill
Milliken
C. Bush
Crutchfield
Cranes Hill
Sig. Sta.
Lookery
Mrs. Wilson
Mrs. Magill
Flying Bg
Chattanooga Isl.
Cameron Hill
CHATTANOOGA
Bridge Rd
Moccasin Point
Pan Gap
Raccoon Mtn.
Lookout Mtn.
Summertown
Mrs. Cummings
Wauhatchee
Nashville
Chattanooga Valley
Missionary Ridge
Rossville
Scale of Miles.

right. Late at night, the sky cleared and a cold frost filled the air. Camp fires, far extended on right and left, revealed to both armies the lengthening of the Union line.

In our war there were battles of such gloom and terribleness, that, in spite of the great hearts which figured in them, the reader turns from their perusal with shuddering shame and horror. Such were Shiloh and Chickamauga. But the battle of Missionary Ridge, on the twenty-fifth of November, was all glorious. The preceding conflicts, in their singular success, had stirred the enthusiasm of the troops. They sprang to arms at dawn, and saluted with shouts the 'banner of beauty and glory' fluttering on the peak of Lookout. The sun himself, rising in an unclouded sky, and scattering the shades from the noble amphitheatre of Chattanooga, seemed to promise a crowning victory.

General Thomas formed his lines in front of the centre, prepared to move out when Hooker should have advanced across the stream and valley of Chattanooga to the heights near Rossville, and when Sherman should have drawn to his front the larger portion of the enemy's forces.

The Rebels fled down Lookout in such haste that they left twenty thousand rations and the camp equipage of three brigades; but they took time to burn the bridge over Chattanooga creek, consequently Hooker was detained four hours. After he was across the stream he pushed on irresistibly.

Beyond the deep, narrow valley in Sherman's front, rose two lofty hills, steep, rugged, chiefly forest-covered and surmounted by fortifications, the further hill the higher, the more strongly fortified, and the more heavily defended. The point was of the utmost importance to the Rebels, as it covered the railroad, their line of supply and retreat. General Hardee was in command. At the blast of the bugle, Corse's brigade moved out from Sherman's right centre, with wings supporting,—Morgan L. Smith on his left, Colonel Loomis on his right. Three brigades, Cockrell's, Alexander's and Lightburn's, remained on the hill, which had been fortified in the night, and which Sherman considered his key-point. The Forty-Eighth Indiana, which had held the picket line

during the night, now supported a battery on a commanding point at the right of Howard's corps, which stretched away from this position down to Chickamauga creek. The Ninety-Ninth was also in reserve, with the exception of fifty men under Lieutenant Myers in the skirmish line. The Twelfth and one Hundredth regiments were on the right of the advance, the Twelfth on the extreme right. The Ninety-Seventh and Eighty-Third were also in the line.

Corse went down into the valley and up the frightful slope in the face of musketry and artillery, and constantly increasing numbers, until he was eighty yards from the intrenchments on the top. His was the centre of the fire, but the wings, Loomis and Smith, were also hotly engaged. Hours passed, Hardee hurling column after column on his sturdy assailants, and posting gun after gun on the hills and spurs which commanded their movements, Sherman now sweeping up the second hill, now falling back to the first, but refusing reinforcements because he had not space for additional troops and could make no change in his fiery front.

Meantime Hooker pursued his way along the Missionary hills toward Chattanooga. At Rossville he divided his lines in three, Osterhaus on the east, Geary on the west, and Cruft on the top of the ridge, which was so broken that the last was soon forced to move in two lines. Cruft, with his staff, preceded his column, and met the enemy's skirmishers. Immediately the Ninth and Thirty-Sixth Indiana sprang forward, ran into line under fire, and charged upon the skirmishers, while the residue of Cruft's force formed line, the Fifty-First Ohio and Thirty-Fifth Indiana in advance, Grose's brigade following, and in the rear the other regiments of Whitaker. The enemy was drawn up behind works built by Thomas' troops the last day of Chickamauga, but so swiftly was he overrun that his first line, and then his second line, fled down the hills into the arms of Osterhaus and Geary, or back toward Thomas, who was now moving up. The Ninth Indiana had the pleasure of recovering its own breastworks.

At twenty minutes of four, in the afternoon, six signal guns in Thomas' fortifications opened the bellowing mouths

of all the cannon in the lines about Chattanooga, and set Baird's, Woods', Sheridan's and Johnson's divisions in simultaneous motion. In their front was a wooded valley. Beyond, rising steeply eight hundred feet above the plain, was Missionary ridge, its crest bristling with breastworks and batteries, its base lined with rifle-pits. With silent guns and with voices hushed in stern expectation, with the awful tread of a rushing, mighty host, and the terrible glitter of a mass of bayonets, they swiftly followed their double lines of skirmishers through the woods and up to the foot of the hills. Here they were expected to stop and turn with bold skill the enemy's breastworks to their own defence. But the order had not been given, and how should they know the expectation of their commanders? So they dashed over and into the pits, while out the Rebels swarmed like bees from a hive. They captured a thousand at a word, and, sending them to the rear, halted to reform their lines. Then they began the bold ascent, which was now gray with the scrambling enemy. Under canister, shell and whistling bullet, and, until they neared the top, without returning the fire of a single gun, they strained upward. The strong outran the weak, and, in each regiment, with the color-bearers, and the commanders, formed the apex of a triangular column. Sheeted fire and rolling smoke wrapped them from sight. "I fear they will never reach the top," said Thomas to Grant, as they stood side by side on Orchard Knob. "Give 'em time. Give 'em time," returned the other quietly.

In the centre of the central division, on the steepest and ruggedest part of the mountain, was Beatty's brigade, in advance of all others, and in the front were our Seventy-Ninth and Eighty-Sixth, both under the command of Colonel Knefler, whose horse had been shot in the valley. "The steepness of the mountain," said Knefler, narrating afterwards the events of the assault, "was in our favor, because the enemy's artillery went over our heads. We soon got close to the top. The uproar was astounding. The Rebels were yelling and cursing and raving, hurling down stones, firing the rammers out of their guns, shooting their muskets without aim, officers even, we could see the big yellow braid on their arms,

pointing their revolvers over their works, while they kept their heads down,—and we, roaring as madly. Captain Howe put his mouth to my ear and said: 'Colonel Knefler, do you know that we are alone?' I looked round. We *were* alone. We had climbed up and pushed on, never looking to the right nor left, nor behind, just minding our own business, which is as much as anybody can do in battle, and we had outrun not only all other brigades, but all the other regiments of our brigade. I am not ashamed to say it, I was scared to death! My hair ought to be gray now for that fright. *Halt!* I cried. The men sought cover, but their blood was up, and they still cheered and fired. I waited a lifetime it seemed to me, though it was not many minutes, then I saw a shining India-rubber coat which an eccentric officer, whom I well knew always wore, and then troops everywhere toiling up. *Charge!* I ordered. The bugler at my side blew a blast which might have raised the dead!"

In fifty minutes from the first movement, the stars and stripes were waving on the top. A few regiments pursued the flying enemy. A number turned to the left to gain the rear of Sherman's opponents. The majority remained on the summit, partly from fatigue, partly because forbidden by cautious officers to move on.

When, in the still cloudless sky, so serene and pure throughout the day that even the sulphurous smoke vanished into thin and impalpable air, the sun sank behind the hoary mountains in the west, the thunders of battle died away. Cheer answered cheer. Such shouts never before swept over Chattanooga, and never will again as long as the world stands. The delight of the victors was beyond expression. They shook hands. They smiled in each others' faces. They fondly patted the captured guns, nearly forty in number, peering into their mouths and examining their carriages. More than one general, it is reported, said: "Soldiers, you ought to be court-martialed, you were ordered to take the rifle-pits below, and you scaled the mountain!"

The narrow escapes were almost incredible. "Look here!" cried a German, "a pullet hit de preach of mine gun, a pullet in mine pocket-book, a pullet in mine coat tail! Dey

shoots me fife time and mine skin is not scratch!" In one little tree were twenty-eight bullets.

They who fell in the assault died proudly, knowing the victory was theirs. The grave diggers of the next day say there was a look of lofty satisfaction on the faces of the dead, such as they never before saw.

"A day, an hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

While the battle was raging, a portion of the cavalry which had crossed the Tennessee and the Chickamauga on Sherman's pontoon bridges, moved out toward Cleveland, went round by Tyner's station and destroyed trains and stores within seven miles of Ringgold. The force did not return until the twenty-seventh. It included twenty-five picked men from each company of the Seventeenth Indiana.

Sherman and Hooker started in pursuit at daylight, the first along the railroad, the other on the Rossville road toward Ringgold. Palmer, who was included in Hooker's command, and who had his advance, overtook the Rebel rear, and captured three guns before reaching the Chickamauga. The next day, at a gap in Taylor's ridge, which Cleburne held with guns well posted, Hooker engaged in a serious encounter. The troops were so eager for battle that they were irrestrainable. They were several times repulsed, before, by the arrival of guns, which had been detained at the crossing of the Chickamauga, and by a flanking movement they were able to push Cleburne out. Four hundred and thirty-two of the pursuers were killed and wounded, while the enemy was so well posted that he lost but one hundred and thirty. Hooker continued the pursuit nearly to Tunnel Hill, twenty miles. Grose's brigade, on its return, halted on the field of Chickamauga, and buried the bones of comrades who had fallen more than two months before. Geary and Cruft returned to Lookout valley. Osterhaus encamped in Chattanooga valley. Palmer went back to Chattanooga.

In Sherman's march, Jeff. C. Davis' division, which had been the reserve during the battle, became the advance, crossing the pontoon bridge near the mouth of the Chickamauga, and reaching the Rebel depot at eleven in the morning of

the twenty-sixth. Davis drove the enemy from two neighboring hills, on which he was partially intrenched, and pushed on, coming sharply in contact with him toward evening. At Greysville, on the twenty-seventh, Sherman came up with Palmer, who was now detached from Hooker, and on his left. He sent Howard to destroy the railroad between Dalton and Cleveland, in order to cut communication between Bragg and Longstreet, and sent Davis to assist Hooker. But Bragg was now out of Tennessee, and the pursuit was not continued.

Sending his artillery wagons and all impediments directly to Chattanooga, Sherman made a circuit toward the north as far as the Hiawassee, which he reached on the thirtieth. Having brought his troops from their camps on the other side of the Tennessee seven days before, with two days rations, without a change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket, or coat per man,—from himself to the private, included,—and the weather having become, meantime, bitter cold, he was scarcely in a condition to prolong his march. But he heard here that Burnside, eighty-four miles distant, with twelve thousand men, was beleaguered in Knoxville, and must have relief within three days; and at the same time he received orders to take command of Granger, who had left Chattanooga with reluctance and complaint, and to proceed forthwith to the succor of their comrades.

With these orders the Chattanooga campaign closed.

It had been a great campaign, and was the occasion of immense satisfaction. The letters which our soldiers wrote describing it are full of pride.

"The scaling of Missionary ridge," writes Captain Edward P. Williams, "was the most brilliant feat of arms in the whole war, and did not require more than an hour and a half for its accomplishment. They call Grant a 'lucky General!' Can luck always follow a General? It is not all luck, I assure you. Our brigade, Turchin's, was on top of the hill among the first, and captured ten pieces of artillery."

Adjutant Thomas writes in detail:

"Six terrible shots were fired over our heads from the 'knob' at the enemy as a signal for us to charge and take the

works at the foot. The whole line went forward double quick with a shout. As soon as we came within easy range, the ridge seemed to blaze with cannon, and the bursting shell filled the valley. We had to pass over a rocky rise in the ground, about a quarter of a mile from the works. Upon these works the balls and shells fell, and glanced, and exploded. It was like a hail storm when the hail, the rain, the thunder, and lightning, and clouds all come down together. We dashed through and reached the breastworks at the foot, which were filled with the enemy, afraid to move, even to raise their heads. Here the line halted, excepting our regiment and the Seventy-Ninth, which dashed ahead up the side of the ridge without stopping until the flags were planted within a few yards of the works on the top!

"Captain Southard, with too much bravery, stood up in front of the enemy's works, calling to the men below to come forward. He was shot through the heart and fell only a few feet from the enemy's guns. (He said the day before that he had a presentiment that he would be killed in the battle.)

"Sergeant Stephen Cronkhite, with bravery unsurpassed, bore the flag of the Eighty-Sixth within a few feet of the works in advance of every other man, and then kept it with nothing but a small stump between him and death. This daring act, and the danger the colors were in, drew the men forward one by one, until quite a number were near him protected somewhat by stones, stumps and a little log. They fired with great precision, and succeeded in shooting enough of the Rebels' heads off to inspire them with some fear. A great many ran away, while others lay flat in the ditches shaking their old hats in token of surrender. Many of those who had courage enough left to shoot, forgot to take the rammers from their guns, and sent them flying and whistling down the hill at us.

"Cronkhite was disabled by a ball hitting him in the forehead. Cooper, a color-guard, next took the flag. He was soon mortally wounded. Sergeant Graves seized it in the last desperate dash which brought the bayonets into execution, bore it in triumph, the first flag on the ridge. The flag of the Thirty-Fifth Illinois was almost in ahead of ours, but

its gallant bearer fell, shot through the head, a few feet from the works.

"Colonel Dick displayed great courage in his efforts to get the men forward in sufficient numbers to hold the dangerous position the regiment had taken.

"I never expect to see a grander sight than was presented when we reached the top of the mountain,—the flying Rebels, frightened, wounded horses running down the mountain with artillery, pursued by shouting Yankees, the roar of Sherman's musketry advancing and doubling back the enemy's lines upon us, our boys bringing back the artillery to the crest, and turning it upon the enemy with almost deafening sound as they ran for life far down in the valley, the sun just going down behind Raccoon mountain, the full moon, that I had seen the night before almost totally eclipsed, as if disgusted with Hooker for making so much noise during her peaceful trip across the sky, showing her serene face again above the Smoky mountains that divide this State from North Carolina. Between these mountains and the ridge where we were is a vast country of smaller mountains, over which the smoke of battle, of burning bridges and trains, settled down with the darkness of the night. The mountainous country extends far to the east and north and south, through which the enemy fled, setting fire to every bridge, wagon train, every stack and crib of forage that came in his way. The depot and all their store-houses from which the Rebels had supplied their army were burned at Chickamauga station, and by midnight the country was full of fires of every shape, from the long winding train to the little railroad bridge. It was a cold night, and many of us took such colds after the exhaustion of coming up the mountain, that we could hardly speak for several days. We remained on the mountain all the next day with our torn flag hanging upon our gun stacks.

"It was visited by hundreds of persons from different parts of the army, who had anxiously watched it the day before. It had eighty-eight bullet holes put through it, and the staff was shot in two.

"Before midnight we received orders to march back to our camps, which we were very willing to do, for we were almost

sick with colds and fatigue. As we reached the entrance to the fortifications the band met us, and played 'Hail Columbia.'

"We slept as only tired soldiers can sleep, although our corps had orders to march for Knoxville at four in the morning. We felt refreshed after our night's rest, and looked upon Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain with the greatest satisfaction."

Two days after the battle Major Leaming, of the Fortieth, gives a spirited description of the race up the mountain:

"I do not know that I could interest you by attempting a description of the battle of last Wednesday, but some of its incidents will never by me be forgotten. Stone river was a skirmish, as far as our regiment was concerned, to this affair. In fact the Fortieth, being in the front line, formed, with the regiments on its flanks, the forlorn hope of the storming party. Now, if you will reflect that we had to advance more than a mile, without cover of any sort, over a dead level, commanded at all points by the enemy's batteries, and for the last quarter of a mile under the fire of the infantry, you will wonder with me that any ever succeeded in reaching the foot of the ridge, to say nothing of the ascent afterwards. I could see our brave boys dropping all around me as we moved forward, some killed, others desperately wounded, but the advance was not even checked. It moved on as if each man felt himself invulnerable. As I lost my horse before we were half way across the plain, I had to take it on foot, and after running more than a half mile, had the mountain to climb. It is about as steep and about twice as high as the hill just back of Camp Tippecanoe, at Lafayette, perhaps higher. After running so far, of course I was about gone up before I got to the mountain foot, and from there to the top was just the biggest job of climbing I ever undertook, not to speak of the rascals on the top, who objected to our going up.

"I never have seen anything so vicious as the artillery fire from the ridge. Grape, canister and shell flew through and over our ranks like a flock of birds. I was blinded time and again by the dirt thrown in my face by some of the missiles striking the ground in front of me. The flight of canister

much resembles the noise of a covey of quails just springing from the ground. I heard a soldier say, as a charge of canister rushed along, 'Here goes your quails!'

"As we lay behind the rifle-pits a few moments, taking breath for the next rush, the firing from the artillery was most accurate and rapid. The bank we were behind was not more than three feet high, and as the Rebels were so much above us, they plumped their shell right down on us. Once I remember, as I lay close up on my side to the parapet, with my legs behind me, a twenty-four shell struck not three inches from my feet, and glancing, exploded about fifty feet in the rear. You can easily imagine that I drew in my legs as far as possible toward my chin. I mention these things of my own experience that you may form a better idea of how hot the place was for us all. As we were going up the mountain side, directly at the battery, we could feel the hot smoke puff right into our faces. The pieces were depressed so much as actually to blow off huge masses of earth from the edge of the hill on the top.

"The prisoners say that our attempt to scale the height was laughed at by them as absurd and impossible. They thought us insane to undertake it. After the thing was over, and I could see just what had been done, I came to pretty much the same conclusion. Of course we did, but why we should succeed I cannot see. No artillery could be used by us. All depended on the bull-dog perseverance of the infantry. In fact we mobbed the Rebels out of their position, every fellow fighting on his own hook. A man behind a stump would move forward to another just vacated in advance of him, and thus make room for another behind him. Thus the whole thing was gradually rushed up the hill, and when we got to the top the Rebels were mostly at the bottom on the other side. 'Twas a clean thrashing they got, all the advantages on their side, all the success on ours.

"After we drove the Rebels from the ridge, we could see them running without any sort of order, each man for himself, throwing away everything,—guns, cartridge-boxes, blankets, and even pulling off their coats and throwing them away. We found numbers of cartridge-boxes with the belts

cut, the owners not having taken time to unbuckle them. While this was going on a part of our men were gathered together, and moved down the road after the crowd of Rebels. We struck them posted on a high hill, over which the road ran, and which, being crescent-shaped, with the horns encircling the road, commanded it most effectually. We got to the foot of the hill, but as we had only a remnant of our regiment, with a few of the Ninety-Seventh Ohio, our force was plainly not sufficient to storm it. So we stopped and commenced firing. We held our own an hour and a quarter, with a fire poured into us from both flanks, as well as front. Finally a regiment was sent along the ridge to our left, and the Rebels, fearing a movement upon their flank, fled at once. We got here three pieces of artillery, a wagon loaded with rifle ammunition, another loaded with new rifles, and a third with commissary stores.

"I was standing in the road watching the firing, when I felt a pain shoot from my toes to my shoulders. I knew that I was struck about the knee, and I thought to myself, 'Now for a wooden leg;' but I did not put my hand down to see what was done for ten minutes. I was afraid to, expecting to find the bone shattered. So I lay down—I couldn't stand, and after a while became curious to see the damage. Sure enough the shot had struck plump on the bone, but my heavy overcoat had stopped its force somewhat, and this, with the distance it had come, prevented it from making anything more than an ugly contusion. If it had come with the slightest additional force, my leg would have been a goner. For a long time it was as useless for walking purposes as a stick.

"This fight was a mile beyond the ridge we scaled. We marched on till four in the morning, then lay on the ground, white with frost. I got a cold that racks every bone in my body.

"The Fortieth took two hundred prisoners, and eight pieces of artillery. The guns were of the famous Washington battery, one that did our regiment much harm at Stone river. One of the pieces was marked Lady Bragg, another Lady Buckner. These were two hundred and forty smooth

bore, two rifled Parrotts one hundred, the others brass howitzers. Bragg himself was on the ridge not ten minutes before we got there, and with Breckinridge made his escape in good time to save his skin.

"We found that every preparation for winter quarters had been made by the Rebels. Cabins without number were scattered through the woods for miles, many built of large logs, and well chinked and daubed. This freezing weather will prove a great hardship to them without any shelter at all.

"I told you that the Army of the Cumberland was not whipped at Chickamauga, and when we went for them again we would prove it. Whatever may have been the cause of the check there, the men were not, in any sense, whipped. This will, I think, be plain enough now. The back-bone of the Rebellion was broken last Wednesday. No tinkering can restore it. The patient may linger, but death is certain, and cannot long be delayed.

"I have written to poor Mrs. Cooper, Jimmy Dick's sister. It was indeed a painful thing to do, and I confess my heart was sad enough. Never was there a better fellow than he. I was, as all others were, attached most closely to him. A brave and noble gentleman.

"The day of the fight was my birthday. The armies were celebrating it. Less noise would have suited me as well."

General Grant reported the losses in the three days battle of Chattanooga at seven hundred and fifty-seven killed, four thousand five hundred and twenty-nine wounded, and three hundred and thirty missing,—total, five thousand six hundred and sixteen.

The enemy, fighting under cover, had but about three thousand killed and wounded. He lost more than six thousand prisoners, perhaps a thousand stragglers, forty pieces of artillery, sixty-nine artillery carriages and caissons, and seven thousand stand of small arms.

In the battle of Lookout Mountain on Tuesday, also in the advance from Lookout to and along Mission Ridge, Wednesday, the following Indiana regiments were engaged: the Ninth, Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Fifth, Forty-Second, Eighty-

Eighth and Thirty-Eighth; the last, being in Carlin's brigade, was in the moonlight fight on the extreme right.

The Ninth lost twenty-five in killed and wounded. The Thirty-Eighth the same number. Major Carter was seriously wounded. Colonel Scribner is said to have spent the greater part of the night of the twenty-fourth attending to the wounded in the hospital, where surgical attendance was very limited.

The Forty-Second lost forty-three in killed and wounded.

In Sherman's wing of the army, the Twelfth, Eighty-Third, Ninety-Seventh and One Hundredth, and a portion of the Ninety-Ninth, were in the front, and the Forty-Eighth and Fifty-Ninth were in reserve. In the Twelfth, nine were killed and fifty-two were wounded. Three of the last died of their wounds. Captains Bowman, Huston and Beeson, Adjutant Bond, Quartermaster M'Clellan and Lieutenant J. E. Hart were among the wounded. The right foot of Captain Beeson was struck by a cannon ball. He refused to submit to amputation, and was recovering, when erysipelas attacked the mangled limb and caused his death. He was deeply lamented by his company and by all who knew him. Captain Aveline was shot through the head.

The Ninety-Ninth had three wounded, two of whom died.

In the Hundredth, Lieutenant Colonel Heath was severely wounded early in the action, and Major Johnson assumed command. Captain Harland was killed. Captains Smith and Brouse, Lieutenants Swihart and Shanks, were wounded. Major Johnson received a slight wound, but joined in the pursuit. The regiment lost one hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded.

In the assault on the Rebel centre were the Sixth, Fifteenth, Twenty-Second, Thirty-Second, Fortieth, Fifty-Seventh, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Eighth, Seventy-Fourth, Seventy-Fifth, Seventy-Ninth, Eighty-Second, Eighty-Sixth, Eighty-Eighth and One Hundred and First,—so large a number that Indiana may almost lay claim to the victory at this point, especially as the Seventy-Ninth and Eighty-Sixth were the first to reach and the first to plant the banner on the top.

The Seventy-Ninth lost twenty-three. Its Colonel's were the first eagle-embroidered straps which entered the enemy's works. He was one of the bravest men in the service. And his regiment was heroic, from the drummer, Walter Hartpence, who pressed upward, rifle in hand, and was wounded, to every other man, above or below in rank. But what regiment on that inspiring field was not heroic?

Twelve battles had witnessed the devotion of Colonel Dick of the Eighty-Sixth,—Missionary Ridge was his thirteenth and his proudest. The regiment considered the storming of Missionary Ridge the crowning achievement of all its operations during the war. General Thomas sent for the names of the brave fellows who carried the flag so gallantly up the ridge. He said he would remember them. Perhaps he did, but he gave them no further notice. The regiment lost thirty-six.

The troops whose fortune it had been to climb the mountain where it was less steep, suffered more severely. Wagner's brigade, while it halted to take breath and shelter in a ravine two-thirds of the way up, was ordered back to the breastworks at the base. It had hardly regained them when it was directed again to storm the steep. Up it went once more through the murderous fire.

The Fifteenth Regiment lost thirty-two killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded out of three hundred and thirty-five. Captain Monroe and Lieutenant Sering were killed. The commanding officer, Major White, was wounded. Every color-bearer was shot down. Sergeant Banks carried the colors until he was shot three times. Lieutenant Graham planted them on the works.

The Fortieth lost twenty killed and one hundred and thirty wounded, and was reduced to one hundred and ninety-two effective men.

The Fifty-Seventh, which, deployed five paces apart, formed the advance at the start, lost ninety-four killed and wounded.

The Fifty-Eighth lost sixty-six. Captain Smith and Lieutenants Milburn and Hill were among the wounded.

The Sixth lost seventy-six. Captain Strader died of a wound which he received.

Lieutenant Colonel Glass and Lieutenant Schelz of the Thirty-Second were killed. The regiment lost forty-four in all.

The Sixty-Eighth lost eighty-two men and officers.

The Seventy-Fifth captured a piece of artillery on the summit, rushing over a regiment in its front in the charge. It lost twenty-two. Captain Bryant died of wounds received in the pursuit to Ringgold.

The Eighty-Second lost twenty-six.

The Eighty-Seventh lost sixteen. Lieutenant Russel died of his wounds.

The One Hundred and First lost thirty-four. The Eighty-Seventh and One Hundred and First, with the Second Minnesota and the Thirty-Fifth Ohio, were the foremost of Baird's regiments.

The Fourth, Seventh, Eighth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Nineteenth and Twenty-First batteries were all engaged on Wednesday, but being either within fortifications, or at a distance from the field, suffered no loss. The Nineteenth was in the pursuit to Ringgold.

General Cruft commanded a division. General Wagner, Colonel Grose, Colonel Alexander and perhaps other Indiana officers, commanded brigades.

The Thirty-Seventh, within the fortifications, and the Forty-Fourth, on provost duty in Chattanooga; the Twenty-Ninth, Thirty-First and Eighty-First, at Bridgeport; the Eighty-Fourth regiment and the Fifth battery at Shell Mound, and the Thirtieth and Thirty-Sixth, at Whiteside and Tyner's Station, were not engaged.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANCIS H. AVELINE.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.—*Longfellow.*

Captain Aveline was a gallant officer, and as pleasant in camp as he was brave in the field; but on the night of the twenty-fourth of November, as he stood by his camp-fire on Missionary ridge, and watched the tired soldiers preparing for sleep, now and then exchanging with them a remark, his manner was melancholy, and he said "good night" as if it were good-bye, and meant, "We may not meet again, or meet only to part forever." They afterwards recalled his words and tones.

The next morning Captain Aveline, with his friend, Major Baldwin, went out to see the enemy's works. The thoughtful sadness still rested on the young man's face. His companion was struck with it, and pointing to the range of hills taken the day before, exclaimed, "Why look so sad, Frank? We shall be victorious." "I know we shall gain the day," was the reply, "but you will look sad, too, before night. The stoutest hearts will quail."

They returned to the camp-fire, and Captain Aveline, shaking off his despondency, wore again his own hopeful, genial manner. The battle soon opened, and he was in the midst of the fire and fury. Twice his sword was struck. He raised it above his head and cried, "Forward, boys, and keep your lines steady!" The words were yet on his lips, and the glory of the warrior's soul shone in his face, when a bullet entered his temple, and, as if that were not enough, another penetrated his ear. Francis Aveline was in his

twenty-first year when his spirit went up from the field of battle and victory.

When, in the spring of 1861, the first rumor of war reached the ears of his parents, they congratulated themselves that their high-spirited son was performing the duties of Deputy Clerk in the adjoining county of Noble, and was, as they supposed, out of the reach of excitement. But almost as soon as the alarm began to sound in the streets of his native city, Fort Wayne, his mother received from him a letter, pleading for her consent to his volunteering, and asserting that there was no necessity to ask his father. The mother yielded, and he joined the Twelfth regiment.

Just before he went away his mother said to him, "My son, you are a private, and will get but eleven dollars a month. You have been tenderly brought up, and are not used to such hardships as I fear you must endure. Promise me that you will let us know when you need money."

"I cannot do that, mother," he answered. "I cannot eat better food than my comrades." He carried this principle with him to his death, never asking for one dollar from home, and never complaining of hardship. When others grumbled about scanty food, or because they were huddled together like cattle in freight cars, he recalled the heroes of the Revolution, and saying they would have been glad of any mode of conveyance that would have rested their poor, swollen feet, he was content.

At the expiration of its first term of service, in May, 1862, the Twelfth received from President Lincoln a short commendatory address, every word of which Frank Aveline treasured up.

He ardently desired to reenter the service, but he could not bear to see his mother's struggle between her duty to her country and her love for her son, and he went back to his old work in the Clerk's office. However, Colonel Link and Lieutenant Baldwin successfully interceded for him. He reenlisted, and was made First Lieutenant of Company B.

In the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, the young Lieutenant was haunted by the parting words of his father: "My

son, if you are wounded I hope it will not be in the back." He was so much afraid of what might be regarded a disgraceful wound, that when compelled to retreat he frequently walked backwards.

In May, 1863, he was made Assistant Inspector of the First brigade, of his division, and was ordered on Colonel Loomis' staff. But he asked to be allowed to remain with his men, saying that he would rather share their toilsome marches on foot with them than consider himself a sort of genteel servant on any officer's staff, much as he liked Colonel Loomis. Shortly afterward he became Captain, in consequence of the promotion of Baldwin to the majority. After the surrender of Vicksburg and the capture of Jackson, Captain Aveline, with several other officers of the Twelfth, was allowed twelve days' leave of absence. During his visit he said to his mother, "I have never felt that I should be killed, but I pray and wish you to pray that I may not die of disease in camp or hospital, and that I may never be shut up in a Rebel prison. If I am to die in this war, I pray it may be with my face to the foe, leading my men on to victory."

He was deeply wounded to discover that many of his old schoolmates and friends were southern sympathizers. After his return to the army he wrote: "Two years and a half ago, when I left home, I would not have believed that I could ever be soured and disgusted with society as I found myself. The whole thing seems to be hollow, a school of flattery and deceit. Even the mates of my boyhood are miniature traitors. I can never live among them again. If my life is spared to see the close of the war, I shall join the regular army, or try to get into the navy. I find among the rough soldiers true hearts."

And again, after speaking of his grief on leaving the dead of his company in Rebel soil: "I do wish this war would close; though rather than yield one inch to the wretched men who have caused my country so much sorrow, I would vote that the last man and the last dollar in the North be sacrificed."

His last letter, written at Bridgeport on the sixteenth of

November, tells of the fifty-five days march without rest, except at night, and of the sore and even shoeless condition of many a poor soldier's feet. It was received at home on the evening of Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, and read while he who penned it lay cold and still on Missionary ridge, within the enemy's lines, his bent sword beside him, and his little Testament next his heart. The book had been given him when a child, and contained a lock of his mother's hair, and the song, "Rock me to sleep, mother."

A few days later his father reclaimed the remains. He had them embalmed in Nashville, and thus brought back to the weeping mother her first-born son. Hundreds came to look upon the dead soldier as he lay, beautiful and calm, beneath a canopy of banners pierced and torn in many battles, one of them the flag of his own regiment in the first year of the war. Kind hands wrapped the old flag round him as they laid him down to rest. His company erected to his memory a marble monument, on which is carved a drooping flag, and his last words, "Forward, boys, and keep your lines steady." His beloved Colonel Link's grave is near. Beside him lies the tender father, who, though he lingered two years, was crushed by the blow which destroyed the son.

Of the mother,

> "The world goes whispering to its own,
> 'This anguish pierces to the bone;'
> And tender friends go sighing round,
> 'What love can ever cure this wound?'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

EAST TENNESSEE.

"Hungry and cold were the poor fellows who had so long been keeping the field; for provisions were scant, clothing worn out, and so badly off were they for shoes, that the footsteps of many might be tracked in blood."—*March to Valley Forge. Irving's Life of Washington.*

General Burnside was assigned, in March, 1863, to the department of the Ohio, to execute the grateful task of liberating East Tennessee, which had lain since the beginning of the war at the mercy of the enemy; but a sufficient force was not at his disposal for several months, the Ninth corps, his main dependence, being required in the siege of Vicksburg, and the Twenty-Third corps, or the troops which afterwards formed that corps, being occupied by Rebel raids into and beyond Kentucky. He set out the middle of August, simultaneously with Rosecrans' advance from Tullahoma. With a force of about eighteen thousand men, in light marching order he moved in five converging lines through the south-eastern part of Kentucky, and to Montgomery, in Tennessee. Of Indiana organizations he had the Fifteenth and Twenty-Fourth batteries, the Eightieth infantry, the Sixty-Fifth, mounted since April, the Fifth cavalry and the first batallion of the Sixth cavalry, all of which, and especially the Fifth, had been during many months indefatigably engaged with the troublesome guerillas and raiding forces furnished or encouraged by Kentucky. Wagons were prepared to follow when the mountain passes should be cleared. Meantime pack mules carried stores and ammunition, and corn fields along the route furnished the main part of subsistence. The draught animals were worked to the utmost extent of their ability, and great numbers broke down and died. But the men, whose labor was proportion-

ably severe, having to move the artillery by hand most of the way, hoisting it from height to height, and dropping it from rock to rock by means of ropes, continued stout and well, no doubt strengthened by the prospect of carrying deliverance to a captive land, and stimulated by the magnificent scenery as yet free from the gloom with which association afterward invested the bleak hills of Tennessee.

The Twenty-Fourth Indiana was the first battery to cross the mountains. Colonel Foster's brigade was the first brigade to reach Montgomery.

On the thirty-first of August, while General Burnside, with the main force, marched to the right, toward Kingston, Colonel Foster, with his single brigade, advanced to the left, toward Knoxville. He occupied Winter's gap at sundown without opposition, and pushed on early the next day, the enemy seeming to melt away, and friends, with radiant faces of welcome, to rise from rocks and ravines. Baskets and buckets of refreshment and sweet water from the mountain springs were offered at every hand. Poor mountaineers, who had been for weeks on the brink of starvation, held out their little all of corn meal, saying, "God bless you! Take it! We can live on roasting ears until we get more." Tennessee troops, returning exiles, whose hearts beat high with the gratification of long deferred hopes, moved in advance. At four in the afternoon of the first of September, they reached Knoxville, which was a scene of the wildest joy. Two years a national flag had not fluttered on any housetop, or been carried in any hand. Two years the name of the President had not been spoken except with curses or in whispers. Now, as the standard bearers held their banners aloft, the people, in the solemn, pathetic language of Scripture, "lifted up their voices and wept." They mingled praise and shout. "Glory!" "The Lord be praised!" "Hurra for Lincoln!" "Huzza for the Union!" In honor to the name of Lincoln, Tennessee loyalty contrasted strongly with Kentucky patriotism.

All night the mountains blazed with signal fires. At dawn, country people began to pour in from homes, where, by concealing their sentiments, they had been able to live in comparative security, and from hiding places among rocks

and caves, where, during two long years, they had not called their lives their own. Their emotion was extreme at sight of the hundred flags which had been brought out from secret places, and now flaunted in the sun. The Knoxville jail and the Knoxville gallows, instruments both of many a sad and cruel wrong, had attained a wide celebrity. The one the soldiers cut down and burned to ashes, unwilling that so infamous a thing should stand an hour on liberated soil. The other they opened, releasing from its filthy walls the inmates who were confined for patriotism. But the retreating enemy had not neglected to carry away a prisoner who had been there many months, with his hands chained to the top of his cell during the day, and pinioned to the floor during the night.

General Burnside, on reaching Knoxville, set vigorously to work to repossess East Tennessee, sending forces north to Cumberland gap, south-west toward Chattanooga, and east to Smoky mountains. Each expedition achieved its designated task. The Rebel command which held Cumberland gap surrendered on the ninth of September. Connection with General Rosecrans was formed by means of out posts, which reached below Athens. The force which moved to Smoky mountains captured the rolling stock of the railroad, and cleared the enemy from the region. The loyalty of the mountaineers finds fit notice in the following letter, written by Colonel Foster to his wife:

"The rejoicing and demonstrations I have witnessed will be, probably, the brightest of my reminiscences of the war. I never before saw such demonstrations at the sight of the old flag, or such evidences of genuine patriotism. It was the happiest epoch of my life to first carry that flag into Knoxville, and to bear it in the advance along up this valley for more than a hundred miles, and receive the welcome of the loyal people. No wonder the people received us with the very ecstacy of enthusiasm. No wonder they weep tears of joy at sight of the old flag, for it brings them freedom from oppression. At our advance, men came to us all bleached and weak from hiding in rocks and caves, away from the light of day. And for months men have been chased through the

mountains by Indians (in the Rebel service) who were offered a bounty for their arrest or death. Women have been driven from their homes while their all was burned before them, because their husbands were in the Union army. Scaffolds are to be seen where loyal men, on suspicion of bridge burning, were hung without any trial whatever. The tales of cruelty and wrong which I have heard go to make up a history of tyranny which will be the blackest record of this slaveholders' rebellion.

"There is a valley over the line in North Carolina, about twenty-five miles from this place, just under the shadow of the Great Smoky range of mountains, and almost shut out from the world. It is inhabited by wild, simple-hearted men, who, partaking of the true spirit of the mountains were unalterably attached to the Government. No bribes nor threats could induce them to go into the Rebel army. When the conscripting officers came to take them by force, and the foragers to carry off their horses and provisions, they met them along the mountain sides, with their squirrel rifles, and drove them back. It was almost worth a Confederate officer's life to venture into the valley. Finally, a large force of cavalry and Indians drove the mountaineers before it. The men, fit for military duty, fled to their hiding places. The Rebel cavalry gathered up the horses and cattle, and burnt up the houses in the valley, driving out women, old men and children, who, as safe from conscription, had not sought refuge in concealment. This was bad enough, but worse was to come. They took twenty of these gray-haired old men, and youths of twelve and fourteen, out by the roadside, and, without crime or trial, shot them to death. And this was not all. The women and children were driven out of the valley, over the mountains and down to Greenville. Old and prominent citizens of this place tell me it was the most pitiable sight they ever beheld. A stout-hearted man, in talking to me about it, could not restrain his tears. Some of the women had children in their arms, and other little ones, barefoot and almost naked, clinging to their dresses. Women in the most delicate situation were made to walk with the rest. And all were driven like sheep at the point

of the bayonet. They were brought to the depot and kept over night. It was the avowed determination of Jackson, in command here, to send them over the Cumberland Mountains to Kentucky. But Governor Vance, of North Carolina, hearing of the brutal proceeding, declared that women and children should not be banished from his State, and they were returned. Since then, these men of Laurel Valley have been the wild men of the mountains, with their homes in the caves and cliffs, and woe be to the Rebel soldier who comes within range of their rifles. The most vigorous measures have been taken to ferret them out, but few have ever been caught. Their hiding places and their daring have been a good protection. A company of them twice attempted to break through and cross the Cumberland Mountains into Kentucky, but were driven back before they could get out of East Tennessee. Day before yesterday, over fifty of these brave men came over the mountains, and asked me for help. An old man, who was the spokesman and the wise man of the valley, said they were a poor, ignorant and wild set of 'cusses,' who didn't know much but devotion to their country and how to shoot. He asked me to give them a little good advice and some guns. I could not refuse the latter, at least. I gave them the arms and sent them home. A merciful God will have to protect the savages, who murdered their fathers and sons, plundered their homes, burnt their houses, and drove out their wives and mothers; for these men, with their muskets, will not remember mercy. This is no fancy sketch. It is the plain, unvarnished truth, vouched for by hundreds of citizens of Greenville. Would you believe that such savage atrocities could be committed in the land of Washington? This same General Jackson is now in front of me, and I have asked General Burnside for four days to let my brigade after him, but he withholds for the present. It will not be many days before I will try to capture him, or drive him out of East Tennessee, I hope forever."

General Burnside's unprecedented success was due in great measure to the timeliness of his advance (Bragg at this juncture imperatively requiring the assistance of Buck-

ner), and he only hastened the withdrawal of forces which were already prepared to move. A sufficient number, however, remained to necessitate both vigilance and activity. General Jones, with a force of ten thousand, watched and waited along the northeastern border, threatening and harassing outposts in the passes of the North Carolina mountains and on the Holston river, on the alert to retake Knoxville and Kingston, with the whole of East Tennessee, should Burnside be compelled to hasten to Chickamauga. In the latter part of September, Burnside received orders to that effect. He promptly, though reluctantly prepared to obey, hastening in person up the valley of the Holston and along the railroad to recall his cavalry. He found Foster's brigade, under the command of Colonel Graham, on the edge of Virginia, alternately pushing the enemy and falling back before him, and so closely engaged that it could not suddenly be withdrawn. Accordingly he prepared to join in the struggle, and, September 21, posted himself in front of a large but straggling body of the enemy, near Carter's Station, on the Holston river. Graham's cavalry was on the rear of the same force. The Fifth Indiana came under an ambushed fire early on the twenty-second, as it was cautiously scouring field and wood. A hot encounter followed, mostly in wild, thick, rocky woods, but partly in the open fields surrounding Blountsville. Graham led up the remainder of his brigade, which, however, was unable to drive the Rebels, until, at dark, the Sixty-Fifth Indiana broke their line. They fled, leaving the little town in flames, and women and children houseless, in the night. The Union loss was seventeen. The Rebel loss was eighty-six.

General Burnside was now able to concentrate near and below Knoxville, preparatory to a withdrawal from East Tennessee. But it was too late. The battle had been fought and lost. There could be no retrieval of the great defeat on the Chickamauga, even by the sacrifice of East Tennessee. Accordingly he remained and returned to his previous style of operation, scattering his command, in divisions and brigades, over the territory he desired to hold.

The first week in October he was reinforced by the Ninth corps, with a new division, under General Wilcox. Beside a Michigan and an Ohio battery, Wilcox's division consisted entirely of Indiana troops,—the six months' regiments brigaded together, under Colonel Mahan, the Twenty-Third battery, the Second and Third battalions of the Sixth cavalry, and Companies L and M, of the Third cavalry, sent, for the first time, into the field, although organized in December, 1862.

Meantime General Jones returned to the valley, from which, by the battle of Blountsville, he had been expelled, and established himself at Blue Springs, near Bull's Gap. Here he was soon confronted by General Burnside, with the newly arrived reinforcement, and a large cavalry force; but he was willing to fight, and held his ground. Engaging his attention by skirmishers, Burnside directed Foster's brigade to move by way of Rogersville to Rheatown, in order to cut off his retreat, and after the lapse of a sufficient time, made a heavy attack. He gained a decided advantage, but the enemy effected a retreat during the following night, Foster withdrawing his small and fatigued force from attack, except the Fifth cavalry, which, having been thrown forward, came severely in contact with the retreating Rebels, and fought several hours with great bravery. Colonel Foster followed the enemy beyond Bristol, in Virginia, skirmishing with his rear.

The Union loss at Blue Springs, and in the pursuit, was about one hundred, twenty-eight of whom belonged to the Fifth Indiana. One hundred and fifty Rebels were captured.

About the middle of October Bragg began demonstrations south of Knoxville, up the railroad as far as Sweetwater. On the twentieth a large body of cavalry and infantry pressed unexpectedly and heavily upon Colonel Wolford, who, with a force of two thousand, including the Fifteenth and Twenty-Fourth Indiana batteries, was in and near Philadelphia, not far from Loudon. Wolford kept his ground several hours, hoping the sound of his guns would bring reinforcements, but he was at length forced to retreat, with the loss of many men

by capture, beside a number of wagons, and three guns. Near the same time a body of Union cavalry was routed at Rogersville.

General Burnside's isolated and inaccessible position became, with each day, more precarious. President Lincoln, General Halleck and General Grant were filled with the deepest solicitude in regard to it, especially the two first. "Hold fast, even if you should lose half your cavalry," was the sum of Grant's orders, and he seemed to have every confidence in Burnside's resolution. The President and Halleck, on the contrary, could not rest, and constantly expressed their anxiety.

Nothing was further from the thoughts of the deliverer of East Tennessee than retreat or surrender.

Early in November General Longstreet, with Hood's and McLaws' divisions, Wheeler's cavalry and eighty guns, reached Sweetwater, whence he approached Loudon, driving the Union outposts from the hills on the southern side of the river.

General Grant, well pleased by the decrease of the force in his front, directed Burnside to hold Longstreet engaged, yet well aware of the increased danger of his subordinate and coadjutor, he repeatedly and emphatically promised relief within a week from the fourteenth of the month. Accordingly Burnside prepared to allure the advancing Rebel General to the vicinity of Knoxville, and hold him there until the arrival of assistance. He said: "If we concentrate in the neighborhood of Loudon, the enemy will have the advantage of being able to reinforce from the rear, whereas, if we concentrate near Knoxville, not only the present force of the enemy, but all reinforcements would have to march forty miles (from Loudon) before fighting. Should he cross either river, and move to attack us in this neighborhood, he will be so far from the main body of Bragg's army that he cannot be recalled in time to assist it in case Thomas finds himself in condition to make an attack after Sherman comes up."

At nine at night of November 13, Captain Sims, of the Twenty-Fourth battery, informed General White, in command of the Second division of the Twenty-Third corps, on

the heights opposite Loudon, that the Rebels on the southern hills were stirring as if largely reinforced, and on the point of an important movement. Before midnight it was discovered that they were building a pontoon bridge a few miles below. General White immediately withdrew six miles, to Lenoir's Station. He had not halted when he was ordered to face about by General Burnside, who also marched southward with the Ninth corps to hold the enemy in check until the safety of the trains was secured. Rain poured down in torrents, but over rocky hills and through muddy gullies artillery, cavalry and infantry toiled fourteen miles. They met skirmishers at four, and pressed them until they reached the enemy's position at dark, when they formed their line and stacked their arms. The night was so unfavorable that the enemy ventured no attack, and the troops slept on the soaking ground undisturbed, except now and then by the firing of a single gun. At daylight of the fifteenth, as quietly as possible, they set to work at the tedious and hazardous task of drawing the enemy on. Early in the afternoon, at Lenoir's, they were compelled to make a stand, while a body of mounted infantry, with artillery, hastened toward Knoxville to seize the junction of the road from Lenoir's with three or four other roads at Campbell's Station. The enemy, anxious to gain the same point, pressed hard on the line during the afternoon and evening, endeavoring especially to strike back the left flank; but he met with no success. In the long and bitter cold night which followed, utter darkness and perfect silence were maintained. Not a fire was kindled, not a word was spoken above a whisper. To guard against even the possibility of a sound which might betray the position, the canteens and tin-cups of the soldiers were put in their haversacks. At daybreak such transportation, ammunition and private property as had not been moved were consumed, and the retreat was resumed. On reaching Campbell's Station, which the mounted infantry, by hot haste and with great difficulty had gained and now held, line of battle was formed on a ridge, Ferrero's division on the right, White's in the centre, and Hartsuff's on the left, with cavalry on both

flanks, light batteries between infantry and cavalry, and heavy artillery in the centre.

The Rebels, in greatly superior numbers, pressed hard and close, extremely unwilling to lose a point for which they had reserved their strength. They made repeated charges, turning from right to centre and from centre to left, but not having been able to bring up their artillery, they were worsted by artillery at each onset. Late in the afternoon, by the arrival of their batteries, they were able to advance in tremendous force toward the left. Burnside baffled them by withdrawing to a second ridge. Here he held his own until night, when again he took up the march. Knoxville was sixteen miles off, the road was muddy, the night was dark, and both men and horses were oppressed with sleep and fatigue. They could scarcely lift one foot after the other. Nevertheless the hard march was made.

At four in the morning, the advance began to arrive, the soldiers falling asleep as they entered the streets. But it was no time for sleep, and they were pitilessly aroused to take position and to dig intrenchments.

The Ninth corps was posted on the west; the Twenty-Third corps was stationed on the north and east, and a large proportion of cavalry south of the town on the south bank of the river, with batteries at intervals. Von Sehlen's battery was on the right of the Ninth corps, supported by Hartranft's brigade. Captain Sims' battery and one section of Captain Thomas', Wilder battery, were on the north-east, and with two other batteries, were supported by White's and Hascall's divisions. Two sections of the Wilder battery, with other artillery, were posted on the heights south of the river.

The enemy appeared at noon of the seventeenth, but was held in check by cavalry until the next day, when fortifications, built by soldiers, with the assistance of citizens and negroes pressed into the service, encircled the town. As the cavalry fell back the Rebels established their lines within rifle range of the defences. During several following days, with the exception of slight skirmishing, both armies occupied themselves in strengthening their position. The Rebels converted four hundred acres of timber into breastworks

and fortifications for rifle pits, making about two and a half miles of permanent works to command the north and west of the city. They built log huts and made themselves comfortable, as if they meant to stay during the winter, and were entirely oblivious of the necessities and condition of the great army from which they had been detached.

Of the defenders of the besieged city each man and officer was on picket duty every third day, twenty-four uninterrupted hours, being detailed the morning of one day to remain on post until the morning of the next. When not on picket every man was in the trenches, where, at night, one in four, sometimes one in three, was kept awake. Biddle's batallion, beside making reconnoisances of the enemy's lines nearly every day as cavalry, performed duty as infantry on the skirmish line. As the place was not supplied for a siege, coffee and sugar soon disappeared, and bread made of mixed meal and flour with a small allowance of fresh pork, formed the sole articles of food. On these short rations the soldiers were active scouts, vigilant sentinels, and patient laborers. Reminded by General Burnside of the trying times in which the forefathers instituted the national Thanksgiving, they observed the appointed day, the twenty-sixth of November, eating their corn bread with gratitude. Citizens were not behind in loyalty. An elegant mansion, the parlors and halls of which were still under the hands of fresco painters, was thrown open by the owner, Mr. Powell, to the officers and sick of a regiment on duty at the point. But this was not sufficient, and it was occupied by two companies while its two fronts were loop-holed. "Lay it level with the ground, if it is necessary," said Powell.

Burnside confined his operations mainly to defence, but now and then he assumed the offensive. The Wilder battery rendered good service by moving at night in sections close on the enemy's lines, and keeping up an incessant fire.

The enemy was also tireless, especially in efforts to gain the south bank of the Holston, in order to cut off foraging parties, and starve the town into surrender. So the days wore on. When thirteen had passed Longstreet brought affairs to a crisis by an assault on Fort Sanders, which, on a

hill in the north-west of the town, commanded the approaches in that direction, and which was the most formidable point in the defences. The assault, undertaken with reluctance, and only at the instigation of imperative necessity, was an utter failure. It cost the besiegers nearly a thousand men, while not a hundred of the defenders fell. Burnside offered Longstreet an armistice in order that he might bury the dead. In consequence the day passed without further fighting. The next day brought a courier with tidings of the victory at Chattanooga, and with the already oft repeated promise of speedy reinforcements.

The first and second days of December passed with no further tidings. The sun of the third sank in gathering gloom; but that night a body of forty troopers, almost dead with fatigue, announced the approach of General Sherman. Still another day the besiegers held their line of investment intact; but before the sun of December fifth rose they exchanged it for the line of retreat. General Sherman arrived on the following day.

Few operations during the war were so creditable to officers and men as the retreat from Loudon and the defence of Knoxville. The troops admired the bearing and emulated the spirit of "Old Burnie." "On the retreat," writes Frank B. Rose, a private in our Fifteenth battery, "his towering form could be seen at all times where the fire was hottest. Only for his good example, all would have been lost. And his staff officers did not exhibit their gallantry in the rear, but came among the men and remained with them. During the worst weather, in the siege, and in the most trying engagements, the General was always on the ground, cheering on his men and encouraging them by his noble example. It was well known that his own mess never had any better fare than that of the private soldier. Where is there an Indiana soldier who would not face certain death in so noble a contest, with such a leader as General Burnside?"

Major Burrage, of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts, refers to Burnside with exactly the same feeling: "The noble bearing of Burnside throughout the siege won the admiration of all." In a speech at Cincinnati, a few days after the

siege was raised, with that modesty which characterizes the true soldier, he said that the honors bestowed on him belonged to his under officers and the men in the ranks. These kindly words his officers and men will ever cherish, and in all their added years as they recall the widely-separated battle-fields, made forever sacred by the blood of their fallen comrades, and forever glorious by the victories there won, it will be their pride to say, "We fought with Burnside at Campbell Station and in the trenches at Knoxville."

General Sherman examined Burnside's fortifications about Knoxville with curiosity, and declared that they were a "wonderful production, for the short time allowed in the selection of ground and the construction of work."

General Burnside's entire loss during the retreat and siege was less than a thousand, while Longstreet's loss was more than two thousand, perhaps amounted to three thousand.

The Indiana troops which were in Knoxville during the siege have been mentioned, except the Eightieth infantry.

General Burnside had ordered General Wilcox to withdraw the troops who were in the upper part of the valley of East Tennessee, to Cumberland Gap, in the event of Longstreet's advance. Accordingly Wilcox withdrew when the Rebel army began to appear above the Tennessee. His infantry force consisted mainly of the Indiana six months regiments. His cavalry constituted two brigades, under Colonel Garrard, and Colonel Graham of the Fifth Indiana. He had four batteries, one of which was the Twenty-Third Indiana. On the approach of Sherman toward Knoxville, he left the gap, and marched down to annoy General Longstreet. Colonel Graham had advanced ten miles beyond Clinch river, skirmishing, when, being warned of a large force, he fell back at night, almost to Walker's ford. The next morning he was heavily attacked. After several hours of brisk fighting, he was falling back for want of ammunition, when, about eleven o'clock, the brigade of infantry, under the command of Colonel Jackson, came to his relief. The One Hundredth and Eighteenth, under Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, was the first to approach. It waded across, formed in line on both sides of the road, and advanced, not-

withstanding that the enemy pressed on both its flanks and made a charge on its right. Near noon the One Hundred and Sixteenth waded the river in the face of a musketry fire, and held the enemy in check while the troops previously engaged retired. The Hundred and Sixteenth remained confronting a whole brigade till nearly dark. It then regained the northern bank of the Clinch, under the protection of the Twenty-First Ohio battery. In the engagement at Walker's Ford, the Fifth was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Butler, and the Sixty-Fifth, of Captain Hodge. Both regiments were handled skillfully and behaved gallantly.

The cavalry now moved along Clinch river to Bean's Station, where, on the fourteenth of December, a sharp engagement took place, lasting from noon till three the next morning. At Powder Spring gap and Skragg's Mills, the affair was repeated, the troops acquitting themselves at each place gallantly, and bestowing severe rebuffs on the enemy.

Meantime the One Hundred and Seventeenth, delayed at a ford near Tazewell long enough to build a foot bridge, the enemy having destroyed all ferry boats, was pushed across to Clinch mountain gap on the road to Bean's station, with instructions to repair the road that trains might the more easily pass. A member of the regiment writes:

"Longstreet's army had retreated on up the valley, and our troops, under command of Shackleford, had possession of Bean station, and beyond. The One Hundred and Seventeenth had been for some days at work in the gap in fancied security, and under instructions paying no attention to the movements of the troops on either side of us, when, during the afternoon of December 14, we were apprised of the fact that Shackleford was engaging the enemy, not by him, however, but by our own eyes. From our elevated position, from which we could survey the country for miles, we could see down in the valley the bursting of shells, but could hear no report. Toward evening these gradually neared Bean's station, and it became evident that Shackleford was losing ground. Bearing in mind our in-

structions to pay no attention to the movements of troops on either side of us, we continued our work until near dark, when information was brought Colonel Brady that the train at the foot of the mountain, toward Tazewell, and which had just gone into camp there, was attacked by the enemy. Colonel Brady immediately sent his Adjutant to inform General Shackleford of the fact, and marched down with four companies to the relief of the train guard. Before he was half way down the mountain, the train was captured, and a body of men reported marching over a by-road to the summit of the north or east peak of the mountains which formed the gap. Ordering the four companies to return to the gap, Brady hurried back in person and despatched company G, Captain Woodmansee, to the top of the peak. Happily it reached its destination just in time, and after a brisk fight in the brush for a few minutes, retained possession of the position. It was now dark, fortunately for the One Hundred and Seventeenth. The Adjutant had returned with the information that he had run a narrow escape, for the enemy was in possession of Bean's station, and a regiment was already *en route* for the gap from that direction. This was confirmed by some men of Shackleford's who had been cut off and now joined us. Here was a quandary. The enemy in our front, our rear, and upon one flank that we knew of. Calling the commanders of companies together, Brady gave it as his opinion that there were but two things to choose between—stay where they were and be captured at daylight, certain; or take their chances for an escape over the mountains. They thought anything better than capture. Accordingly, destroying what we could not carry, leading all the animals present in camp, at about nine in the evening of the fourteenth of December, the regiment clambered to the summit of the south peak of the gap mountains, and took up its line of march toward Knoxville. The summit was very broken—now a fissure in the rocks that had to be leaped by men, horses and mules, now an abrupt rock, jutting up, that had to be flanked, broken trees and undergrowth that made the route almost impassable. It was not long before the majority of the horses were left behind, some tumbling over the

mountain side down into the darkness, others refusing to make the leaps necessary to get along. The regiment was compelled to march the greater distance in what is called 'Indian file,' one behind the other, as the boys said 'holding on to one another.' Below us on either hand the valleys were lit up by countless fires and formed a magnificent sight. Under ordinary circumstances one might have gone into ecstacies over it. But the march was slow and painful, while we were in constant danger of discovery. We continued thus upon the mountain tops until eight or nine in the morning the next day, when, upon our left, we discovered what proved to be General Hascall's division. Reporting to him, the One Hundred and Seventeenth was immediately assigned to a position in the line of battle. We were received with every manifestation of delight, for Shackleford had reported that it was impossible for us to escape, and word had been forwarded to General Wilcox by General Sturgis, commanding the army then confronting Longstreet, 'that the One Hundred and Seventeenth was undoubtedly captured.' We were looked upon as the dead returned to life."

The One Hundred and Seventeenth was now assigned to Gilbert's brigade, of Hascall's corps, and remained with it, taking part in all the skirmishes and battles that ensued.

Although Burnside was reinforced by the Fourth corps, from Sherman's force, he was too poorly provided with horses to follow Longstreet many miles. At Blain's Cross Roads, and at Rutledge, the enemy's rear was forced to fight.

December 7, President Lincoln officially proclaimed that the enemy had retreated from Knoxville, and recommended that all loyal people "do assemble at their places of worship and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the national cause."

It is necessary now to follow the march of General Sherman. The Chattanooga campaign, closing the last day of November, left him on the banks of the Hiawassee, ready to precipitate his command into the Knoxville campaign, for the relief of his twelve thousand beleagured comrades. Bridges were laid in the night and a crossing was made in the morning. "March" was the uninterrupted order of the fol-

lowing days. As the weather was inclement, the roads were in a most wretched condition, the streams, many of them deep and broad, were unbridged, clothing was exceedingly scanty, and the delivery of rations was absolutely at an end, the order was not easily observed. As far as possible, assistance was rendered by the inhabitants of the country. Though smarting under the late infliction of the enemy's passage though their farms and barns, they opened hidden stores. They brought out, also, long concealed flags and added every word and act of encouragement inventive love could suggest.

Beside the troops from Chattanooga, forces which had been engaged in Middle Tennessee, marched toward Knoxville, joining Sherman. Among these was the Second Indiana cavalry, which crossed Caney Fork of the Cumberland river in two small flat boats, and served in the duty of ferrying other regiments over. Unhappily the boat upset and twelve men belonging to the Second were drowned.

Two days from the Hiawassee brought Sherman to the Little Tennessee, where he was delayed by the necessity of constructing a bridge. Never for a moment forgetting the peril of Burnside, he despatched, on the night of the second, a picked body of cavalry with orders to push into Knoxville at whatever cost of life and horse-flesh. The distance was forty miles, and the hills over which the wretched road wound were long and stony, but the troopers scarcely drew rein, until, having run through the enemy's lines, they delivered the welcome intelligence of the approach of powerful assistance.

Sherman crossed the Little Tennessee the night of the fourth, and the next day reached Marysville, twelve miles south of Knoxville. Here his progress was arrested by the announcement of Longstreet's departure. He visited Knoxville, and on his return sent Wood's and Sheridan's divisions to reinforce Burnside. He then started back to Chattanooga. Cold rains, which were falling at the start, gave place to bitter winds and snows. The soldier's haversack contained only corn-meal and coffee. His single shirt scarcely held together. His pantaloons were torn. His shoes were ragged

or gone, and his feet were wrapped in sheepskin, cowhide, or remnants of old clothing. Too often they stained the cruel ground with blood. On arriving at Chattanooga the divisions of the Fifteenth corps were supplied with rations and nothing beside, and pushed on over the mountains, through intense cold, to Bridgeport. Here they joined the First and Third divisions, and were put under the command of General Logan.

Mr. Gage, the Chaplain of the Twelfth Indiana, sums up the labors of the Fourth division of the Fifteenth corps in the following paragraph:

"During the three months occupied in ceaseless activity, the entire division had marched from Memphis to Marysville, East Tennessee, and returned to this point, a distance of more than seven hundred miles, being the only division of the corps that had performed this herculean labor. We had crossed the Tennessee seven times, scaled mountains, and swept through rich valleys, through heat and cold, sun and storm, stumbling over rocks, or plunging in the deep mud, with all the unnumbered incidents of a march then unparalleled in the history of the war. In the distance traveled without rest, it still remains unequaled. No other army ever moved on one unbroken march of seven hundred miles in the space of three months, aided in relieving two beleagured garrisons from a state of siege, and all with more general cheerfulness than the Fifteenth corps evinced during October, November and December, 1863. In all these the regiment shared."

After retiring from the precincts of Knoxville, Longstreet lurked in Virginia and the contiguous corner of Tennessee, in a district which, having been hitherto undisturbed, furnished him abundantly, though grudgingly, with supplies. He was, however, very like an angry dog which watches a chance to snatch again a lost bone. East Tennessee, stripped as it had been by two hungry armies, was not unlike a bone which lively claimants have fought over.

It is hard to say which suffered the most during the bitter winter of '63 and '64, the Union troops or the citizens. Perhaps the last, as they were tied to one spot, and were as

unable to resist as they were to command force. But if so their sufferings were sad indeed. Especially was the fate hard of "lone widows," or soldiers' wives, with their crying brood, in solitary cabins. Adequate provision had not been made to supply a large army by way of Cumberland Gap. In consequence many of the troops were destitute of tents, and some were without overcoats throughout the winter. When they were stationary they were almost entirely occupied in cutting and hauling wood and heaping up fires; they subsisted on half and quarter rations, were frequently without sugar and coffee, and received even salt in scanty measure. When they were "on the go" they failed to get any rations, and subsisted for days and for weeks on parched corn. They seldom remained more than a week in one spot. They scoured the country, and fought the enemy from Cumberland Gap to Chilowee mountain,—up and down the Holston and the Clinch, on the French Broad, and on Mossy Creek, through Weir's cove and Tuckaleechee cove, over into North Carolina, down into Georgia, and up into Virginia and Kentucky.

"We dodge about among the mountains," says one, "not knowing half the time where we are, or where we are going. We stop for the night, and perhaps march in an hour, perhaps remain in that spot, under marching orders, for a week."

With all this the veteran troops were healthy and cheerful. "It is surprising," writes an officer of the Eighty-Sixth, "how cheerfully the men face hardship. They are worthy the gratitude of all mankind."

"I hardly ever hear complaints," writes a member of Lilly's battery, "all seem contented, and to do their best."

In the army, without doubt, the six months troops were the greatest sufferers. That they were always in motion, never had enough food or clothing, and were much of the time without tents, was not their singular fate; but that they were fresh from home, and had had no previous discipline in the school of experience, made all these things doubly severe. They were, however, efficient soldiers, and were greatly instrumental in the rescue and preservation of East Tennessee. Their term expired in the dead of winter, and they marched

homeward, many of them shod in moccasins made of green hides.

In the middle of January our Fifth cavalry parted with its horses to save them from starvation. The First battalion of the Sixth had no horses after the siege of Knoxville.

The Indiana troops which came up from Chattanooga with Sherman and remained, were: Lilly's battery, the Fourth cavalry, Klein's battalion, to which was added Companies L and M, the Sixth, Fifteenth, Twenty-Second, Thirty-Second, Fortieth, Fifty-Seventh, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Eighth, Seventy-Ninth and Eighty-Sixth regiments.

The cold weather and light rations of East Tennessee were not sufficient to chill the blood of the troops. Hostile forces met frequently and in severe encounter. On the twenty-third of December Lilly's battery had an hour's sharp fighting at Newmarket. At two o'clock Christmas morning Campbell's brigade, with four of Lilly's guns, marched southeast to prevent a reported flank movement. It drove a large force of the enemy from Dandridge, and pursued three miles northward, making several captures. While in pursuit its rear was unexpectedly attacked, and two of the guns were captured. They were retaken with the loss of a caisson, but a third gun was abandoned after it was spiked. Campbell, fighting sharply, hastened toward camp, which he reached late at night. Nothing was seen of the enemy on the following day. At night a reconnoissance was made to Mossy creek. On the twenty-seventh, at Talbott's Station, a sharp fight occurred, in which the Second Indiana, Klein's battalion, Lilly's battery, and other troops were engaged. On the twenty-ninth General Sturgis, at Newmarket, sent a force of infantry and cavalry, with two of Lilly's guns, to intercept a body of the enemy, reported to be moving toward his right. The hostile bodies came together at Mossy creek suddenly, and with so much force as almost to prove the destruction of the smaller. Nine pieces of artillery bore upon Lilly's two guns, while in infantry and cavalry, also, the Rebels largely outnumbered our troops. The unequal combat was fast approaching an unhappy termination, when Sturgis' reserve troops came to the rescue. The battle lasted five hours, and

was the fiercest and most furious engagement of which the combatants ever had experience. Lilly's battery could not have acquitted itself more creditably. It lost nine men. Lieutenant J. A. Scott was severely wounded, and though he afterwards, on the promotion of Captain Lilly to a position in the cavalry service, was made commander of the battery, he never recovered sufficiently to serve. The Fourth cavalry also acted with distinguished gallantry The enemy was pursued hotly, but he was not overtaken. On the first of January the pursuers returned to Mossy creek, and encamped in line of battle. The Rebels appeared and disappeared in their front during eighteen following days, and skirmished hotly with troops thrown out to meet them, or to watch their movements.

Meantime the Fourth corps built a railroad bridge over the Holston at Strawberry Plains, and moved to Dandridge, where, on the seventeenth of January, the severity of the skirmishing seemed to threaten a general engagement. Our Fifth cavalry was engaged from ten until three, when Major Wooley, at the head of his command, made a charge on foot. He drove the enemy before him and reached the summit of a hill, whence a view of the main Rebel line induced him to change his course in haste.

The following night, a general retreat from Dandridge was made, and on the night of the nineteenth, from Mossy creek. The new bridge over the Holston, and the property which could not be removed from Strawberry Plains, on account of a general thaw, which now made the roads nearly impassable, were burned.

The retreat continued to Knoxville. However, it was quite uncalled for, as Longstreet was also retreating and in equal haste. On the twenty-third there was a little fight at Muddy creek, in which Lilly's battery was engaged. On the twenty-seventh, a more important affair took place near Fair Garden. Captain Rosencrantz, with the Second battalion of the Fourth cavalry and with the Second Indiana and First Wisconsin, dismounted as skirmishers, charged on the enemy's skirmishers. Three times the Rebels were driven from positions which they strove vehemently to hold.

Finally they abandoned everything and fled before an impetuous sabre charge, led by Lieutenant Colonel Leslie, of the Fourth, and Second Indiana, and First Wisconsin, supported by Lilly's battery. Such was the enthusiasm with which the onset was made, that General M'Cook and his staff caught the spirit and joined in the rush. The charging party cut down all who resisted, took a battery and captured more than a hundred prisoners; but it lost its gallant leader, Colonel Leslie, who was shot dead, the ball entering his breast.

While the troops in East Tennessee held their ground, and hardly held it, against the combined assaults of winter, hunger and the enemy, the army in the region of Chattanooga found comparative rest and comfort in winter quarters.

But one important demonstration was made during the season. It was coincident with an expedition of Sherman's to Meridian, Mississippi, and undertaken partly to prevent reinforcements at that point from the army of Johnston, who had superseded Bragg. On the twenty-second of February, the Fourteenth corps, under General Palmer, set out toward the south. The divisions of Davis, Baird and Johnson, moved on the direct road to Dalton; while Stanley's division, which had been encamped at Cleveland, and was under the command of General Cruft, moved at some distance on the left. Palmer's advance, passing to the left of the Chickamauga battle field, and over Taylor's ridge, marched twenty-three miles the first day, and occupied Ringgold. Starting at dawn the next day, it skirmished through the forenoon with cavalry.

At noon, Cruft came up with his division, and line of battle was formed with cavalry in advance and on the left flank, before the corps moved forward. Four pieces of artillery, which, under Wheeler, were blazing away on Tunnel Hill, were silenced by the Second Minnesota and the Ninth Indiana batteries, and the ridge was occupied about four in the afternoon.

The cavalry now pressed forward in pursuit of a few scattered Rebels, but at Rocky-Face ridge, in a gorge through

which the railroad and turnpike passes, was checked by a cross-fire from six guns.

The enemy held the place during the night, but, after considerable fighting, the next morning retreated, with the loss of about one hundred and fifty captured. Palmer pressed on toward Dalton, descending through the gaps into the Rocky-Face Valley, Cruft on the left, Johnson on the right, Baird on the left centre, Davis on the right centre. Skirmishing was lively, the enemy's force being heavier than it had yet been. Two miles from Dalton, it was evident to Palmer that the whole of Johnston's army was prepared to receive him. As he was unable to cope with so formidable a force, he fell back toward Tunnel Hill; and after a few days, to Ringgold.

His loss in this demonstration was about three hundred and fifty killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN ARKANSAS, LOUISIANA AND TEXAS.

'Tis midnight; through my troubled dream
Loud wails the tempest's cry;
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound?—The rocks around
Repeat the loud halloo.
The good ship Union, Southward bound;
God help her and her crew!—*O. W. Holmes.*

The first of August, General Steele organized at Helena an expedition for the capture of Little Rock. He moved out on the tenth with twelve thousand men and forty guns, his cavalry, which was nearly half his force, and was under the command of General Davidson, clearing the way. After skirmishing two days, Davidson halted before intrenchments at Bayou Metea, and with some trouble drove the enemy out and beyond the bayou. Moving to the left, and again sharply skirmishing, he struck the Arkansas near Ashley's Mills. During the night of September 9, he threw pontoons over the river. He crossed the next forenoon, marched, fighting, toward the north, and met stubborn resistance on Bayou Fourche. Steele, struggling after him through the swamps of the Metea, and leaving hundreds of sick on the road, fought his way from Ashley's Mills on a parallel course, up the Arkansas, and fired from the north bank of the river on the enemy opposing Davidson.

Unable to withstand the double attack, the enemy yielded ground, and after hurriedly applying the brand to six steamboats, three pontoon bridges, two locomotives, and several railroad cars, fled through Little Rock toward Arkadelphia.

During the march from the Mississippi to the Arkansas, commencing August 10, and terminating September 10,

Steele lost, perhaps, five thousand men by sickness, and one hundred by the hand of the enemy. Not all the swamps of Arkansas, unaided by the neglect or mismanagement of responsible officials, could occasion or can explain so fearful an amount of disease.

Immediately after the occupation of Little Rock by the Federal army under General Steele, a Post was established at Pine Bluffs, fifty miles below, under the command of Colonel Clayton, of the Fifth Kansas cavalry. His force consisted of his own regiment and the First Indiana cavalry; both small regiments, but celebrated for their fighting qualities. Continually menaced by superior numbers from different points, Clayton was compelled to keep in action all the energy and endurance of his little command.

The distance from Pine Bluffs to Camden, where Price's army lay, is eighty miles. Between the two places flows the Saline river, the nearest point of which to Pine Bluffs is thirty miles. The whole country south of the Saline was in almost undisturbed possession of the Rebels; north and east was debatable ground, overrun by the scouts of both parties. Forty-five miles southeast of Pine Bluffs and twelve miles east of the Saline, at Monticello, the Rebels usually kept a cavalry force of from one to two thousand men. Stretching north-westward from Monticello, they had a line of outposts guarding every approach to Camden.

In October, 1863, the Rebels concentrated from two thousand to four thousand men under General Marmaduke, and attacked Pine Bluffs. Their repulse by Colonel Clayton with his little command numbering scarcely six hundred men, after a furious contest of six hours duration, is one of the most gallant achievements of the war.

Shortly afterward, Clayton was reinforced by the Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin infantry, a portion of the Seventh Missouri cavalry, and about two hundred of the Eighteenth Illinois infantry. To watch the movements of the enemy, and to prevent guerilla raids on our pickets, small scouting parties were sent out from ten to twenty miles on the different roads. The parties usually numbered from fifteen to twenty-five men, and were commanded by young officers of

known bravery and vigilance. Lieutenant Frank M. Greathouse, of company H, First Indiana cavalry, was distinguished for the success which attended his expeditions. Being out near the Saline one evening, with fifteen men, he was informed that an officer of General Kirby Smith's staff and two soldiers were at a house three miles beyond the river. He determined to capture them; and as soon as it was dark, crossed the river, taking four men with him, and travelled on foot to the place indicated. The proprietor, under the impression that Greathouse and his men were Rebels, informed them that the Captain and party were at a ball about four miles further on. Greathouse kept on, and arriving, reconnoitred through a window. He discovered at a supper table seven Southern soldiers and about the same number of ladies. He noiselessly placed two men at the back door, and two at the front, then walked in and informed the gentleman they were his prisoners, that resistance on their part would only end in their own destruction, as he had the house securely guarded. He ordered them to hand over their six-shooters, and allowed them to finish their supper. Completely deceived and cowed by his confident manner, they surrendered and invited him to the table. The invitation was accepted. When they were ordered to fall in line outside, and saw the small number of their captors, their mortification was excessive, and was only equalled by their profanity. The Captain and his men, with their horses, were brought safely into Pine Bluff.

During the concentration of General Banks' forces about Port Hudson, the lately driven Rebels were rampant in the newly conquered portions of Louisiana. They reoccupied Alexandria and Opelousas; fell upon a camp of contrabands, killing a large number; swept over the New Orleans railroad, capturing the guard at each post, except at LaFourche crossing, where a little force, of which part was a company of the Twenty-First Indiana with a light battery, after a gallant fight secured a retreat; they attacked Brashear, where was company F of the Twenty-First, and took the town, with nearly one thousand prisoners, vast quantities of ammunition, sutlers' goods, commissary and medical stores, and

confiscated cotton; they made a raid on Plaquemine, and burnt two steamers lying there; attacked Donaldsonville, and found their way into a fort, though they were driven out by a flanking fire from gunboats above and below; they established a post near Morganza, on the west bank of the Mississippi, there narrow and crooked, and did whatever else celerity, ingenuity, boldness, and the forces at their disposal enabled them to do.

In consequence of these proceedings, General Banks, although in co-operation with General Grant, he earnestly desired to besiege Mobile, was forced to turn to the task of reconquering Louisiana, in connection with which General Halleck imposed the obligation of restoring Texas. After withdrawing to New Orleans, dismissing his nine months men, and receiving the Thirteenth corps from Vicksburg, he began his double task. He strengthened his cavalry by several infantry regiments, among them the Sixteenth Indiana, and kept it actively engaged protecting transportation along the Mississippi, and dispersing bands of partisan rangers. Early in September he sent Herron's division, which had accompanied the Thirteenth corps, to Morganzia; the Thirteenth corps to Brashear; and the Nineteenth corps to Sabine Pass, the two latter to co-operate in a movement on Houston, the first to drive the bushwhacking forces from the river.

Herron landed without opposition, the Rebels under General Greene having retreated beyond the Atchafalya. He established a detachment, consisting of the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, Nineteenth Iowa, one hundred and fifty Missouri cavalry, and twenty-two guns, six miles inland. Scouting parties from this outpost daily came in contact with the enemy, and reported his proximity, nevertheless, it was surprised at midnight of September 28, and, although sharply defended, was captured, the cavalry and half the infantry effecting a rapid retreat to the river, and about four hundred of the infantry surrendering. Lieutenant Colonel Leake, in command of the camp, and Lieutenant Colonel Rose, in command of the Twenty-Sixth, were among the prisoners, with several other officers and two hundred and eighty men of the Twenty-Sixth.

An Indiana private, Adam Kirkwood, with a black man, hid three days in an old well, and thus escaped the weary march and the nine months imprisonment in Texas to which his comrades were subjected.

The loss in killed and wounded was fifty-four, eighteen of whom were Indianians. Satisfied with the parting blow, the Rebels retreated from the vicinity of the Mississippi.

The Sabine Pass expedition was a very pretentious affair, and proved a signal failure. It consisted of four gunboats and a land force of four thousand from the Nineteenth corps, including three companies of the Twenty-First Indiana, and was under the command of General Franklin. The voyage was favorable, and the approach to the earthworks on Sabine river was unexpected, but Franklin hovered in sight twenty-four hours, attempting no reconnoissance, and detained his land force on the vessels during the attack. In short he left nothing undone to secure a failure. He lost two hundred and fifty men, two boats and fifteen heavy rifled guns, although the force behind the works was but two hundred and fifty.

In consequence of Franklin's early defeat and his immediate return to New Orleans, the Thirteenth corps, which had reached Brashear without opposition, made no effort to proceed beyond that point.

The unfortunate conclusion of the first attempt on Texas did not deter Banks from immediate preparation for a second expedition. He determined to direct his attention to the south-western coast, and make, at the same time, a formidable demonstration in the western part of Louisiana for the purpose of engrossing, or at least dividing the enemy's attention. The demonstration was to be conducted under the leadership of Franklin, and through the Teche country, where was pleasant marching and plenty of food. In the first days of October the Nineteenth corps joined the Thirteenth, which was established on the banks of the lower Atchafalya, and was luxuriating in cool huts with palm leaf roofs, or in breezy tents. The patient soldiers took up the line of march on a road which followed the windings of the dark, smooth Teche. It was a holiday march, however.

The country of the Teche is a garden region, and as such appeared in the autumn of 1863, notwithstanding the sweep of two armies in the previous May. Ever-green oaks and cactuses, magnolias and figs, rose trees and hedges of roses, orange groves and hedges of orange trees, whose golden fruit the wayfarer plucked as he passed; princely estates and handsome mansions; negro cabins and sugar houses; humming birds in the gardens, and mocking birds in the woods, and throngs of negroes formed the main points of the landscape which unrolled day by day. The most hostile residents had abandoned their plantations, and the people who remained were generally French or of French extraction, and seemed to take little interest in the contest except so far as it immediately effected their property or personal comfort. Many of their houses displayed the French tricolor, and some the yellow ensign of Spain. The poorer classes were destitute of all imported luxuries, yet stood in very little need of them, as they used a delicious beverage made of burnt sugar boiled in milk for coffee, and had an abundance of the finest sweet potatoes, plenty of oranges, and no lack of animal food. The army moved slowly, indulging in long halts, and sleeping at night on beds made of the soft Spanish moss. A private of the Sixty-Ninth, speaking of starting out on the twenty-third of October, which happened to be a rainy day, after a long rest in a beautiful camp on Vermillion Bayou, says, "We were torn from the warm nest of moss which we had made." Few of the troops ever again experienced so agreeable an episode in their military life as their march along the Teche. There are dark spots, however, here and there in the garden region of Louisiana, swamps full of slimy, crawling life.

"Some flowers of Eden this earth inherits,
But the trail of the serpent is on them all."

Turning from the river the route led to Opelousas, through a prairie-like district, where herds of cattle were feeding and the habitations of men were poor, few and far between. A portion of the army encamped near Opelousas, while a portion went eight miles further to Barr's Landing, on the Cortableau.

The Indiana troops in the Teche campaign were all in the Thirteenth corps. General M'Ginnis was in command of Hovey's division. General Cameron, promoted in August, had charge of M'Ginnis' old brigade. Colonel Slack still was in command of a brigade, and Lieutenant Colonel McLaughlin had charge of the Forty-Seventh regiment. The Eleventh was under Colonel Macauley. The Twenty-Third was under Colonel Spicely. Colonel Jones had command of the Thirty-Fourth. Colonel Bringhurst had charge of the Forty-Sixth. Colonel Owen, of the Sixtieth, was Acting Brigadier, the command of the division having devolved upon General Burbridge. Lieutenant Colonel Templeton having been honorably discharged on account of disability, and Major Nash having resigned, Captain Goelzer had command of the Sixtieth. The Sixty-Seventh was under Lieutenant Colonel Buehler, Colonel Emerson not having recovered from his wound. The Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Ninth were formed in batallion under command of Lieutenant Colonel Perry of the Sixty-Ninth, Colonel Bennett being in command of the brigade. Colonel Lucas, during the advance, was assigned to the post of Vermillionsville, and Lieutenant Colonel Redfield assumed command of the Sixteenth. On the return, the regiment was assigned to Colonel Lucas' brigade of cavalry. The Fifty-Fourth was under Colonel Mansfield.

Throughout the march a Rebel force, under Taylor and Green, was never far off, but it made no serious opposition. October 17, Major Conover, with two hundred men of the Sixteenth Indiana, captured from the enemy three thousand head of cattle without the loss of a man. A month had now been consumed, and the army turned to retrace its steps. November 3, the advance, the Nineteenth corps, was at Vermillion Bayou, and the rear, McGinnis' division, was at Carrion-Crow Bayou, and, McGinnis being very ill, was under the command of General Cameron. General Washburn, temporarily in command of the Thirteenth corps, accompanied the rear. The position of Colonel Owen's brigade, three miles to the right and front, tempted the cautious though

eager enemy to break his reserve. He fell upon Owen unexpectedly, and in the surprise captured nearly the whole of the Sixty-Seventh. A few men, under Major Sears, cut their way out.

The Sixtieth, in turn, under command of Captain Goelzer and of Lieutenant Richardson, a gallant officer on Owen's staff, with the other troops of the brigade, fought well, and though forced to fall back, occupied sufficient time in the movement to enable the train, and also several paymasters, who had just arrived, to get a fair start toward safety.

General Cameron and Colonel Slack hastened to Owen's support. The enemy was checked, pushed back to the cover of a wood, through which Owen had retreated, and was eventually driven into the prairie from which he had emerged. Cavalry continued in pursuit three miles, the enemy not attempting to turn.

General Washburn reckons the Federal loss at seven hundred and sixteen, and the Rebel loss at four hundred and twenty-five. Forty-seven of our wounded were humanely returned by the enemy, because he had not the means to take care of them. The Sixtieth lost five killed, twenty-seven wounded, of whom several died within a few days, and ninety-three captured.

During the fight, and after the advance of McGinnis' division, a Rebel cavalry force swept round the left, and appeared before the camp, but was held off by the troops in charge, the Eleventh Indiana, Twenty-Ninth Wisconsin, and Twenty-Fourth Iowa.

Horace Greeley asserts in his "History of the American Conflict" that the "Sixty-Seventh Indiana ingloriously surrendered without having lost a man." General Burbridge, who reached the field with General Cameron, wrote to Governor Morton, December 3, 1863: "Their conduct (he is speaking of the Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh) in the late affair at Grand Coteau was what was to have been expected from their noble record upon many hotly contested fields, and I desire to join my pride and gratification, at having such men in my command, to the just pride of the State at having sent them to fight in behalf of our beloved Union."

Again he speaks of his "hearty approval of the general conduct and discipline, the gallantry on the field, and the soldierly bearing in camp of the two regiments."

Captain Hendricks, of the Sixty-Seventh, was mortally wounded; eight others were wounded, and two hundred and six surrendered.

Colonel Bringhurst was complimented by Generals Washburn, Cameron and Burbridge for the promptness with which he brought the Forty-Sixth to the field.

During the return of the expedition no other affair of importance occurred. Cavalry troops frequently came in contact with small bodies of the enemy, and several times attacked Rebel camps. On the eighth, in a skirmish, the Sixteenth lost Captain McFeely and several men. On the twentieth, with its brigade, it made an attack on an outlying camp, and captured one hundred men, with twelve officers and a stand of colors. On the twenty-third a portion of the Sixteenth captured forty Rebels. Two days afterward, with the Sixth Missouri, the Sixteenth captured seventy Rebels, and drove a large force across Vermillion Bayou. Again it captured twenty-three. Once it captured a black bear, which had possession of a deserted Rebel camp.

The Forty-Seventh, during the return march, suffered the loss of ten men and two teams, which were surprised and captured by Texas cavalry. A few days afterward the Forty-Seventh surprised the Texas camp, and captured a whole regiment.

Colonel Owen, of the Sixtieth, resigned at the close of the Teche campaign. Captain Goelzer was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, and in the spring received the commission of Colonel. Lieutenant Colonel Barter also resigned, being unable, on account of the wound received in the battle of Champion Hills, to continue longer in the army. His place was filled by Major Grill.

The army had not all reached Brashear when the Thirteenth corps began to move off in regiments and brigades, first from Berwick Bay, later from New Orleans to the coast of Texas.

During the Teche diversion Banks, with upward of twenty

vessels, and Herron's division of six thousand men, now under Dana, sailed over a smooth sea, and with favorable winds, excepting one blast of a "Norther," to the western edge of Texas. He effected a landing at Brazos Santiago the first of November, and driving before him a small body of the enemy, proceeded thirty miles up the Rio Grande to Brownsville. Here he left Dana with part of the force, and returning to Brazos Santiago, met there, on the fifteenth of November, the first installment of the Thirteenth corps. With this reinforcement, which included the Eighth and Eighteenth Indiana, he sailed up the coast toward Corpus Christi Pass.

Captain Black recounts the story of the Eighteenth during its sojourn on the Texan coast: "On the night of November 16, the Eighteenth landed, in small boats, on the foot of Mustang Island, where the troops from the other vessels had already landed before dark. Gathering together around their drift-wood fires, they partially dried their clothing, drenched with the surf through which they had waded from the boats, and there lay down in the sand to sleep, or to listen to the wailing of the breakers. At daylight, leaving Captain Black with his company and an additional detail to guard the commissary stores and ammunition landed on the beach, the Eighteenth followed the force which had marched up the island. At the head of the island, which is twenty miles long, the Rebels had a hundred men, with a battery of two large old United States guns, and an old iron howitzer, bearing an inscription commemorating its presentation to the Republic of Texas. These commanded Aransas Pass for the protection of blockade runners. On the morning of the nineteenth, without firing a shot, the little garrison surrendered themselves and their rusty artillery to the Yankee advance guard."

The following night a Norther came up and caused great suffering to the Eighth, the most of the men being without blankets, and the camp equipage being yet on board the steamer. For three days the regiment was without any shelter, and even without sufficient wood to make a comfortable fire.

"Here the Eighth and Eighteenth were joined by the re-

mainder of their brigade. On the twenty-second the troops crossed Aransas Pass to St. Joseph's Island, up the beach of which they marched the next day to Cedar Bayou, which was crossed on the night of the twenty-fifth in small boats. Two days marching up the beach of Matagorda brought them to Fort Esperanza, a very formidable Rebel work at the head of the island where the town of Saluria formerly stood, commanding the entrance to Matagorda Bay. A severe 'Norther,' blowing so cold that the men could not, for a moment, dispense with their blankets, impeded operations considerably, but on the twenty-ninth the outer works were occupied by Colonel Washburn's brigade, the men running a mile along the beach in single file, under the fire of a one hundred and sixty pound Columbiad. Preparations were made for storming the fort in the morning, but during the night the garrison blew up the magazines, and retreated to the main land, and the same night Colonel Washburn's brigade occupied the head of the island. The army remained here till the twenty-third of December, when the First brigade, to which the Eighth and Eighteenth were attached, under command of General Warren, sailed up to Indianola. The remainder of the white forces crossed to Matagorda Peninsula, where a large body of troops were collected, preparatory to the invasion of Texas, which, however, never took place, one or two expeditions, by the First brigade, sixteen miles north-west, to Port Lavacca, being the only advances ever made from the coast. Quartered in deserted houses, the troops at Indianola passed the winter with its frequent 'Northers' quite pleasantly. Good shelter, oysters and sea breezes secured universal health; and the kindly disposed citizens, most of whom were women, enlivened, by their presence, almost nightly gatherings to trip the light fantastic toe."

In December, the Thirty-Fourth, Forty-Ninth, Sixty-Ninth, Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh Indiana, with four companies of the Forty-Sixth, and other portions of the Thirteenth corps, landed on Matagorda peninsula or island.

General Dana, after scouring the country on the Rio Grande, and finding that the enemy still fell back before

him, left at Brownsville a garrison, part of which was the little remnant of the Twenty-Sixth, and with his main force he also sailed for Matagorda.

However, when all the troops were collected on the shores of Matagorda bay, nothing more important was attempted than the building of a line of strong forts across the island. In March, 1864, they began to be withdrawn. A most unfortunate occurrence marked the opening of the withdrawal. The Sixty-Ninth started at daybreak on the morning of the thirteenth, and arrived at Saluria Bayou, near the Esperanza, about two in the afternoon. The bayou, more than a hundred yards wide, was very rough under the influence of the rising tide and a strong wind. Seven companies had crossed safely on a flat, or floating bridge, made by fastening planks on three pontoon boats, and drawn from one shore to the other by means of ropes, and K, G and B, with a few members of other companies, were in the middle of the stream when the water began to run over the boat. The men were in heavy marching order with knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and forty rounds of cartridge, but they were not alarmed, as they supposed the water was but four or five feet deep.

A further description may be given in the words of Lieutenant Smith:

"I staid on the bridge until the water was up to my neck, and then a surge of the crowd threw me overboard. When I rose, I was caught and pulled under again. I was dragged down repeatedly. I had on my overcoat, sabre, heavy boots and very thick clothes, as the day was very cold. Finally, I freed myself from the drowning men, and caught hold of a floating knapsack. I could now look about me a little. It was a terrible sight. The water was covered with knapsacks, canteens, haversacks and caps. Men were screaming and crying for help.

"Several boats were set afloat, and planks were thrown in, but they were carried above us by the tide. One man came out in a boat and picked up a number of the drowning men. I drifted some four hundred yards from where the accident took place. My knapsack was saturated with water, and

sinking; I could barely touch it with the tips of my fingers, and keep my head above water. I was getting faint. All the blood in my body seemed rushing to my head. I was growing blind and sick; but I struggled to retain my consciousness, for I heard them calling to me from the shore to keep up a little longer. Captain Collins started toward me on a flatboat, but the tide carried him above me. He threw me a piece of board. I caught it and clung to it until a boat reached me. I fainted as soon as I was taken in, and do not remember anything more until I was on shore and some man was rubbing me. I was put into an ambulance with Major Bonebrake and Captain Linville, and taken to a hospital."

Twenty-two brave men, who had safely encountered the dangers of many a battle, found a melancholy death in Saluria Bayou.

Assistant Surgeon Witt and Lieutenant Tremor were among the drowned. Beside the Indianians, negroes, who had the treacherous vessel in charge, were lost in the water.

The last of the Thirteenth corps left the coast of Texas in April. Nearly all the citizens of Indianola had been supplied from the commissary department since the first occupation of the town, and now found it necessary to emigrate to New Orleans.

General Banks had a good hold on the coast of Texas, and was at New Orleans making arrangements for reinforcements sufficient to enable him to penetrate inland, when he received peremptory suggestions from Halleck again to try a Louisiana route. The Commander-in-Chief was induced to change the direction of the movement, or rather to return to the original plan by the hope of making the march itself of account, clearing out Kirby Smith and his forces, now operating from Shreveport, at the head of navigation on the Red, and opening that region of vast cotton fields to trade, while moving undeviatingly toward the recovery of Texas. Accordingly, early in March, Emory's division of the Nineteenth corps, McGinnis' division, temporarily under Cameron, and Ransom's, of the Thirteenth corps, the last two very small, with Lee's division of cavalry, were concentrated at Brashear,

under the supervision of General Franklin, preparatory to a march through the now familiar Teche country to Alexandria. At the same time four divisions of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, under General A. J. Smith, with twenty powerful armed steamers of all classes, in the command of Admiral Porter, were moved from Vicksburg to Simmesport, preparatory, also, to an advance on Alexandria. From Alexandria, the point of junction, the united forces were to proceed, by land and water, up the Red to Shreveport, which, General Steele, with sixteen thousand men from Little Rock, was to reach at the same time.

Important circumstances and conditions of the expedition were unpropitious. Indeed few undertakings of the war gave, at the outset, as plain indications of failure. Banks was ostensibly the leader, but he was endowed with only a sort of advisory leadership, and was subject to the deprivation, at any time, of A. J. Smith's force, which, as a loan, might be likened to a note payable on demand. Steele, having to move in a distant region, entirely beyond the possibility of communication, was quite independent, even of an advisory authority. The large gunboats could be serviceable only in March and April.

Celerity of movement was not only desirable, but essential, yet Franklin did not leave Brashear until ten days after the date prescribed. Banks left New Orleans, and joined his army as soon as it was on the march, but having to move slowly on account of skirmishing between the cavalry division, in advance, and hostile troops which contested the way, he did not reach Alexandria until a week after the arrival of the co-operating forces, his rear entering on the twenty-sixth of March.

Smith and Porter, the former especially, had also been forced to fight their way. Immediately after the arrival of gunboats and transports at Simmesport, a reconnoitring party went out several miles to Yellow Bayou, and discovering two large but incomplete earth-works, evidently but lately deserted, followed the trail of the enemy, and captured five wagons loaded with tents, for which it substituted sugar and molasses. On the night of March 13, Smith, with his troops

in light marching order, set out for Fort De Russey, thirty-five miles distant, where, according to report, the enemy was prepared to dispute if not to arrest progress. The march was annoyed by skirmishers, and obstructed by the burning of a bridge, nevertheless it was accomplished before four in the afternoon of the following day.

De Russey was by no means an insignificant fort. It consisted of two distinct and formidable earth-works, which were connected by a covered way, was armed with eight siege and two field guns, and was manned by a garrison numbering two hundred and eighty-three.

Under the open mouths of the artillery, to which, as the movement progressed, musketry was added, General Smith drew his lines through heavy woods into an open space within a hundred yards of the fort. His batteries, the Third Indiana being the first to begin, opened and kept up a brisk cannonade. At the close of two hours' firing, he threw forward the first brigade of the Sixteenth corps to storm the west wall. The Fifty-Eighth Illinois on the right, Eighty-Ninth Indiana in the centre, and One Hundred and Nineteenth Illinois on the left, rushed up with a cheer, had reached the ditch and were plunging down, when a white flag brought them to a stand. The loss in the assault was small. That of the Eighty-Ninth was ten—one killed.

The troops destroyed the works, and with the boats, which, after removing obstructions of piles and chains in the river, arrived just as the fort surrendered, went on to Alexandria, about a hundred and fifty miles above Fort De Russey. The enemy retired, burning cotton as he moved, and the town surrendered without resistance.

While waiting for the arrival of Banks' main army, General Mower, with Lucas' brigade of cavalry, Brown's Indiana battery, and two or three thousand infantry, including our Eighty-Ninth, made a rapid march twenty miles west to Henderson's Hill, where he surprised and captured a Rebel camp, with two hundred and fifty men, four guns and two hundred horses. The part performed by the Sixteenth Indiana is narrated by Captain Cox:

"About nine o'clock Lieutenant Colonel Redfield arrived

and took command of the three companies of the Sixteenth Indiana, F, G and B. Being informed by a man who offered to act as guide that a party of Rebels was eating supper at a house within their lines, we started to capture them. Arriving at the place as silently as possible, we passed in single file around the field until we reached their rear; then, dismounting, went to the front and rear of the house. Colonel Redfield knocked at the cabin door, and inquired if any Confederate officers or soldiers were there. A Rebel Sergeant leveled a pistol at him, but one of our boys fortunately sent a bullet through the Sergeant's arm. The Rebels broke out of both doors, but being driven back, threw up their arms and surrendered. We found it was a party of fifteen, who had just returned from a scout, under the command of the famous Ned Smith. We afterwards ascertained that a company was on picket a half mile down the road, but when we got in their rear they skedaddled. After wandering some time through the woods the Colonel, being unable to find the way to the bayou, concluded to go into camp and await daylight. The wounded scout said although his wound pained him, he would lose his arm before he would show us the way out of the woods. Pickets were posted and large fires were built, around which our little tired band tried to dry their drenched clothes.

"A courier was captured from Taylor's army, and soon afterward Captain D'Elgi, of Taylor's staff, who had been sent to communicate with Colonel Vincent, was brought in. He said he would have the pleasure of seeing us all under guard before daylight. Our prisoners kept increasing until they numbered thirty-nine enlisted men, one Surgeon, one Captain and one Lieutenant. At last, long wished for day broke, and Colonel Redfield moved us back to the infantry whose position he had discovered. Captain D'Elgi told me in the morning that the advance of General Dick Taylor's army was only a half mile in our rear. We now learned the whereabouts of the remainder of our forces. General Mower, with seven companies of the Sixteenth, under Captain Doxey, and the Thirty-Fifth Iowa, had captured two hundred and fifty-nine prisoners, including nineteen officers and four pieces

of artillery; they had marched to the rear of the hill upon which was situated the Rebel camp. Companies A and I deployed, met a detail of twenty-five men and three officers, and captured them without noise. The column again moved forward, capturing picket post after picket post, until at last the inner guards, depending upon the out posts for security, merely asked the boys where they were from, as they passed. The head of the column would answer, 'Shreveport,' and pass on. The Rebs. would say, 'Hurrah for Shreveport!' and only awaked to their condition when taken up by the rear guard. So four abreast the Sixteenth Indiana rode into the midst of the Rebel camp on Henderson Hill. The only shots fired were as they attempted to take a few officers at a large white house. The Thirty-Fifth Iowa captured two pieces of artillery, and Captain Doxey and Sergeant Obert, of the Sixteenth, ran to the other section, around which the cannoniers were clustering, getting their pieces ready for action, and with their revolvers drove the Rebels away until they were joined by more men. Thus quietly was Henderson Hill surrounded and captured. It was a strong natural fortification."

The number of Indiana troops in the Red river expedition was small. The Sixteenth, refitted and remounted since the Teche campaign, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Redfield; the Forty-Sixth, in Cameron's division; the Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh, the latter numbering not more than one hundred and fifty, in Ransom's division, with Emerson temporarily in command of the brigade, and Klauss' battery, all in the Thirteenth corps; Companies G and H, of the Twenty-First, in the Nineteenth corps; the Eighty-Ninth, Colonel Murray, the Ninth battery, Captain Brown, and the Third battery, Captain Cockefair, were in the Sixteenth corps, Mower's division. The Eighty-Ninth included for the time one hundred and twenty-six men of the Fifty-Second. Company C, of the Fourth cavalry, was General Smith's escort. General McMillan was in command of his brigade, in Emory's division. Colonel Lucas was acting Brigadier in Lee's cavalry division.

March 26, the united forces moved out from Alexandria. April 4, they arrived at Nachitoches and at Grand Ecore, the former an old French and Indian settlement on the dedeserted channel of Red river, the latter a dingy little town, on the main current. Several thousand troops had been ordered back to Vicksburg, and several thousand had been left at posts along the Red to guard communications, as it was impossible to obtain subsistence in the poor pine region through which the march was now directed; in consequence, the number in the advancing column amounted to little, if any more than twenty thousand men. After a halt of two days, Lee, with his cavalry, moved on, pushing the Rebels slowly, and worsting them in a serious encounter, though with a loss to himself of sixty-two men. He moved more and more slowly. His men at length dismounted and crept from tree to tree. Behind the cavalry plodded Colonel Emerson's brigade. Back of Emerson, a train of wagons with difficulty was dragged along. The other troops and trains of the Thirteenth corps followed, and at the distance of several miles, the Nineteenth corps, with its wagons. A. J. Smith's, was nearly twenty miles in the rear. There was but one road, and that so narrow, crooked and obstructed, that often it was necessary to halt while stumps were rooted up, logs were rolled out, and mud was bridged over. Shortly after noon of the eighth, Lee, from a clearing in the vicinity of Sabine Cross Roads, and not far from Mansfield, obscurely perceived the enemy in a dense undergrowth of pine, formed in strong line of battle. He halted and anxiously endeavored to wait for reinforcements. Banks, who soon reached the front, sent an order to Cameron to hasten forward, and dispatched message after message to Franklin, to increase the speed of Emory's division. Meantime Lee was at the mercy of the enemy. Skirmishing grew hot and hotter. By four o'clock, it culminated in an exceedingly fierce battle. The cavalry scattered in confusion. The foremost infantry and artillery recoiled in disorder. General Ransom was disabled. Colonel Emerson was severely wounded. Many were killed. Many were captured. Eighteen guns, two of them from Klauss' battery, were lost.

The jubilant enemy, pressing on, struck against Cameron's division, which, though just up and barely formed in battle line, showed a bold and resolute front. A desperate and prolonged effort at resistance ended in a sudden and fearful rout. The inextricable disorder and confusion of masses of wagons, riderless horses, frightened negroes, hundreds of whom were in the army as servants, put a decent retreat beyond the bounds of possibility. Three miles of terror-stricken flight brought the fugitives up a sloping field to a wood in the edge of which stood Emory's division,—McMillan, Dwight and Benedict, right, centre and left,—braced to withstand the contagion of panic and the impetus of pursuit. The wall opened before the flying troops and closed behind them, in the face of the headlong pursuers, who hastily drew up and made ready once more for the tug of battle. They were still three or four to one, and their line, as it assumed order, far overlapped the new opposing force, but they were flushed with their victory, and taking as a favorable omen the silence with which their approach was received, they pressed so close that they went down like grass before the mower's scythe, at the first volley. Again they flung themselves up toward the living rampart; and again that rampart swerved not a line. Repeatedly the charge was renewed, and long the struggle continued, but night put an end to it, and under the cover of darkness the Rebels withdrew. Banks marched all night long, and with such silence and expedition that the enemy did not discover his retirement from the field until daylight, when his rear, Emory's division, after burying the dead and caring for the wounded, was well on its way; and his advance had accomplished fifteen miles, and united with A. J. Smith at Pleasant Hill.

At eight in the morning, Banks formed double line of battle with fifteen thousand men, Emory thrown forward, Smith forming the main line.

The Rebels, twenty-two thousand strong, and more cautious than on the preceding evening, came up slowly, so slowly that it seemed doubtful whether they would make an attack, and Banks sent the most of his cavalry, a black brigade and the fragments of Ransom's division toward Grand

Ecore, with his wagons and heavy artillery. A single cavalry brigade which he retained, he sent out to reconnoitre. It returned in haste and so hardly pressed as to show that the enemy intended battle. Emory's batteries opened. Under their fire his brigades advanced; but they receded slowly and stubbornly before the heavy fire and march of the enemy. Smith's line stood unflinching, until the fire was close, when Mower moved out in counter charge, and Emory, rapidly reforming, advanced to the right. The Rebel column hesitated, halted, broke and fled.

The following report of Lieutenant Colonel Craven, somewhat curtailed, narrates the part taken by the Eighty-Ninth:

"April 9, was fought the important and well-contested battle of Pleasant Hill.

"The command of General A. J. Smith had marched on the eighth from Double Bridges, a distance of fifteen miles, and owing to a late start, arrived at camp, in the vicinity of Pleasant Hill, after night. At two o'clock the next morning, the troops were called up. Scarcely had the camp become cheerful with lights from the burning of dry pine and cypress lumber when an order was received to put out the lights. When all was enveloped in darkness, it was whispered among groups of officers that the advance of our army under General Banks, had been defeated, repulsed and driven in confusion from the field at Sabine Cross Roads, near Mansfield, in an engagement the evening previous. Officers were charged to keep it from the men, lest a panic might seize the command. But secresy was impossible; the straggling and broken ranks of the advance were in a confused retreat, passing through our camp, and giving to every one who would lend a listening ear, the sad intelligence of defeat. Too frequently the troops thus straggling were without arms, knapsacks, haversacks, or anything of the kind, seeming desirous only of making good their retreat. They vied with each other in their efforts to describe the terrible carnage and slaughter of the action. It is but justice to say that the news was brought by stragglers who were probably the first to break the ranks during the fight, and hence, in the fruitfulness of their imaginations, no doubt had much exaggerated

the character of the defeat. They were lost from their officers and their commands, and in that manner they continued to come through the camps till long after daylight, each leaving the impression that the disaster had been terrible, and too frequently admonishing the men in General Smith's command that they had better get out of the way; that it was useless to think of standing.

"About seven in the morning, Smith's command moved up to Pleasant Hill. About ten, it was put into position to receive the enemy. The Eighty-Ninth was posted in the front line, with instructions not to move nor to fire a gun without order. With the First Vermont battery on our left, and the Third Indiana battery on our right, and supported by two lines of battle in our rear, for long hours we rested, waiting the approach of the enemy.

"The day was clear and rather cool. Quiet, with some anxiety of feeling, was the order of things. But for the sound of arms in the distance, as the enemy pressed the rear of the retreating columns, the day would have been exceedingly monotonous. The Nineteenth corps was gradually falling back, disputing the ground with the Rebel advance.

"At three in the afternoon, the troops might have been heard asking, 'Have the Rebs fallen back?' 'Think they're going to make an attack to-day?' But about five the skirmishing revived and gradually increased; the sound of artillery began to greet the ear; but so gradual was the Rebel advance that still the troops lay in line of battle, gazing quietly upon the explosion of Rebel shells between our lines and the setting sun. The beauty of the scene was of short duration, for soon again the woods in our front rang with volleys of musketry and a well-directed artillery fire threatened our ranks.

"Private James Rader, of company D, was wounded at the time, while in line of battle, and an ambulance sent for, and he was taken to the rear. The First Vermont battery opened a brisk fire on a Rebel battery; still we waited in suspense, the Minie balls and the grape and canister passing frequently over the regiment as it lay in line of battle, when

suddenly General Mower, on horseback, came dashing along in front of the left wing of the regiment. Some officers commanded *Forward*, some *Halt*. Confusion seemed for a moment to be inevitable; I was occupying a position on the right centre and to the rear of the right wing of the regiment. I inquired of the General, if he wanted us to go forward; in the din of the battle, I could not hear his answer, but from the motion of his head and sword, he was no longer to be misunderstood. *Forward* was the order. The right moved in good order. A part of the left having previously started, the line was irregular. To our front, at a distance of some four or five hundred yards, could be seen a confused line of troops rapidly falling back—it was the rear of the Nineteenth corps—followed by a strong Rebel force pouring in a terrible musketry fire, accompanied with whoops and yells of triumph. A portion of our regiment opened fire, but seeing that our troops had not yet cleared our front, I ordered the firing to cease, halted the regiment, and in a very short time the line was dressed in fine order, discharged pieces were reloaded, and when our front was cleared of Union troops who bore out to our right, at the command *fire*, the regiment poured forth a splendid volley, with telling effect upon the Rebels then advancing rapidly and in good order, at a distance of about three hundred yards. The first volley checked their advance, a second one staggered them, when the regiment moved forward, keeping up a splendid fire. As we advanced, the enemy commenced falling back, and we rapidly charged him till near a ravine in the open field, some five or six hundred yards or more, in front of our first line of battle. The ravine was lined with bushes and briars, forming a dense under-growth, behind which, in many places, a man could not be seen. I heard in a loud voice, '*halt!*' I thought it was the voice of Colonel Murray, and repeated the command. The regiment halted, and was ordered to lie down. Colonel Murray was not mounted, and I did not see him. I had not previously heard a command from him, though he might have given many without my hearing them, for the din of battle was great.

"Immediately a terrible fire from the ravine, which formed

a complete breastwork for the Rebels—being four or five feet deep—began to be poured into our ranks. I cast my eye down the line. I did not see Colonel Murray nor any other officer that outranked me. It was no time for hesitancy. I rode to the centre of the regiment and inquired, 'Why are we lying here in the open field, while the Rebels are in ambush in that ravine?' Receiving no answer, I rode through the line, and commanded, *Forward.* The men sprang instantly to their feet, and with a yell rushed into the ravine, killing and capturing the enemy. We gathered up and sent to the rear about a hundred and fifty prisoners.

"I again ordered the regiment into line of battle, and marched out with it across the open ground, between the ravine in the field and the woods on the west side of the field, entered the woods and marched to the crest of the hill, a distance through the woods of about seventy-five or a hundred yards, there halted, and finding no enemy in front, and not knowing that any of our troops were advancing on either flank of our regiment, I rode back to the field. I there found Colonel Murray, who advised me to bring the regiment back to the open field. I rode out again, about-faced the regiment, and marched it back.

"Then Brigadier General Stone, Chief on General Banks' staff, paid the command a high compliment, and said that we had driven the enemy entirely from our front; 'but,' said he, 'we must make good the advantages we have gained; the Rebels are massing on our right, and I want you to move the regiment round to the right, and take a position there where you can support them if they need it.' I moved the regiment in obedience to his instructions. The men were there ordered to lie down. It was now sundown, and they remained in that position, with Minie balls constantly passing over them, but without injury to any one, till night spread her curtain of darkness over the belligerents, and put a stop to the contest. The enemy retired, leaving our army master of the entire field.

"Shortly after dark, our regiment, along with other troops of the First brigade, was marched down the road to the

south-west, a distance of about a mile from the closing scene of the battle. We rested on our arms. The men suffered much from the coldness of the night, being wet with sweat from the labors of the battle. The night was rendered more hideous by the groans of wounded and dying men, still lying upon the battle field unprovided for.

"At three o'clock in the morning we were ordered up, and commenced marching in retreat, leaving our seriously wounded in hospital in charge of surgeons, and our dead upon the field. Captain Gifford, with his company, had been sent out on picket, and by some bad management had not been relieved, and hence remained at his post till he learned the next morning that the command was falling back, when he followed, joining us about three o'clock in the afternoon. Officers and enlisted men generally behaved themselves well during the engagement. Captain Farlow S. Zeek fell, seriously wounded in both feet, while in command of his company at the ravine."

The Third Indiana battery was on the right of the Eighty-Ninth regiment. The Ninth battery was on the right of the Third. "The Ninth Indiana battery," says Colonel Lynch, in his report, "at the beginning of the engagement, although in the finest position on the field, was completely masked by Battery L, First United States artillery, consequently could not be used until late in the engagement, at which time it made some very fine shots, dismounting one of the enemy's guns, and totally silencing the remaining guns of the battery. Captain George R. Brown proved himself a capable, cool and gallant officer."

During the battle private Hubbard, of the Sixteenth, killed two color guards, and captured the colors and color bearer of a Texas regiment.

The dead and wounded were abandoned on the field, the cruel necessity being excused if not enforced by a scarcity of water, and the distance to which the provision trains had moved. The retreat continued through the night. Several days were spent at Grand Ecore, waiting for the fleet, which was sixty or seventy miles further up the river, and in starting it down the now shallow and snaggy stream.

A strong Rebel force took advantage of the delay by posting itself across Banks' route at Cane river, forty miles distant, while another prepared to co-operate by an attack on his rear, simultaneously with the attack of the first on his front. The scheme was rendered abortive by the sudden and swift march of Banks. He started at two in the morning of April 22, and with Emory in front and Smith in the rear, marched thirty miles. Early the next morning Emory struck the Rebel force at the crossing of Cane river unexpectedly on front and flank, and drove it in disorder from the position. At a later hour Smith repulsed a charge on the rear. Marching hard, fighting the enemy in front and fighting him in rear, the army reached Alexandria on the twenty-seventh of April. Reinforcements at the same time made their appearance, the First division of the Thirteenth corps, under McClernand, from the Texan coast, and veteran regiments from the north. With the first were our Forty-Ninth and Sixty-Ninth; among the last was our Forty-Seventh.

The army remained nearly three weeks at Alexandria, during which the enemy was active and vindictive, and required the constant attention of scouting and skirmishing parties. On one occasion the Thirteenth corps marched eight miles west, pushing back Rebel sharpshooters and batteries, and as the force of the enemy became more solid, charging on him. One charge was made across an open field, and through thick hedges. Chaplain Sawyer speaks with pride of the Forty-Seventh in this affair: "Whether in the skirmish line, in making a charge, or under fire of musketry or cannon, the men conducted themselves most gallantly. As I was dismounted, after attending to the wounded, I took the gun and accoutrements of one of their number, marched with the column, and occasionally with the skirmishers, where I had a full view of the enemy. The first day we were ordered to drive the Rebels, the skirmishers were pushed ahead to charge through the woods. The Twenty-Eighth held back, but the Forty-Seventh boys raised a shout, and dashed into the woods, while the Rebels ran helter-skelter for dear life. As the main column followed, a shell, in direct range

of us, struck the side of a tree, glanced up, and burst above us, scattering splinters and fragments all round us. Not a man was hurt, and the regiment, inspired by the coolness of Colonel McLaughlin, in front of whom the shell burst, stepped briskly on. The Rebel cannon was soon in full retreat. Colonel Slack handled his brigade splendidly. His clear, commanding voice rang over the field."

May 7, General Mower led a part of his division, with Lucas' cavalry, toward Bayou La Moore, and engaged a threatening force, the Eighty-Ninth Indiana, under Colonel Craven, charging and repulsing it with a loss of fifteen.

The delay at Alexandria was caused by the difficulty of getting the fleet over the falls of the Red. Under the direction of Colonel Bailey, engineer of the Nineteenth corps, the troops constructed a series of dams. The labor, together with scouting and reconnoitring, employed them night and day. They were gratified by complete success. The last boat rode triumphantly over the falls the twelfth of May. The next day Lucas' brigade, which had hitherto been in the rear, took the advance, and the army marched out of Alexandria, leaving it in flames, though by whom the incendiary fires were kindled was unknown.

Near Marksville a Rebel cavalry force appeared in front of the column. It fell back, fighting, across a prairie, and made a stubborn stand in a wood. After three hours skirmishing and artillery fighting it was flanked on the right by Emory, and on the left by Smith, and driven and scattered. At Fort De Russey Banks found a reinforcement from Baton Rouge.

May 19, the van crossed the Atchafalaya on a bridge of boats, while the rear sharply engaged a Rebel force, under General Polignac. Lynch's brigade crossed Yellow Bayou before noon, and after moving a mile on the double-quick, formed in line of battle under the enemy's guns, the Eighty-Ninth in the centre, supporting Brown's battery, except Hill's company, which, in the skirmish line, held the enemy in check. The battery was a mark for the enemy's guns. They plowed up the ground about it, and cut off the limbs of the oak above it, until Mower's two brigades, at full speed, and

with fixed bayonets, forced them to withdraw. As Mower fell back, Company I, of the Eighty-Ninth, covered the rear, and protected the soldiers who gathered up the dead and the wounded. One of the dead was Captain Gifford, who was an honest, modest and brave gentleman. He had been instantly killed by a ball through the heart. Colonel Lynch was wounded and carried off the field. Colonel Kinney, the next in rank, was also wounded. The command of the brigade devolved, in consequence, upon Lieutenant Colonel Craven, and the care of the regiment upon Major Henry. The line was reformed behind thick underbrush, where the troops rested before renewing the struggle. The day was excessively hot, and many had fallen from the heat. When they again advanced it was with a sudden rush. The enemy withstood them stubbornly. The two lines frequently intermixed. The fight was often hand to hand. Henry Myers, the gallant color-bearer of the Eighty-Ninth, with pistol in hand, fell wounded, and Lieutenant Wright siezed the staff. Fifty-three of the Eighty-Ninth fell. One hundred and fifty of the brigade were killed and wounded. In the end the Rebels fled.

The rear then crossed the Atchafalaya, and without further opposition, followed the advance to the Mississippi.

General Banks gained for himself nothing but reproach and mortification in the Red river expedition, and his return to the Mississippi was the signal for his removal from command. His subordinates were more happy.

General Emory, addressing Colonel Lucas, says: "In many of the battles your conduct has come under my personal observation, and in all you have exhibited the soundest judgment and the most conspicuous gallantry. As an old cavalry officer, I can say with sincerity, I have never seen cavalry better handled."

All the Indianians conducted themselves creditably. About five thousand men, eighteen guns, and perhaps two hundred wagons were lost during the campaign. At Sabine Cross Roads, Klauss' battery lost five; the Sixteenth regiment lost sixty; Lieutenant Jones was killed in a skirmish preceding the battle, and Captain Moore was severely

wounded; the Forty-Sixth lost one hundred, among the captured Lieutenant Colonel Flory and Chaplain Robb; the Sixtieth and Sixty-Seventh also lost heavily.

At Pleasant Hill several of the Sixteenth were among the killed and wounded. Captain Doxey, who, on account of the illness of Colonel Redfield, had command, was dangerously wounded.

Other regiments have published no report.

The total Union loss in the skirmishes and battles from the seventh to the ninth of April, was three thousand nine hundred and eighty men, chiefly in prisoners.

The Rebel loss was also large.

Porter's fleet resumed its station on the Mississippi. The Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps went back to Vicksburg. The Nineteenth and a portion of the Thirteenth, returned to New Orleans, dropping a few regiments along the way,—the Forty-Seventh at Morganzia, the Sixty-Seventh and several others at Baton Rouge, to which a recent event attracted attention. A portion of the troops from Texas was stationed at Baton Rouge the last of April to fill the place of the garrison when it was forwarded to Red river. The Eighteenth Indiana remained encamped in the suburbs of the city more than a month, part of the time on post duty. The enemy taking advantage of the state of affairs produced by the defeat of the army on Red river, organized an expedition for the capture of Baton Rouge. He was anticipated by the commander of the post, who, with his available forces, met the Rebels at Olive Branch, near Comite river, and in a hot engagement of five hours duration, defeated them and drove them back into the interior of the State. The Eighteenth was actively engaged, and behaved with such coolness and bravery as to call for honorable mention.

General Steele's hapless march winds up the story of the Red river expedition. It began March 22, 23 and 24, the main force, seven thousand strong, moving out from Little Rock, co-operating bodies from Fort Smith on the right, and Pine Bluffs on the left, and was directed to Arkadelphia, as a place of rendezvous.

Southwestern Arkansas is a wooded country, with few roads and many streams, which might be described as peculiarly susceptible to rains, were it not that in nearly every expedition, bottomless mud and swollen rivers form a large account. Numerous and well conditioned Rebel troops, in command of General Price, were on the alert to "welcome invaders with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

Steele crossed the Saline, and skirmishing not more than enough to make the march lively, reached Arkadelphia. Here he waited nearly two days for Thayer with a force of nearly five thousand. Thayer arrived after his departure, and followed him.

Skirmishing became heavy and small encounters frequently occurred. Hostile bodies of considerable size were several times flanked, and progress was not seriously impeded until at Prairie d'Anne a Rebel force of artillery and infantry seemed bent on compelling Steele to stand up to a regular fight. The challenge was reluctantly accepted, nevertheless the ensuing battle, chiefly of artillery, resulted in the discomfiture and retreat of the Rebels.

In this affair Rabb's battery, now under Captain Espy, did good service.

The Indiana troops in Steele's ranks, were the Second battery and the two thin regiments, the Forty-Third, about four hundred strong, and the Fiftieth, which had accompanied him to Little Rock the previous fall.

Colonel Clayton moved out from Pine Bluff with about a thousand men. At Mount Elba on the Saline, he was attacked by General Dockery with sixteen hundred men. The attack was expected, and was repulsed with severe Rebel loss. Ascertaining that a Rebel train with a small escort was crossing the Saline at Longview, forty miles below Mount Elba, Clayton directed Captain Greathouse, with fifty Kansas and fifty Indiana cavalry, to effect its destruction. Starting at eight in the morning, Greathouse reached Longview at dusk. He followed the train across the river, and finding the escort divided into three parties and just going into camp, he entrapped each party separately, by issuing orders with the assured manner of a Rebel officer, and cap-

tured two hundred and ninety men, and sixty wagons, loaded chiefly with Quartermasters' stores.

As far as Prairie d'Anne, the national forces had the best in each collision. Steele could not but see, however, that the Rebels gathered strength with every step backward, and he could not but forbode that if faint rumors which reached his ears of the destruction of Banks' army were true, he would find himself in a lion's den in Shreveport, after even a successful march. Looking askance at Camden during several slow and toiling days, he calculated that he could there defend himself while he considered the possibility of advance and the advisability of retreat. Suddenly and unexpectedly he turned to the left.

The Rebels, at first bewildered, soon understood the dodge, and hastening after him, worried his flank and rear, and at the same time endeavored to gain his front.

Receiving undoubted assurance of the retreat of Banks, and credible reports that a force of twenty-five thousand might any day be concentrated in his front, Steele determined to leave Camden as soon as it was possible to feed his troops, and to return forthwith to Little Rock.

At this point his troubles might be said to begin. The Rebels beset him on every side. Thirty miles east, they crossed the Washita on a pontoon, and obstructed the water by felling trees into the stream. Twelve miles west, in strong force, they fell upon a foraging party of nearly a thousand men, with one hundred and fifty wagons, and after a long and severe struggle, inflicted a loss of two hundred and fifty men, with four guns, two of them Espy's, and the entire train. Twelve miles north they attacked a train of six ambulances and two hundred and forty wagons, returning to Pine Bluffs, after having taken supplies to the army, escorted by a brigade of infantry, four guns and two hundred cavalry. They were repulsed in their first attack, and baffled in pursuit on the following day, but on the third day, April 25, they succeeded in almost demolishing the train.

The van of the escort, the Forty-Third Indiana and the Forty-Sixth Iowa, was just extricated from a swamp four miles long, when the Rebels, six thousand in number, ap-

peared. The two regiments fought heroically, desperately, and they were ably seconded by the rear, but they were overpowered. All the wagons and guns were taken, and full half of the men composing the escort were killed, wounded, or captured.

As was afterward ascertained, the prisoners were marched off the same night, and were kept on the march twenty-four hours without food or rest, until fifty-two miles were accomplished. They were taken to Tyler, Texas, which they reached the fourteenth of May.

The moment Steele heard of the affair at Mark's Mills, he bestirred himself to put the Washita between him and the main force of the enemy. Dawn of the twenty-seventh saw him pushing up stoutly toward the North. Perhaps General Steele never loved the North as well. Pressed harder and harder, through every hour of the twenty-ninth, he reached the Saline river at Jenkins Ferry just as night fell, and bent all his energies toward effecting an immediate crossing. He was held inextricably by rain, mud and darkness, and in a miry and thickly wooded river-bottom, where it was not possible to manœuvre, or even to make use of artillery, he was compelled to wait and receive the importunate enemy.

Fighting was entirely between infantry. It was desperate, as the desperate circumstances required. At the first onset the Rebels drove in the Thirty-Third Iowa and the Fiftieth Indiana, which covered the rear. But in three successive assaults, they suffered repulse, and at noon, after seven hours fighting, they were driven back from the river, and out of sight in the tangled wilderness. It was a complete and brilliant victory.

The Union loss in killed and wounded was seven hundred. The Rebel loss was more than two thousand.

A single pontoon bridge, which had been laid in the night, and on which the trains had already crossed, now afforded a passage to the army. With but one wagon to a brigade, having burned the others, with little or nothing to eat, and bridging swamps as well as streams, it anxiously avoided a renewed encounter with the reinforced and rapidly returning

enemy. On the first day of May, the fainting troops met a provision train and eagerly snatched from the mud the crackers which were thrown to them. On the second the advance entered Little Rock. On the fifth, the rear closed the retreat.

The Fiftieth Indiana, in this expedition, suffered the loss of one hundred and nineteen. Major Atkisson was among the missing. The Forty-Third lost two hundred or more.

The Rebels made no attack on Little Rock; but neither did they return to their south-western wilderness. They held themselves in readiness for opportunities, and during many following months neglected none that offered.

In July they were repulsed from Fort Smith, after a three days' struggle, in which the Second Indiana battery performed an active part. But they were not deterred by one repulse from continuing their general line of operations. They roamed and ravaged almost at will, constantly interrupting communication and lurking even in the neighborhood of Little Rock.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PRISON LIFE IN TEXAS.

Condensed from a narrative written by Colonel Bringhurst and Lieutenant Colonel Flory, of the Forty-Sixth Indiana.

After their capture in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, the prisoners were rapidly pushed to the rear. The road from the battle field to Mansfield, four miles, was strewn with dead Rebels and the debris of battle, and the country was covered with temporary hospitals, to which the Rebels were carrying their crowds of wounded.

At Mansfield about two hundred of our prisoners were crowded into the Court House, and for the night were confined in a room scarcely large enough for half that number. This room had been used by Rebel troops for quarters, and was filled with filth. The other prisoners were corraled on a freshly plowed field, near the town, and compelled to get what rest they might after twenty miles' march, and two hours' hard fighting, on the ground, saturated, as it was, with recent rains. Nothing of any consequence had been eaten since five o'clock that morning. Most of the men had lost their knapsacks in the fight, and with nothing but their clothing, hungry and tired, they began a long and torturing imprisonment. The cold north wind chilled their blood, and benumbed their bodies, and they esteemed their sufferings great, but the time was to come when they could look back on this night as pleasant, compared with many of their experience.

On the morning of the ninth, the day after the battle, no rations whatever were issued. Chilled, hungry and weary, the prisoners, numbering fifty commissioned officers and twelve hundred men, were goaded forward between two lines of brutal Rebel cavalry, flushed with a blundering success.

The most insulting epithets were heaped upon them, and those who, from sickness and exhaustion, reeled in the ranks, were treated as a slave-driving chivalry alone can treat defenceless humanity.

At six o'clock at night, after a march of twenty-four miles, the staggering column was turned into an open field, having had an unbroken fast of two days. About ten o'clock a small allowance of wood was given the prisoners, and a pint of musty, unsifted corn meal, with a small allowance of salt beef, no salt, and one baking pan to each hundred men. There was no water within a quarter of a mile. Eight or ten men were taken out at a time to fill canteens, of which a very small number had escaped the notice of the rapacious captors on the battle field. The entire night was spent in preparing food from the scanty materials at hand.

At daybreak on the morning of the tenth the haggard procession was again put in motion. During this day's march of twenty-five miles many men were forced along by the bayonet, and by threats of shooting.

About the same rations were issued as the evening before, with the addition of an abundant supply of water from a creek. The guards encamped above the prisoners, and washed their horses and their own persons in the stream, and in other ways rendered the water filthy.

After marching and halting in this manner for sixteen days, the point of destination was reached. The women and children from the country, on either side of the road for miles, congregated in motley groups to witness the imposing spectacle. In passing any considerable group, or a town, our undaunted heroes in blue sang patriotic national songs. The "Rally round the flag, boys," seemed to have a new significance, and swelling out from a thousand brave souls, drowned the Rebel huzzas.

Reverend Hamilton Robb, Chaplain of the Forty-Sixth, a man near seventy years of age, made this march a prisoner. He was released, by order of Kirby Smith, at Camp Ford, late in June. This officer had also been captured at Champion Hill, on the Vicksburg march, in 1863.

Previous to the arrival of the prisoners captured from Gen-

eral Banks, Camp Ford was occupied by about eight hundred men and officers, including one hundred and fifty officers and sailors, captured at various points on the coast of Texas.

The army was represented by Colonel Burrell and eight officers of the Forty-Second Massachusetts, who were captured at Galveston about the twelfth of January, 1863; the officers who were captured at Brashear City, Louisiana, in June, 1863; the Nineteenth Iowa infantry, Lieutenant Colonel Leake; the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, Lieutenant Colonel Rose, captured at Morganza, in September, 1863, with other and smaller bodies of troops of General Herron's command.

In April, 1864, these men were almost destitute of clothing, many of them, at capture, having been robbed of all articles not absolutely necessary to cover their nakedness. They had passed one of the coldest winters known in the country for years in this destitute condition. More than three-fourths of them had no shoes to their feet for months. In December they had been marched to Shreveport, a distance of one hundred and forty miles, and back again in January, through rain, snow and sleet, and over icy roads, with no shelter at night, on rations of coarse meal and starved beef. Again, in March, they were marched over the same road, and again back to Camp Ford, their condition not in the least improved by the lapse of time.

These movements, it is said, were made for the purpose of exchange, but they were not finally released until July, when they left prison, many of them in about the condition of Adam and Eve.

On the twentieth of April the prisoners captured at Pleasant Hill arrived at Camp Ford—about eight hundred.

Early in May some fifteen hundred men and officers, captured from General Steele's army at Mark's Mills, Arkansas, were added to the already overcrowded prison pen, and at various times the captures from transports and gunboats, until the number reached forty-eight hundred.

Steele's men had been most barbarously treated. As soon as they had been marched to the rear, they were stripped of everything, and left to go naked, or put on the filthy rags

thrown away by the scoundrels who had robbed them. Even the treasured miniatures of their wives and mothers were taken, and made the subjects of vulgar ribaldry, then thrown into heaps, when the chivalry rode over them with their horses. At Shreveport they were again subjected to inspection, and made to pass in single file before a guard, so that any articles that had, by any strategem, been concealed, might be discovered.

Camp Ford is four miles from Tyler, Smith county, Texas. It covers an area of about six acres, enclosed by a stockade. A trench or ditch was first dug around the ground selected; in it were placed, on end, oak or pine timbers, fitted close together, and forming a wall about eight feet high. On the outside the earth was banked up so that the guards, whilst on their beats, could see over the whole camp. The location was on an abrupt hill-side—a kind of pine and oak barren. Every shrub and tree was carefully cut down, leaving nothing to protect the prisoners from the drenching rains, the chilly dews of night, or the scorching rays of the semi-tropical sun. Within this pen the prisoners were turned, and mockingly told to "make yourselves comfortable."

The officers had the privilege of going to the woods under guard, to cut logs and board timber, which they carried on their backs, and with which they constructed huts for shelter. Parties of five and ten in due time built up cabins, a labor not light, when it is considered that to near forty-eight hundred men, that but twenty axes and four or five shovels were allowed. An auger and an old saw made up the complement of available tools, although, in the camp of the guards, there seemed to be abundance.

The private soldiers, with the greatest difficulty, by an armful of brush, brought in one day, some twigs the next, sought to erect shelter to protect them from the sun. Parties of from ten to twenty were successively passed out under guard with one or two old axes, and a short time allowed them to procure this class of material, but so great was the clamor and so eager the rush for the prison gate, that, in their ill-humor, the officers in charge, for days, would allow none to go out. Hundreds of the men dug holes in the hill-side,

and from two to four lived in each like wild animals, and made no efforts to construct any kind of shelter. A very large proportion, owing to the scarcity of tools and the many impediments thrown in their way, were unable to get anything until late in the summer. The inmates of the caves soon became sick, and death was a frequent guest in these unnatural abodes.

The only reply to complaints was: "You might have staid at home!" "You had no business to come down here and interfere with us." "We didn't want to fight you 'uns." "If you 'uns had staid at home, we 'uns wouldn't have interrupted you!" or, "Good enough for you."

This was one of the wettest seasons Texas had known for twenty years. During May and June and far into July, rain fell in torrents,—floods overhead and cataracts under foot. With blankets only in the proportion of one to twenty men, robbed of clothing in many cases, the ragged, haggard, careworn men, huddled together in groups like sheep, as if to kindle warmth by contact, and move the blood that seemed ceasing to flow. What though rain should cease, night would spread its impenetrable veil over the camp, and exaggerate, if possible, the misery. So night after night passed with no hope of comfort in the coming morn but the warming influence of day.

Many of the prisoners were recruits on their first campaign, and unaccustomed to the exposure of even ordinary camp life. Upon these the trial soon began to tell, and each night witnessed some unfortunate breathing out his life in darkness, lying in the mud with the rain falling on him, insensible to the thunder and lightning; no mother near to gently smooth the aching brow; no sister to minister to his wants; no wife with her deep love watching the spirit's last struggle.

Hurried to the near grave, scarcely deep enough to hide the body from the prowling wolf, it is soon forever disposed of.

The commanding officer of Camp Ford, Lieutenant Colonel Borders, was an Englishman, a resident of the South about nine years. From association with the most reckless and dissipated of this semi-barbarous society, he was thoroughly imbued with the worst qualities of it. A monarchist,

hating everything Republican, and with unbounded malice toward the Union soldiery, he was a fit instrument to carry out the system provided by the leaders of the Rebellion, of the treatment of prisoners. His adjutant, Lieutenant M'Cann, possessed no principle of action but the slavish one of wishing to please his superiors. When some of the prisoners were coming home through New Orleans, in March last, this M'Cann was just being brought in a prisoner. General Canby was informed of the brutality practiced by him, by Major Norris, of the Forty-Third, when the gentleman was put in irons, and a ration of a pint of meal and a half pound of bacon was ordered for him.

If men approached too near the stockade, the limit being ten feet, they were either shot down or made to mark time at a vigorous "double quick." As many of the sentinels were boys not over fifteen years old, it was gratifying to them to have the Yankee dance at their bidding. The inducement, a cocked musket held at the breast of the prisoner, and handled in a most reckless manner, was generally sufficient to get out of a man all the dance there was in him. As many as thirty at a time have been subjected to this treatment for two hours, or until they became exhausted and fell. Confederate officers often stood by enjoying the scene, and sometimes ordering a bayonet to compel men to use their feet.

Men who were overtaken in trying to escape, and returned to prison, were made to stand on blocks of wood, or stumps, bareheaded in the sun for "four hours." This would be continued for a week. Sometimes they were made to stand half their time on one foot, whilst a soldier sat by with his musket, in a shady place, to enforce obedience. Ladies occasionally passed around the camp to see the 'animals,' as they termed the prisoners; taunting them in the most insulting manner.

Groups of prisoners were often tied up by the thumbs for some trifling offence, and suspended so that their toes barely touched the ground, and for days were brought out and subjected to this torture, two hours at a time. Strong men, subjected to this punishment in a July sun, would faint and

fall as far as the ligatures on their thumbs would permit, and would be cut down only when a lazy, vicious Rebel found it convenient to go to their assistance.

The regular ration consisted of a pint of cornmeal in the bran, and about a pound of beef with a little salt, to the man, but scarcely any day brought anything near the allowance. The meat often was not fit for use. The supply of cooking utensils was not sufficient for a battalion of men. So meagre was the supply of wood that a portion of the camp could have none. These, having no way to cook their beef, lost it. Provisions could be bought of outsiders, but at prices beyond the reach of most of the prisoners. The officers of the camp permitted every advantage to be taken of starving inmates, and appeared to cooperate in creating a demand for what there was to sell.

The Hospital arrangements consisted of a new wooden building erected in the woods near by, about large enough to accommodate thirty patients, which was about a third of the average sick, needing the most judicious treatment and close attention. Sick men were usually carried out to the hospital only when it became apparent that death would ensue. No blankets or comforts of any kind were furnished. The only advantage in the hospital over the camp, was, that the men were raised off the ground,—a gain of dryness at the sacrifice of some comfort. The majority lay naked on rough boards. The medical department was in keeping with everything else. A surgeon was detailed, whose duty it was to visit the sick. He usually visited the camp about once a week, and pretended to have an inspection, but usually he came at such times as but few knew of his presence. When he was seen, he issued curses liberally, and the commonest drugs parsimoniously. The monthly allowance of medicine to the prisoners was not sufficient for one day'. treatment of the more simple cases, and was of very inferior quality. In short, the whole thing was a farce.

On the twelfth of August, five hundred and six of the prisoners were moved south to Camp Groce, a distance of two hundred miles. They were made up of the unruly

members of the prison community, officers and men who had made themselves obnoxious to the officials by resisting or protesting against their infamous treatment.

Not over ten minutes notice was given of the proposed march. The rations of the day had not been issued. The line was soon formed outside, but the march was delayed many hours, in the burning sun, without water.

The road for the entire distance, ran through a pine and oak barren—extremely broken—and interspersed with narrow strips of timber, with an occasional stretch of from five to six miles without a shrub, or scarcely a blade of grass. The sand was scorching hot, and ankle deep. For fifteen miles frequently, no water could be obtained for the guards and their horses, which were always first considered. There were not over fifty canteens among all the prisoners, and there was no way of carrying water. The daily march was about twenty miles—arranged with a view to the water-places.

In justice to the guards on this duty, it must be said that they were the best class yet met. They belonged to the Twenty-First Texas, and numbered two hundred and fifty.

The intense heat, without water, caused many of the prisoners to drop exhausted by the wayside, where they were guarded till night came on, and then forced to overtake the column. Six or eight wagons were assigned for the sick and exhausted, but they did not accommodate a fourth of the number. Many men were without shirts—their naked backs exposed to the sun. A large proportion were without shoes—their feet blistering in the hot sand. Many were without hats—their uncovered heads exposed to the almost perpendicular rays of the sun.

It would be fruitless to attempt to portray the sufferings of that eleven days' march, the remembrance of which is enough to make the heart sick. Teams which followed the column, gathering rations, often did not get into camp till near midnight. There was then doled out a small cup of flour or cornmeal, and a third of a pound of bacon to a man.

Camp Groce was at last made, when the saddest days in the prisoner's experience commenced. There were confined

in this camp about fifty soldiers, and the officers and crews of two gunboats captured at Calcasieu Pass, on the sixth of May, 1864, in all about one hundred and fifty men. They were all sick with fever and ague. Eighty died before the following November. This prison is about sixty miles north-west of Houston, near Hempstead, on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. It is situated in a sharp bend of a branch, and within a few miles of the Brazos river. It is almost entirely surrounded by a low strip of marshy ground. About one and a half acres of ground are enclosed with a close stockade about twelve feet high. Two wells, which were found filled with rubbish, with great labor were fitted for use, and made to furnish a supply of slimy, unhealthy water. There were board barracks sufficient to accommodate six hundred and fifty men, but in a most dilapidated condition.

The rations of this camp, when the new delegation arrived, were better than in the one just left, but they soon grew small.

The commander of the camp was an Irish Captain, who had been a corporal in the regular United States Army, and was in Texas at the breaking out of the Rebellion, when the infamous General Twiggs delivered up his command of trained and disciplined soldiers to a cowardly mob, which a volley would have put to flight.

Of the companies of the prison guards, one was Irish, one German, and two were Texans. The two first were, almost to a man, as loyal as the prisoners whom they guarded. Numerous instances occurred in which these guards, after dark, passed out prisoners, and even by means of ropes let them down on the outside of the stockade, and furnished them provisions for their journey. As many as thirty in rapid succession have gone over the stockade on a moonlight night, by the help of the guard.

The men from Camp Ford had not been long here before they began to be taken down with camp fever and diarrhœa, and by the middle of September, there were not a hundred well men in the prison. Night and day the cries of the sick

and dying filled the air. Men woke in the morning to find their bunk mates dead by their side.

No medicine was to be had until disease had become general in the camp, and many were beyond the reach of remedy. The surgeon, whose duty it was to visit the sick, seldom came, and when he did, was drunk, and administered curses instead of medicine. This hideous drama was most appropriately closed by the death of the fiendish surgeon by *delirium tremens*.

After this, those who were thought to be too sick to be treated in camp, were carried to the hospital at Hempstead, about two miles distant. From ten to fifteen sick men would be jammed into a wagon and carried to the hospital, over rough roads and through the scorching sun. Four or five men died during these murderous transits, and their almost unconscious comrades lay upon them for want of room.

The hospital at Hempstead was the low garret of a church. There were no side windows, no place for ventilation but through the small gable windows, and only enough light to make the room visible. The noisome effluvia that pervaded the place drove away all who were not forced to remain. The fresh air, so greatly needed by fevered sufferers, seemed to turn in disgust from the threshold.

The sick were crowded together as thick as was possible—one tier over another, on rough board bunks, and generally with no straw or mattrass. If a man did not have a blanket, which was generally the case, he lay in his rags upon the hard boards. There were a few mattrasses belonging to the hospital, but these, from long use, had become so foul that they were refused by all. If the men were able to crawl down a flight of stairs, the inexorable laws of nature were complied with—otherwise comfort and cleanliness gave way to necessity.

Helpless, and suffering with fever and chronic diarrhœa, men died without thought or care. Their remains were hauled out in a cart and dumped into a hole without a coffin.

In September the yellow fever broke out in Galveston, and soon reached Houston and other places above. The Confederate guard at the prison, fearing the disease might reach

that point, openly threatened to leave, and let the prisoners take care of themselves. On this the authorities moved the camp west of Brazos river, twenty-five miles from the railroad, to a low, wet, marshy creek bottom.

There were now five hundred of the six hundred and fifty left. Of these not more than seventy-five were well. On the journey the sick who were unable to walk were crowded together in rough wagons, fifteen or sixteen to a wagon. Those whom the bayonet could persuade were obliged to go on foot. Many dragging themselves along until they could do so no longer, fell exhausted, and were left to follow or die, or to be picked up when it suited the convenience of the guard to go back for them.

On this move six men died in the wagons, and were hastily tumbled into holes by the wayside. Sick and well alike, at this camp, had no beds but the damp ground, and no shelter but such as they might construct with brush. They were closely packed together on less than a half acre of ground, where the cooking and camp duties were performed. Sinks, dug inside the lines, made the atmosphere almost unendurable. Water was obtained from pools along the bed of the creek—green, filthy and rank with disease and death. As usual, above the camp, the horses of the Rebels, numbering five hundred, were kept, watered and cleaned. The dirt of a filthy Rebel camp was intentionally thrown into the water. On the banks of the stream were the sinks of the Rebel camp. Each rain brought down this disgusting material. There were no medicines, nor was there any medical attendance. Each morning at roll call, men were found present in body, but absent in spirit. Death had released them. The dead would be found lying upon the ground in the mud, having been denied the satisfaction of a bed, and with no covering but the scanty rags that composed their clothing. Around this few was a heavy chain of sentinels, standing guard, as it were, over a graveyard, to keep ghosts in subjection.

On the third of October, owing to heavy rains and cold winds, the camp was moved near to the town of Chappel Hill.

As before, several died in the wagons, or by the road side. Above the new camp was a spongy ridge, which kept a portion of it constantly wet. As before, no shelter was had for the prisoners, and they had the ground only for their beds. The cold October rains had now set in, and night after night, moans, ravings and coughs sounded through and above the howling winds, while ghost-like forms crowded around cheerless fires. About the fifteenth of October, for the first time, the prison was furnished with medicines of something like an approach to decency, but still far from sufficient. A surgeon, comparatively a humane man, was allotted to us. Health began to improve, though deaths continued at the rate of four or five a day.

About the last of October, the yellow fever having subsided, the prisoners were again moved back to camp Groce. On this journey, after having marched over four hundred miles from the place of capture, the first railroad transportation of the campaign was furnished, a ride of fifteen miles being granted the prisoners.

There were now four hundred and forty of the original number. With the exception of six or seven successful escapes, all the rest had fallen victims to infamous treatment. Not one in ten prisoners had a hat, about one in twenty had a blanket; a few had shirts, very few had shoes, and the majority were clothed in collections of rags that defy description.

"Northers" now occurred frequently. Often with the thermometer at seventy degrees, dark clouds would start up from the northwest, and in two hours the thermometer would fall to thirty-five degrees.

The general misery of the prisoner's situation was greatly augmented by his inability to hear from home, or obtain information in relation to the progress of the war.

Nothing was heard of the regiment but what was contained in a short letter written June 14, by Colonel Bringhurst, on the Mississippi, to Lieutenant Colonel Flory, as the regiment was going home on veteran furlough.

The *Houston Telegraph* was the vehicle of the news received by the neighborhood around Camp Groce. In it were

published the most startling accounts of Union defeats and Rebel victories. Every action was a Federal disaster, and ruin seemed constantly impending over the National Government.

With all this there ran through the Rebel soldiery, an anticipation of final defeat, which belied all their boasts and predictions.

On the eighth of November, the prisoners at Camp Ford held an election for President of the United States. The matter was suggested by Colonel Brown, then commanding the camp. He said the votes of men coming from so many states would indicate the result in the actual vote. The idea was readily adopted by the prisoners, the camp was divided into wards, and slips of paper were distributed. At roll call on the morning of the eighth, the tickets were dropped into hats, brought together and counted. The proceeding was altogether fair. There were two thousand three hundred and seventy votes cast, of which six hundred and fifteen were for M'Clellan, and sixteen hundred and sixty-five for Mr. Lincoln. Colonel Brown was astonished at the result. He predicted the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and declared that the chances for the success of the Confederacy were very small. He bought three gallons of whiskey, and he and his officers got gloriously drunk over the "Indication."

On the fifth of December three hundred and forty-two men and officers, including all the Forty-Sixth present, were notified that they were to be paroled, and to proceed to New Orleans by way of Galveston and Houston. It did not take long to prepare for that move.

The paroled prisoners were conveyed to Galveston by railroad, where they were detained but a few hours, as a steamer was awaiting them. With some of the Rebel guards, who were as glad to get away, they were soon happy and safe under the stars and stripes. In thirty-six hours the party was landed on the levee at New Orleans.

Information was brought from Camp Ford by Jasper N. Mullins, who left there early in March. There were then fifteen hundred Federal prisoners there, among them only one representative of the Forty-Sixth.

At Shreveport were three of the Forty-Sixth.

Though Camp Ford was heavily guarded, attempts at escape were of nightly occurrence. During the month of March a party projected and completed a tunnel. It commenced inside one of the cabins, and extended out one hundred and fifty yards beyond the stockade; but just as all was ready for a general stampede, the stockade was extended for the accommodation of more prisoners, and the plan frustrated. This tunnel afterward served for prisoners to hide in when contemplating an escape. They would enter it and remain until the pursuit of them outside was given up, when they would go in earnest. Several tunnels were constructed, but none were ever made available for their original purpose. One large one was within fifteen feet of completion in March, 1864, when the last but one of the prisoners of the Forty-Sixth came out. It may have been successful. It was the result of an amount of labor and ingenuity that deserved success. A shaft, six feet deep, was sunk in a cabin. The tunnel was then started toward a bank outside, near a hundred and seventy feet distant. The chamber was two feet wide by three feet high. Air holes were opened above, under a bunk or a bed, through which the miners got breath. The tools used were caseknives, a sled, upon which was drawn out the earth in buckets, and rope made from cows' tails. A station would be established midway, to which the sled would be hauled by a stationary Yankee engine. The bucket would then be put on another sled, and hauled to the shaft. The first sled would, at the same time, return to the work, bearing another bucket. The earth was spread under bunks, or in holes about the camp, and covered with litter before daylight.

Nearly every movement in the camp was known to the Rebel guard, and great caution was observed. None but a select few knew about it. Rebel officers would come in and make a general and thorough inspection, looking especially for tunnels, and forcing ramrods and swords down into the earth, but no discoveries were made. The "Grand Trunk" lay too deep.

The digging of the large tunnel cost an immense amount of labor and risk. On one part of the line the excavation had to be made fifty feet without ventilation.

A trained pack of hounds was constantly kept for the purpose of tracking and hunting down fugitives from the pen, and these were under the charge of a professional negro hunter. When a prisoner was found to have escaped, the dogs were made to take the circuit of the camp till the track was discovered, then they would follow it through the swamps and woods, and almost invariably accomplish their mission.

Music was frequently resorted to as a blind to cover the designs of a party meditating escape—drawing their attention by a good song, whilst a log was dug up out of the stockade, and a party, prepared for the venture, were making their escape, often within a few feet of the guards. Others, more adventurous or desperate, would draw themselves to the top whilst a sentinel's back was turned, and quietly let themselves down upon the outside.

Hundreds who had money bribed the guards. The market price for such favors was five dollars in greenbacks. These contracts were made with men who professed Union sentiments, and would, for money, do the prisoners any favor in their power, when their officers were not about.

It was seldom the authorities discovered the absence of a man until his friends made it known, or he was recaptured. Keeping his escape a secret gave him a start of the hounds and cavalry, and, equal to that in general interest, it gave the camp an extra ration.

It frequently occurred that when a soldier died a sailor would change clothes with the deceased, and remove the body to his quarters. The sailor would assume his name, get his ration, and a chance for parole or exchange, that was never extended to the sailors.

One of the most novel and original inventions for escape was here practiced, and with great success, for over a month.

A prisoner, under parole not to escape, drove a cart through the camp for the purpose of hauling the accumulating dirt to a ravine outside. This suggested to an Irishman the idea

of a *cartel* perfectly feasible, and beyond the danger of interference from the regular Commissioners of Exchange. Two men would get into the empty cart, and over them would be thrown a blanket, or some light brush, with the ordinary load of dirt on top. Dirt, rubbish and Yankees would then be driven to the ravine, and tumbled down a declivity of some fifteen feet, into the brush, when the contraband part of the load would shake themselves, and hide away until darkness enabled them to leave. The driver of the cart would dance upon his load as he drove past the guards, as he said, to prevent suspicion; but he was suspected of doing it for his own fun as much as anything else. Under this *cartel* over a hundred and fifty men were liberated before it was discovered by the Rebels and repudiated.

The nearest point in the Union lines was at Vicksburg, a distance of three hundred miles. There was not a county in the states west of the Mississippi, within the Confederate lines, that did not have a party of mounted soldiers, with a leash of trained blood-hounds, hunting deserters and conscripts. At least one-half of the population was heartily disloyal, and bearing intense hatred to Federal soldiers. An escape might well be considered a miracle. Of the numbers constantly getting out, it is safe to say that not over one in fifty overcame all dangers from dogs, Rebels, deep, swift rivers, swamps, hunger and the many other difficulties which beset the way.

The most started with little or no preparation, ignorant of the geography of the country, and without maps or charts. Many knew nothing about traveling at night, and were unaccustomed to traveling in forests. Their appearance would betray them to the first man they met. After a few days of bewildered wandering, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, they were obliged to barter their freedom for corn bread, or more probably, were overtaken by men and hounds. Frequently men would travel hard all night, and by the first dawn see the prison from which they had escaped six or eight hours before. Many cases occurred where men had reached the Mississippi river, and were recaptured whilst hailing a gunboat or transport. Others, within sight of the Federal pick-

ets, would be taken by some straggling Rebel band, and delivered to a post for re-conveyance to prison.

Much ingenuity was required to conceal the escape of a prisoner. Each morning there was a general roll-call. The camp was divided into sections of from one to two hundred men. A Rebel sergeant had a roll of these, and it was his duty to call the list, and ascertain the presence or absence of each man. The prisoners were formed in two ranks, and two sentinels, with muskets and bayonets, passed along the front and rear of the line as the roll was called. With all this precaution the absent ones were duly answered for without discovery. Frequently the sergeant, whose duty it was to call the roll, was not able to read the names without considerable spelling, when some considerate Yankee would volunteer to assist him, and would inadvertantly miss the name of an absconding party. By universal consent the party successfully covering up the absence of a friend was entitled to a surplus ration. With the officers it was more difficult than with the men. They were carried on a separate roll, but they were so successful that the name of an absent one was often carried a month without discovery—long enough to insure his safety.

On the thirteenth of November Lieutenant Colonel A. M. Flory, of the Forty-Sixth, and Captain W. B. Loring, of the United States Navy, made preparations, and left the prison at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was the custom of the prison commandant to give passes each day to Federal officers to go out on parole, not to escape. Upon this occasion a pass was written by one of these officers, who put the commandant's name to it. With their blankets under their arms, ostensibly to collect brush, they presented themselves at the gate, showed the passes and went out. They had previously sent to a designated point some Confederate clothing and provisions. They now went to a thicket and waited until dark, in the meantime putting on Confederate uniforms. They traveled as rapidly and steadily as possible all night. It is estimated they made between thirty and thirty-five miles, which is all that saved them. The escape was discovered next morning, and cavalry sent in the direction they

had taken, but the cavalry did not make that day the distance the officers made the night before, and gave up the chase. The fugitives did not stop long the morning after the escape. After a half hour's rest and a cup of coffee, they again pushed on, and in twenty-four hours after leaving prison, they were fifty-five miles away, with twenty miles of swamp between them and their pursuers. They were on the head waters of the San Jacinto, and in a perfect wilderness.

This description of country extends one hundred miles without the sign of a habitation. The region is traversed by the San Jacinto, Trinity and Neches rivers, with their numerous tributaries, and is covered with heavy timber and dense canebrakes, matted with brambles and every kind of tangled growth common to the alluvial soil of the South. Heavy pine forests lay across the track, hundreds of acres of which had fallen from the effect of fire, and were overgrown by blackberry bushes, often ten or twelve feet high. The fugitives were obliged for many rods to cut their way with a knife, and then pass into a canebrake of enormous growth equally laborious and discouraging. Passing these there would be a stream to cross. Thus they traveled day by day. They had started with twelve pounds of flour bread, two pounds of bacon, a little coffee and sugar.

On the twentieth they crossed the Neches river. Heavy rains having prevailed for two days, the entire country was in a manner flooded,—the streams full and the bottoms overflowed. Owing to the cloudy weather they were unable to travel for two days, as having no compass, it was impossible to keep the direction in a wilderness without sun or stars.

Again, occasionally getting a glimpse of the sun, and by the aid of the clouds the fugitives pressed on. At last, food all gone, hungry, drenched with rain, they reached a cornfield, the limit of civilization. They at once filled their haversacks with corn, built a fire in the woods, and on a tin plate cooked their grated corn-meal.

Having reached a part of the country where discovery was possible, they prepared for night marching. At dark they started, guided by the moon, and made the greatest distance possible. They had water to wade, bayous to swim,

and tangled canebrakes to penetrate. About the twenty-fifth a cold "Norther" sprung up, and ice was a quarter of an inch thick.

As the travelers approached the eastern line of Texas, which is the Sabine river, they became entangled in bayous. Scarcely had they crossed one before another presented itself. For two nights they marched hard without making any material advance. Coming at length to a saw-mill, they discovered a negro in a boat. They secreted themselves in the brush till dark, when, stealing cautiously up, they captured the boat, and quietly drifted out into the bayou. When out of hearing they rowed down the stream. Down this bayou they moved until three o'clock in the morning, when, coming to a larger one running south, they imagined themselves in the Sabine river. Crossing this they landed, set the boat adrift, and took an eastern course through a dense cypress forest. The sky being overcast with clouds, they had no guide. After three hours' march in daylight, through briars and swamps, they were astonished to find fresh tracks, and came to the conclusion that they were followed, but on examination the tracks proved to be their own, and they discovered they were not two hundred yards from where they landed. Three times they were compelled to build rafts, undress and swim streams, two of which were a hundred and fifty yards wide, swift and very cold. Three times during that day they crossed their own path, it being almost impossible to keep direction,—getting only an occasional glimpse of the sun during intervals of rain.

Night found them on a plain traveled road, which, after a good rest, they followed, wading mud and water, and swimming a cold stream. At daylight they entered a dense woods, built a fire, and parched and ate their last grain of corn.

They took the road again near night, and coming to a dilapidated hut, learned from a woman, that they had passed, during the night, the road they should have taken. They retraced their steps, and at dark, finding the road, they stopped at a house for the night. Here they got a good supper, bed and breakfast, but discovered, after careful ques-

tioning, that instead of being across the Sabine, and out of Texas, they were on the west side of that river, and but five miles from where they set out thirty-six hours before.

Early next day the river was reached, and crossed on a table turned bottom up. Now there was no mistake, and the fugitives had to be prepared for bold movements. They had prepared, before starting, orders with the signature of the Colonel of a Texas regiment, directing them to go to their homes near Vermillionville, Louisiana, to remount and refit. The order stated that their horses had died, and the men were out of clothes. As Rebel soldiers they successfully passed Niblett's Bluff, through the fortification, ate dinner with the Rebels, and handled the "Vandal Yankees" without mercy. Here, incidentally, they gathered all needful information in regard to stopping places on the road.

They were now forty-five miles from "Lake Charles," the most dangerous point on the route, where a number of escaped men had been recaptured.

On the evening of the thirtieth they reached the "city," crossed boldly at the ferry, and lodged with the ferryman, at whose house there was a squad of Provost guards. Their papers were examined and pronounced good. On the first of December they rode in the wagon of their host twelve miles on the road, and carried a letter of introduction to a friend of his, who lived some twenty miles beyond. Here again they enjoyed the hospitality due the soldier.

On the second they traveled hard over a low, flat prairie, covered with water, and met the most dangerous adventure of the trip. A Confederate Colonel, stationed at Lake Charles, met them, and with a musket presented, demanded their papers. He closely examined them, and deliberately gave it as his opinion that the party were escaped Yankees, and that their papers were forgeries. This insult was resented in a becoming manner, and the Colonel was convinced that they were really Louisiana soldiers, going home on leave to refit. To atone for his unjust suspicions, he put his own indorsement on the papers.

They kept on their journey until four o'clock in the morning, when a heavy rain came on. They waited until light,

and discovered a wood about a mile distant. Here they determined to remain all day, but found the wood to be but a narrow strip of oak, with no underbrush, a house on either side, not twenty rods off, and the scene not improved by a negro riding from one house to the other. Being in so exposed a place, they concluded to go to one of the houses. They found an officer at home on leave, and two Rebel soldiers on furlough. The clothes of the fugitives were soaking wet, and they were almost frozen, as a "Norther" had come with daylight, but the Rebels made them welcome, gave them hot coffee and seats at a large fire. Starting out again after dinner, they overtook a Rebel Government train going east, and rode in it till night. The night of the third, near Vermillionville, the officers passed in the woods the spot where the Forty-Sixth encamped the year before, and were now safe as regarded the road, for Colonel Flory had been over it three times.

They had now eighty miles to the lines. They traveled at night, hiding by day, and living on parched corn. They met squads of Rebels on the road, but turned off as soon as they heard them. They passed around the towns, and reached Berwick Bay on the night of the seventh. They hailed a gunboat lying in the stream, and went on board the next day, the most completely overjoyed men of which it is possible to conceive.

Their Confederate rags were soon stripped off, and suits of navy blue given them. They were once again under the stars and stripes, and they bowed with reverence as they gazed on the old flag, and felt its protecting power.

In twenty-five days these officers traveled five hundred miles, swam over twenty streams, pushing their clothing before them on rafts; for twenty days they were in the water almost constantly, and for many days had nothing to eat but corn.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN AND ABOUT MEMPHIS.

The situation of Memphis rendered it a frontier post from its surrender in June, 1862, almost to the close of the war, and necessitated widely-extended picket lines, strong guards along the railroads, and full garrisons in Forts Pillow and Pickering, above and below the city, as well as frequent expeditions into the interior, also made it a depot for troops, or a base from which they were sent out to distant fields. Its military population was consequently fluctuating, at one time consisting of such immense numbers as to forbid the idea of approach to the enemy, at another so reduced by demands from the front as to seem to invite his advance.

Among the Indiana troops which remained many months, in Memphis chiefly, but also at other points in West Tennessee, performing picket, guard, fatigue and provost duty, and engaging in expeditions in search or in pursuit of the enemy, were the Fifty-Second, brought up from Corinth in July, 1862, and detained principally in Fort Pillow, until September, 1864; the Ninety-Third and Eighty-Ninth, arriving in November and December of the same year, and leaving permanently also in 1864; the Twenty-Fifth, moved from Davis' Mills in January, 1863, and employed chiefly in provost duty until January, 1864; Mueller's battery, which reached Memphis in June, 1862, and departed permanently, only when its term of service expired in July, 1865; Cockefair's, Brown's and Kidd's batteries, and the Seventh cavalry, which, reaching West Tennessee in December, 1863, left Memphis for the last time in July, 1865.

The Seventh was put in Grierson's cavalry. Shortly afterward Colonel Shanks was assigned to the command of a brigade.

Engd by J.F. Perrine & Co NY

JOHN P. C. SHANKS,

BREV. MAJ. GEN.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

The Sixty-Sixth was not employed in Memphis, but guarded Corinth, Colliersville and Pulaski.

West Tennessee was General Forrest's favorite field. Streaming through or penetrating into it, he was always on hand to strike a blow where it might prove effectual; and though often suffering heavy loss, he was never discouraged by disaster. Before the war his home was in Memphis; he was a negro trader, and his slave-pen was also there; consequently it was the scene of his strongest, if not his tenderest associations. From the ruthless Forrest down to daring Dick Davis, who was the leader of a prowling, cunning band of fifteen or twenty men, and who at last expiated his crimes on the gallows, the enemy in West Tennessee was unresting, insatiable and irresponsible. He cut the roads, robbed the trains, seized and murdered stragglers. He constantly threatened Memphis, often assailed its approaches, and once getting in the rear of an army that was in search of him, snatched it from its defenders, though he was not able to hold it a single half hour.

In the latter part of 1862, and throughout the next year, excursions from Memphis were frequent and rapid, but were chiefly in search of guerillas. It was seldom that some part of the Fifty-Second was not on the march. In August, Lieutenant Bodkin was seriously wounded in an affray with bushwhackers. Lieutenant Colonel Main lost his health from over exertion, and was compelled to remain three months in the hospital. Near Durhamville, December 17, the regiment had a severe fight with guerillas.

Late in December, 1863, nearly all the troops in West Tennessee and North Mississippi were thrown out to catch Forrest, who had boldly posted himself at Jackson for recruiting and foraging purposes. But, as usual, cooperating forces did not cooperate. General A. L. Smith, with six thousand men from Memphis and its vicinity, succumbed to rain, cold and fathomless mud, returning to Memphis after a struggle of two or three days with these obstacles. General Mower, in consequence, who had advanced with a force from North Mississippi, went back to Corinth. General

Grierson, with a cavalry division, was misled by a demonstration of the enemy upon Colliersville, and allowed Forrest to pass him and escape over Wolf river on the only bridge which had not been burned. Grierson followed the enemy to Holly Springs, skirmishing sharply with his rear, but with no chance of overtaking his main force.

Everybody remembers the extraordinary change which occurred in the weather on the first day of 1864. The forenoon had been soft and warm, with a gentle rain, or a melting snow. Late in the afternoon a cold wind blew up, and rapidly lowered the temperature. By midnight, the mercury was at zero in Alabama; in Indiana, it was forty degrees below. Grierson, on his return march, was exposed to the bitterness of the change. Half his men froze the unlucky members,—hands, feet and noses,—which are comparatively unprotected. Many were unable to sit on their horses, and were carried in ambulances.

The Seventh, which was foremost in the pursuit and hindmost in the retreat, behaved admirably. Several men, who held out uncomplainingly throughout the long and dreadful march, died from the exposure, after their return to camp.

Even about Memphis, where the soldiers could generally find some means of shelter, there was very great suffering. Lieutenant Alexander, of the Fifty-Second, was frozen to death near Fort Pillow.

Soon after Sherman's return from Chattanooga to Vicksburg, he set on foot an expedition for the destruction of Confederate public property, and if circumstances were encouraging, for an advance into Rebel territory. The forces designated for his operations were to move in two columns, one from Memphis, under General W. S. Smith; the other from Vicksburg, under the direct command of Sherman, and were to meet, provided the former was not heavily opposed, at Meridian, a railroad centre on the eastern edge of the state of Mississippi. A. J. Smith moved down from Memphis, and reinforced Sherman with his division, which included the Twenty-Fifth, Fifty-Second and Eighty-Ninth regiments, and the Third, Ninth and Fourteenth batteries of Indiana troops. The Twenty-Third and Fifty-Third had

remained in the vicinity of Vicksburg since the siege, except during one or two important expeditions, and were already included in Sherman's column.

February 3, with the Sixteenth corps under Hurlbut, and the Seventeenth under McPherson, his command in all amounting to twenty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry and sixty pieces of light artillery, and with a wagon train carrying twenty days' rations, Sherman set out on several roads. After crossing the Big Black, he began to receive marks of the enemy's attention. The march, however, was not obstructed further than by lightly hovering skirmishers. The enemy was in two large divisions under French and Loring, and showed a formidable front at Champion Hills, Clinton, Jackson, and on Line creek; but, after slight engagements, melted away from each point. At Pearl river he even abandoned his pontoon bridge.

Before the appointed time, Sherman reached Meridian. He staid a week, advancing part of his force six miles north, and making his stay as destructive as possible. Then, not having been joined by the cooperating body from Memphis, he gave up, if he had ever entertained, the idea of penetrating to Mobile, or any other distant point, and made a sort of triumphal return to Vicksburg, which he reached March 4.

General Smith suffered considerable delay in concentrating his widely scattered cavalry, and was not able to leave Memphis until the tenth. His force consisted of nearly eight thousand horsemen and a small body of infantry, and included our Seventh cavalry, and the Seventy-Second mounted infantry, which was brought over from Middle Tennessee to Memphis in December. After two days of unopposed progress, he was confronted on the Tallehatchie by Forrest's cavalry. Leaving his infantry at the point to hold the enemy's attention, he hastened up the river thirty miles, effected a crossing without difficulty, and when rejoined by his infantry, pushed on through Pontotoc. He soon found himself again in the presence of the enemy. Near Huston, at the entrance of a wide swamp, which was crossed by a single corduroy road, in the possession of a hostile force, he turned eastward under cover of a demonstration in front. He struck

the railroad at Okolona, and advanced to West Point, tearing up the track and destroying stores.

The black inhabitants of the country, mounted on the horses of the white population, met him with welcome and thanksgiving, and joined him by hundreds. "God bless you!" "Has you come at last?" We've been lookin' for you so long, we'd most done give it up!" were oft repeated expressions of their simple and grateful hearts.

Beyond West Point, hostile forces held all the crossings of a swamp on the right, of the Octibbeha in front, and of the Tombigbee on the left, while at the same time they threatened the rear. It was high time to consider the situation. Encumbered by negroes, captured horses and mules, and by his pack trains; embarrassed by the marshy nature of the ground; aware that the enemy's force was much larger than his own, and calculating that his superior and coadjutor must by this time have left Meridian, Smith determined to face about. But it was no easy task. Over sixty miles the return march was a continuous fight.

Our Seventh cavalry, eight hundred and thirteen strong, assisted by a battery of howitzers, covered the rear to Okolona, where, on the afternoon of the twenty-second of February, skirmishing assumed the proportions of a battle. While the trains continued the journey and a heavy line of cavalry formed behind a hill in front of Okolona, the Seventh advanced on the trot, exchanged shots with the enemy and withdrew, drawing the Rebels after it in full force to the second line. The shock of the collision unseated many a rider. Nevertheless, a close and fierce struggle followed. The Union troops clung desperately to each foot of ground, but the Rebels slowly drove them. The colors of the Seventh remained standing in the centre of the space when there were but sixty yards between the lines. The staff was thrust in the ground, and beside it, with his bridle in one hand and his revolver in the other, was the small, dauntless figure of the youngest soldier in the regiment. He had seen the bearer wounded, had raised the fallen standard and planted it in the ground, and now was conscious only of furious foes advancing to snatch it away. Not while he lived should they touch

it. But through the din the peremptory order to fall back reached him, and both boy and banner gained the lines in safety.

While General Smith attempted to make a second stand, Colonel Shanks, with the Seventh cavalry, made a successful sabre charge, saving a battery which had been abandoned by its support, and repeating the charge as the enemy rallied.

The Seventh was complimented by Generals Smith and Grierson for its efficiency and valor in the battle of Okolona. It suffered largely, losing eighty-four men. One of its most daring officers was captured, although not until he was severely wounded.

After leaving Okolona, the Seventh moved with the advance, and the Seventy-Second covered the rear.

Smith now raced with the enemy for the Tallehatchie, and though the Rebels were on both his flanks, he reached it first, and crossed it with all his captures, at New Albany. Thence unmolested he pursued his way to Memphis.

So great destruction of Rebel property had never previously been made as was effected by the two bodies engaged in the Meridian foray. McPherson's corps alone destroyed sixty miles of railroad,—a very important work, as the roads which connected the interior with the Mississippi afforded to the Rebels highly prized facilities for impeding navigation. Sherman suffered a total loss of one hundred and seventy-six men. Smith, beside a corresponding destruction of railroads and property, devoured and destroyed an enormous amount of the produce of the country. He burned a million bushels of corn, ate fifty thousand hams, and allowed nearly eight thousand negroes to escape from the land of bondage. He inflicted a loss of five hundred killed and wounded, and two hundred and fifty captured, while his own losses in men did not amount to more than two hundred and fifty.

The little hero who saved the flag at Okolona was James Weir Graydon, a boy of fifteen, and as well worth notice, in his way, as the good and valiant Colonel of the Seventh. Whether detailed or not, he was in every hazardous expedition in which the regiment or any part of it was engaged. He seemed to have no sense of danger. Keen and quick

as a hawk, he darted at a task and accomplished it while older soldiers were calculating its feasibility, or turning round to take a start. In the pursuit of Forrest in December, when, at Egypt Station, a detachment of the Seventh was repulsed by the Rebel rear, Graydon's horse lagged behind, and he was set upon by five men. He shot three, and with Lieutenant Dumont, who hastened to his relief, captured the others. While on a scout in Missouri, under Lieutenant Skelton, he was sent forward on the fleetest horse in the regiment in command of four men. Espying, near Pleasant Hill, a squad of about twenty Rebel horsemen, he directed a man to go back with the intelligence. But instead of waiting for orders or a reinforcement, he took his bridle in his teeth, a revolver in each hand, set spurs to his horse and flew over the ground, while his comrades, running at full speed, gallantly supported him. Dashing into the cavalry, and firing right and left, they not only cleared the ground, but pursued the enemy a mile or more. The boyish leader received a severe reprimand, which was counterbalanced the next moment by liberal commendation.

These stories are told by Lieutenant Braugher, and the same, with others of like character, are narrated by different members of the regiment.

With all his temerity, the young Hotspur never was harmed by lead or steel.

When we see names, which were known in the war for Independence, figuring bravely in the war of the Rebellion, (and Indiana has a good share of these names,) we are tempted to believe that the heroes of the past have not wholly withdrawn from sublunary things. One almost fancies that the gallant Captain Graydon, who lifted his sword for liberty with Washington, and in his later age, with equal grace, took up his pen, looked with curiosity not unmixed with satisfaction, on the young off-shoot of the family tree.

In March and April of 1864 the Union troops generally kept within their stations, while Forrest, breathing fire and slaughter, roamed through West Tennessee. He captured the entire force at Union City. Upon posts which were partially garrisoned by negro troops he denounced burning ven-

geance, threatening to "kill niggers for being niggers, and whites for fighting with niggers."

At Fort Pillow, in spite of a brave resistance, he had the fiendish satisfaction of putting his threats into execution, nailing men by the ears to fences and shooting them, burying them alive, and leaving undone no horror which the ingenuity of a lost soul could invent.

In May the Union forces in West Tennessee concentrated at Memphis, and became the challenging and advancing party, for the purpose of holding Forrest from reinforcing Johnston in Georgia.

After several small preliminary operations General Sturgis, on the first of June, with twelve thousand troops, including the most of A. J. Smith's corps, lately returned from the Red river campaign, and Grierson's cavalry, three thousand in number, undertook a most perilous march, one hundred and sixty miles south-east, toward Tupelo, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Rain was incessant. The enemy's skirmishers were annoying. At Ripley the Seventh cavalry lost four killed in a skirmish. June 10, the first clear day of the march, near Guntown, Grierson encountered Forrest's horse, and driving it, confronted and engaged his foot, which was strongly posted on a high, sloping, naked bank, beyond Tishomingo creek. General Sturgis whipped up his infantry, which was five or six miles in the rear, and his wagons, two hundred in number, and reached the front, with the latter all in disorder, and the former utterly exhausted, the day being intensely hot. Without delaying to form his infantry he threw it, regiment by regiment, against the Rebel line of battle. The Seventh cavalry and Fourteenth battery, which had Grierson's extreme right, were already outflanked, and the centre and left were holding their ground with difficulty. The panting infantry at their heels, and the wagons crowding confusedly into the stream, apparently hurrying toward the front, necessitated disaster. Skirmishing began about eleven in the forenoon. About one the engagement became general and fierce. It lasted until four, when the enemy having turned the left, and nearly surrounded the force, a retreat was commenced. The Fourteenth was the last of the artillery to

leave the field. In consequence of some of its horses being shot down, one of its guns had to be left on the ground.

The confusion among the teamsters was terrible. At midnight some of the wagons stuck fast in a swamp and so blocked up the road that it was found necessary to abandon the whole train,—wagons, ambulances and artillery.

The infantry was saved from destruction only by the faithful and gallant cavalry which closely covered the rear, until Ripley was reached, and there finally checked pursuit.

The defeat was a disaster of the worst character, except that the troops were not disgraced. The retreat was made in hunger as well as haste, supplies having been, of course, lost with the wagons. Not a few men marched a hundred miles without a mouthful of food. Many of the bravest and best fell victims to the stupidity and heartlessness of General Sturgis, who escaped unhurt.

The Sixth battery lost three men and ten horses. One section of the Fourteenth battery, with thirty-two men, was included in the expedition, and was under the command of Captain Morse, the successor of Captain Kidd. The men were mostly recruits, but they fought like veterans, with a valor deserving a better result. Beside all its horses and guns, it lost seven men.

The Seventh cavalry lost forty. Lieutenant Colonel Brown and Captain Elliott were wounded. General Grierson complimented the Seventh in the following terms:

"Your General congratulates you upon your noble conduct during the late expedition. Fighting against overwhelming numbers, under adverse circumstances, your prompt obedience to orders and unflinching courage, commanding the admiration of all, made even defeat almost a victory. For hours, on foot, you repulsed the charges of the enemy's infantry, and again in the saddle you met his cavalry, and turned his assaults into confusion. Your heroic perseverance saved hundreds of your fellow soldiers from capture. You have been faithful to your honorable reputation, and have fully justified the confidence and merited the high esteem of your commander."

Two hundred and fifty-three of the Ninety-Third were killed, wounded or captured, the greater part captured.

Adjutant Moody was among the killed. Lieutenant Colonel Poole and Lieutenant Reeves were wounded and captured. Dr. Sackett and Captain Bodenhamer were captured. Captain Courvoiser was wounded.

The part of A. J. Smith's command not engaged in the Guntown expedition was on its way up the Mississippi. It landed at Columbia, Arkansas, and marched round Lake Chicot, about fifteen miles, to find and disperse a force, under General Marmaduke, which had been firing on transports. The advance met with a stubborn resistance, which yielded quickly to the main body. The Ninth battery and the Fifty-Second regiment were in the fight. The Eighty-Ninth regiment guarded the ambulances and buried the dead.

About the first of July, Lieutenant Hare, with a detachment of the Seventh Indiana cavalry, found, twenty miles southeast of Memphis, the bodies of five men, stripped, putrid and unburied. On inquiry, it was learned that these were the remains of Union soldiers, who, unarmed, footsore and almost famished, on the retreat from Guntown, had been murdered in cold blood by Dick Davis and his gang. Lieutenant Hare and his men buried them in one grave beneath the shade of a little oak.

Before the year was out, the chief murderer was brought to justice. October 2, Captain Skelton scouring the region south-east of Memphis, with forty men, was fired on by guerillas, who, having fired, scattered and fled from a wood in which they had lain in ambush. Skelton and his party dashed after them, leaping fences and overtaking and seizing four men before they had time to reload. The leader was collared by Skelton, and proved to be the notorious Davis. His trial sealed his fate.

General A. J. Smith was in command of the next expedition from Memphis. He skirmished hotly from the outset. and on the fourteenth of July, at Tupelo, fought a battle. His number was twelve thousand. Forrest, with fourteen thousand, made three unsuccessful assaults, and after a combat of three hours, retired, leaving on the field more dead

and wounded than Smith lost in killed, wounded and missing. After a short delay, during which his cavalry skirmished sharply, Smith started back to Memphis. On Old Town Creek, the enemy sharply attacked his rear, but was driven off. The Eighty-Ninth Indiana lost thirteen at Tupelo, and two on the road between Charleston and LaGrange, shot while in the railroad train. The regiment was under the command of Lieutenant Craven, Colonel Murray being in charge of the brigade, and supported the Third battery.

The Sixth battery lost eight. The Ninth battery, the Fifty-Second and Ninety-Third regiments, were also in the Tupelo fight. Lieutenant Herron, of the Fifty-Second, was killed. He was a fearless and efficient officer.

The Seventh cavalry was not engaged in the expedition to Tupelo, having previously been sent to Vicksburg. An account of its doings in that region is given in the following letter:

"CAMP WHITE STATION, NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., July 25, 1864.

"DEAR MOTHER:—According to orders we started to Memphis, to get on the boat on the Fourth of July. We pushed off about six in the evening. Arrived at Helena next morning, and lay over until evening. About two next morning, we were fired into from the Mississippi side. Of course we were all up and on the lookout in a minute. But they thought best not to try it again. Arrived at Vicksburg on the evening of the seventh, and started out to Big Black Station, consequently did not see much of the ground Grant fought over.

"Nothing of interest occurred except a few skirmishes round peach and pear orchards, until, with a large force under General Slocum, we made a short raid down to Utica, where we had quite a fight. Lieutenant Skelton distinguished himself. Being on picket duty with twenty men, he took two men and started on a patrol, coming unexpectedly across about twenty Jonnies, who fired at his small squad, wounding one man and the horse of the other. Nevertheless Skelton, with a revolver in each hand, put them all to a run,

except three, who fell. Captain Wright had a similar engagement, but was accompanied by part of company D. From Rocky Springs to Port Gibson, the Jonnies were quite troublesome to the advance guard, company D. Our regiment was sent round in the rear of the town, and was just too late to capture a squad of cavalry commanded by Wirt Adams. However, we captured fifteen. Then we had good watermelons enough to feed three divisions; roasting-ears by the hundreds, and blackberries by the bushel.

The next morning all the column but our regiment was moving on the road to Grand Gulf, when our pickets were driven in, and we were attacked by about five hundred Rebels under Wirt Adams. We held them in check as long as the Colonel saw fit, and lay in ambush for them after we crossed the Big Pierre. Presently they came a yelling, and we let into them. The way the saddles were emptied was a shame. We arrived at Grand Gulf on the evening of the eighteenth, and on the twentieth started for Memphis. It seemed like coming home to come back to Memphis.

"JAMES GRAYDON"

In August, General Smith started out with ten thousand men to have another fight with Forrest. He went to the Tallahatchie, spent several days looking for the Rebel chief, but found only small detached bodies of cavalry.

Meantime Forrest seized the opportunity to visit Memphis with three thousand of his best mounted men. He entered the city and began to destroy property, but as six hundred Union troops were in the vicinity, his sojourn was short, and his departure was hasty. He carried away with him three hundred prisoners, and left behind him two hundred.

H. D. Castetter tells the story of the expedition:

"CAMP OF THE NINETY-THIRD INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,
"NEAR MEMPHIS, August 31, 1864.

"DEAR MICKEY:—As we are settled once more in our old homestead, (for Memphis seems like a home to the soldiers of this command, I assure you,) I will tell you of our late expedition. It was a failure. Forrest outgeneraled Smith

entirely. But to begin at the beginning. We lay at Holly Springs four days, and at Waterford two, while our pioneers, with a small force of cavalry, went ahead to the Tallehatchie. They were bridging it, when the enemy got a couple of pieces of artillery in position on the opposite side, and shelled them so they could not work. So we went down to their help. We could hear the barking of the "pups" all the way, and I thought we would now have the tug of war sure. Our brigade went across the railroad bridge. We lay on our arms all night, the Rebels tossing over a shell once in a while, just to let us know they were still there. The bridge was finished during the night. Some of our cavalry crossed early in the morning, dismounted and took the advance, accompanied by a couple of "dogs." They pushed out a mile, had a little fight, and the Rebels skedaddled. We marched into their position, which was a very nice one. They had thrown up logs and rails for a breastwork. We lay there about ten days until the railroad was fixed up in running order, and brought out our provisions. Then we stayed three days, because rain had made the roads impassable. We got started at last. When we got to Hurricane creek the Rebels made another stand, but soon skedaddled. We went on to Oxford, where a courier came to General Smith, with orders to hurry back to Memphis, as Forrest was there. We started immediately on the retrograde movement. The Rebels followed us up, supposing we would cross the Tallehatchie in a hurry, and they could play hob with our rear guard, but they were badly mistaken, and got their fingers burnt. We had a pretty sharp fight. They left ten dead and twelve wounded on the field, beside twenty prisoners. Our loss was twelve wounded, of which one has since died.

"At La Grange we took the cars for Memphis, and here we arrived day before yesterday. Old Forrest and his men were in the city about twenty minutes. They ransacked the Gayoso House, and Forrest and his staff registered their names for breakfast. The troops round the city soon got waked up, and Mr. Forrest went off in a hurry. The joke is, that while Smith was away down in Mississippi, hunting for

him, he slipped in behind and came to Memphis. He carried off several prisoners, among them nine from our regiment.

"There is a rumor that we will go to Atlanta. I hope it is true, for I don't like to march all over Mississippi every month, and I would like to be with a big army."

The Seventh cavalry, after its return from Vicksburg, was put on out-post duty at Colliersville and Somerville. It was frequently engaged with Henderson's Texan Rangers. Once six men, under Sergeant Anderson, had a very narrow escape. They were on picket near Wolf river, with orders to patrol, every three hours, about four miles of the Raleigh road. Returning from the morning patrol, they found themselves threatened by ten times their number of Henderson's scouts. Anderson cut his way through a squad which had gained his front, and commenced a race for the ford over Wolf river. He took the rear. All were over but one man and himself, when his comrade's horse slipped and fell on the bank, with the rider underneath. Anderson immediately turned to one side of the road, waited for the pursuers, emptied the saddles of the first horses which approached, and plunged into the river only after the fallen man had risen, remounted and entered. He crossed amid the cheers of those who had already gained the further shore.

Frequent excursions continued to be made into Arkansas, Missouri and Mississippi by the troops in West Tennessee, but the enemy was not encountered in force in these regions after the summer of 1864.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL AND THE PRISON PEN.

"The hopes and fears, the blood, the tears
That marked the bitter strife,
Are all now crowned by victory
That gave the nation life."
—*Inscribed in the National Cemetery at Andersonville.*

"But vain are words to check the tide
Of widowed grief and orphaned woe."
—*Halpine.*

The wise man of the East, when, in his melancholy age, he considered all the oppressions that were done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed and how they had no comforter, praised the dead which were already dead more than the living which were yet alive.

Who did not weep for our oppressed in the prisons of the Southern Confederacy, and say with the sorrowful sage, that the dead were more to be praised? The slain who were laid to their last rest on the battlefield, knew not hunger, nor cold, nor weariness, nor any kind of bodily pain. They never learned the pangs of impotent rage, nor gnawing grief, nor cowering fear, nor the mad temptations which beset and torture the prisoner. Yes, they were happier. The solemn pity with which their graves are regarded gives way to shuddering horror when the door of the prison is opened.

The short and simple annals of Colonel Poole, of our Ninety-Third, are among the most touching of the prison stories. A single line in the Adjutant General's report records his fate:

"Wounded and captured June 10, '64; died of starvation, at Macon, Ga., March 5, 1865."

Lieutenant Colonel Poole was severely wounded in the

battle of Guntown, Mississippi, and was captured the next day with Dr. Sackett, who had put him in an ambulance and was trying to get him off the field. He was sent directly to Mobile, whence, in August, he was taken to Cahawba. There his wounds almost healed, and he would have been in a fair way of recovery had not chronic diarrhœa, induced by bad food, exhausted his strength. In November he was removed to Macon.

He was never able during his imprisonment to sit up a whole day. For many months he did not leave his bed. He suffered great physical pain and weakness, much anxiety about the welfare of his family, unutterable longing to see his beloved ones again, and all the heart sickness of hope deferred and disappointed, without the consolation, in nine long months, of one word from his home; but he bore all with such gentle fortitude and such sweet patience, and at last he consigned his soul so calmly to his Maker, that his fellow prisoners gave him their love, and his Rebel guards could not withhold their respect. During his imprisonment, Colonel Poole eagerly availed himself of all opportunities to write to his wife; but as these were only seven, as he was restricted to a single page, and as he generally had no paper but the fly leaf of some old book, his letters are valuable only for the unconscious picture they afford of a manly and tender character.

From Mobile, on the fifteenth of July, he wrote:

"I have waited long and earnestly for an opportunity to write to you. This is the first that has offered. My wounds are getting along finely. I think in a few weeks I shall be entirely recovered. If it were not for an abscess on my left ankle, I could walk very well now. My wound is in the left hip. I am also wounded in the right thumb, hence my bad writing. (He says nothing of two other wounds, one in the head, one in the shoulder.) I have suffered more on your account than with all my wounds. I know how much you must have suffered. I have been very kindly treated by the authorities. We expect an exchange soon.

"Remember me, Oh remember me at a throne of grace, that I may be speedily exchanged and restored to my beloved

family. My prayer is ever for you and the children. I do not know how to express my feelings better. You have my whole heart's affection. Give yourself no further uneasiness about me. I am getting along all right, and only wait an exchange to come to you. Remember me, and be assured that you are ever the dearest object to me in this world."

From Cahawba: "I sit down this morning to the pleasant task of writing you the second time since my capture. I have been so sorry that I could not write oftener, for I know how uneasy you must have been; but there has been no opportunity of sending letters through the lines. My wounds are healing nicely. I am able to walk about the room, and think, in another week, I can walk out in town. I am kindly treated, and have been all the time since my capture. The wound in my left hip is running some, but improving very finely. The one under my right shoulder is entirely healed up, also those in my head and hand, although my thumb is disabled. We are expecting an exchange soon. I never wanted to see you so much in my life. My constant thought and prayer is for your welfare. Remember me. My space is so short that I must shorten what I have to say. This is a pleasant and healthy place, with good water. It is on the Alabama river. Know that you are ever remembered by me, and shall be until my latest breath. Give my love to the children, and kiss the baby for me."

The next letter, dated September 22, is also from Cahawba: "I have had a backset since I last wrote, and have been as bad as ever, but I am now able to sit up, and think I shall get along to a final recovery. I send this by Captain Stanton, who is exchanged. I hope for an exchange soon. I am very anxious to get out. I want to see you all so much that I can hardly stand it. Pray for my delivery. My constant prayer is for you all at home. I do not know how you get along if you have not drawn some of my salary. Do not suffer for the necessaries of life. My treatment is good and kind. The weather is getting to be a little cooler, which will be very much in my favor. I am improving very fast, and with favorable weather, in eight or ten days shall be able to go where I please.

"Teach Ella to lisp my name. It will be such a satisfaction to know that she but even speaks of me. Oh how I should like to be with you all once more. Pray for my delivery soon."

"CAHAWBA, October 11.

"I improve the opportunity of sending a letter by flag of truce. I am still confined to my bed, but yet I think I am doing very well, all things considered. I have some hopes of being exchanged in a short time. I think a northern atmosphere will help me. I trust our kind Heavenly Father will restore me to you in this life, but should His will be otherwise, and I be called away, I am ready to go, and feel assured that I will meet you and our children in a better world. I should be glad to write more, but have neither time nor space, and have to employ an amanuensis. May God in his goodness preserve you from all evil! I receive all the care and attention that is possible. My treatment has been very kind since I have been here."

"CAHAWBA, November 5.

"I am getting along well, am much better than I have been since I was wounded, and hope that I will soon be with you all once more, as there are good prospects of an early exchange. I am able to sit up most of the day. I feel very uneasy about you, and my uneasiness increases as the winter approaches. I hope you are not in need of money."

"MACON, December 15, 1864.

"This morning there is a chance to pass letters through, and I gladly embrace it. We left Cahawba November 19 for Savannah, where we were to be exchanged. We arrived here on the twenty-third, and were compelled to stop on account of the railroad being torn up by Sherman. I am improving very fast. I am very uneasy about you. I cannot rest day nor night, for, as the cold weather approaches, I fear you will suffer for the want of money. Oh how I long to see you all! I hope I shall be at home the middle of next month. Do not let the children forget me. Teach little

Ella to lisp my name. There is no chance of your letters getting to me."

The last letter, written January 18, 1865, is as follows: "I learn from Rebel papers that our commissioner went to Richmond some weeks since, with instruction to arrange a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. I hope it will be successful, for I do want out of this so bad that I can hardly bear the thought of staying another day. Our treatment is kind, though our rations are not good, not such as sick men should have, though I believe the authorities are doing the best they can to make us comfortable. How much I want to see you I cannot say. I am very uneasy for fear you are suffering for money. To think that my family should suffer for the comforts of life, when the Government is owing me, and I cannot help them, is too bad. All the use I ever expect to have for money is to make my family comfortable. Language fails to express my longing desire to be with you at home once more. I think you can appreciate my feeling, to some extent, when I tell you that I have not heard a word directly from you since I left Memphis, and only once indirectly. I think of you constantly, and my prayer is always for your comfort and welfare. Teach Ella to lisp my name. Tell the children to remember me, though I know they will. May the Lord bless and protect you all! Do the best you can during my absence. Keep in good spirits, and trust in Providence for my delivery and safe return."

A letter addressed by Colonel Poole from Cahawba, September 23, 1864, to Showfield and Foster, Northern men in business in Memphis, somewhat modifies his assurances to his wife of kind treatment. It is as follows:

"I am wounded and a prisoner here. I was very unfortunate when I was captured, and lost all my clothes and money by the enemy. I am entirely destitute of anything in the way of clothes. I have eleven months' pay due me from the Goverment. If you, gentlemen, will buy and send me by flag of truce, a suit of clothes, I will amply repay you on my return to Memphis. I hope to be exchanged very soon. I hope you will take pity on me and send me the

needed articles. I am entirely without clothes, have not even a shirt."

The sutlers of the Ninety-Third attended to the request. Captain Bodenhamer, who was also captured at the battle of Guntown, met with an earlier release. He died in prison at Charlestown, December 7, 1864.

Lucien W. Kennedy, a private in the Fourteenth Indiana battery, addresses the following account of his imprisonment to General Terrell, Adjutant General of Indiana:

"I was captured near Guntown, Mississippi, on the eleventh of June, 1864, the day after the action; was taken by rail from there to Mobile, Alabama; was kept there three days; was then taken by rail and water to 'lovely Andersonville,' Georgia, where I was confined until the tenth of September, 1864. Our rations while there consisted of a very small amount of wormy meat, and corn meal ground cob and all. Once in a while we received a piece of corn bread about three inches square for a day's rations, but we were often compelled to do without anything for two or three days at a time.

"Men were dying at that time at the rate of one hundred and twenty a day, caused by starvation and exposure. To such straits were we reduced, that no sooner would a man die, than we would seize and carry him to the gate, preparatory to taking him to the 'Dead Yard,' that being our only passport outside the lines to get wood. I have seen men lie in the swamp four days after they would die, (after orders were issued preventing us carrying them out.)

"I have seen the guards shoot the prisoners at the 'Dead Line' when they would not be within three feet of it, they seeming to take great pleasure in getting to shoot one of us. I have also seen them shoot among the crowd just for the fun of the thing, to see how many they could kill and disable at one shot.

"I was taken from thence on the night of September 10, by rail to Charleston, South Carolina, where we arrived the night of the fifteenth. We remained there until the third of October, without any blankets or protection of

any kind. A portion of the time we were exposed to the fire of our own guns in the harbor.

"From thence we were taken to Florence, South Carolina, by rail. I had good rations on that trip, having foraged one of the Rebs' haversacks, containing fifteen hard tack and four pounds of good ham, of which I estimated the value to be about as much as the amount of our Government debt. We remained at Florence until the tenth of December.

"While there, three boys of the Twentieth Illinois infantry and myself furnished ourselves with a fine basement apartment, and so long as the weather would permit, lived very comfortably. Said weather consisted mostly of rain and sleet.

"On the above date we were paroled, arriving at Charleston on the morning of the eleventh, and were transferred to the transport New York, where we received new clothing, rations and medical attendance; thence to the transport United States, which took us to Annapolis, Maryland.

"During the voyage I was taken with fever, consequent upon my long exposure. I arrived at home on the twenty-ninth of January, 1865, the ghost of my former self.

"Captain Wirz and Lieutenant Davis commanded at Andersonville while I was there. I have forgotten the name of the officer commanding at Florence, suffice it to say that he was a very red-headed lieutenant, and took special delight in running in among the prisoners and knocking them right and left with a club.

"In conclusion, I will say that I have failed to do the subject justice."

Kennedy was eighteen years old at the time of his capture. He lives now in Wabash, Indiana.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY.

Away down in old Virginia, in the region of the Great Dismal Swamp, and the numerous little Dismals, as the smaller swamps are locally called, the Thirteenth spent more than nine months of the hardy career begun among the stormy mountains of West Virginia. When M'Clellan was recalled from the banks of the James, in the summer of 1862, Ferry's brigade was transferred by way of Fortress Monroe to the little village of Suffolk, which lies at the head of the Nansemond, twelve miles from its confluence with the James, and is an important railroad junction covering the landward approaches to Norfolk, and commanding all of North Carolina east of the Chowan. In that delightful climate, where, in the middle of December, the mercury frequently stands at seventy degrees in the shade, and honey-bees are lured from their hives by the soft sunshine, the troops enjoyed almost perfect health, and in the whole force, which at one time amounted to fourteen thousand, the Thirteenth was the hardiest and healthiest regiment. In four months, from August to November, the sickly season of the year, but one death from sickness occurred. The regiment numbered nearly six hundred, of whom all but about fifty recruits were original volunteers.

Formed of heterogeneous material, Irish, German and Scotch, beside the preponderating Hoosier element and separated during the most of its course from other Indiana troops, the Thirteenth possessed and maintained as much individuality as is possible to a military organization. Its courage was undoubted, its powers of endurance unfailing, and its loyalty spotless, but there was a fearful degree of what are called soldiers' vices in both rank and file.

On the whole, it was a "hard" regiment in the sense of the soldier's use of the word. Yet of course many men and officers were not only exempt from vice, but possessed every excellence.

"An original character in our regiment," writes a member of the Thirteenth, "was William Sutton, Sut, as he was commonly termed, of company B. He was from the neighborhood of Peru, and was very tall and lanky, about six feet three, I should judge. He had probably never seen the inside of a school house or a spelling book in his life. As the term is generally used, he had not the slightest approach to an education, and yet for all the practical purposes of soldiering he was not to be surpassed. No man could enliven a camp fire, find where, on a foraging trip, the most of the necessaries of life were to be obtained, or handle a rifle on the skirmish line with more success and less exposure to the mischances of war, than 'Old Sut.' His propensity for 'gobbling' prisoners and striking for the rear with them, was notorious. And the facility with which he dispossessed those unfortunates of stray pieces of tobacco, or other articles necessary to the soldier's happiness, was always an occasion of wonder and admiration to others not gifted with the requisite amount of 'cheek.' His inimitable, 'You don't happen to have any spare tobacco about your breeches pocket, do you?' drawled out as slowly and patronizingly as if he were conferring the greatest favor in the world on 'Jonny,' never failed to elicit a bountiful supply from the poor wretch, trembling in his boots and begging to be hurried to the rear, lest some stray ball humming round from the hostile barrels of his friends' guns might leave on him a mark no more honorable than pleasant.

"When fighting was over, no man could spin longer or more improbable stories about the day's proceedings, or dive deeper into the mysteries of the commander's plans, than our friend. And see him on the march, his gun strapped on his shoulder, striding along as if it were but a pleasant recreation, and not a toilsome and disagreeable day's work, as it was to most of us, joking with and at everything that made its appearance on the roadside, man, woman or child,

white, yellow or black; and after the day's work is over, when the most of us are content to lie before the fire, and rest our wearied limbs, gathering our sable cooks, and with the aid of some quondam barn door and some friendly knee, making them show us the steps of the "Juba" till long after dark, and till the bugle notes give warning that quiet is desirable even in a bivouac. Such was one of the representative men of the Thirteenth, a man who could fight well for his country, and yet claimed his right to grumble at the Administration and 'the conduct of the war;' one who never shirked a hard day's encounter, never spoiled for a fight, and who, after four years and a half of hard service, returned whence he came, his knowledge of men and things enlarged by personal experience, his faith in and love for his country increased by the trials he had endured for her sake."

Life on the Nansemond possessed the monotony of an isolated military post in a hostile region. Reconnoitring parties, generally composed of artillery, cavalry and infantry, started out one night, fought the enemy the next night, and returned to camp the second day. Usually two or three men were lost on each expedition. Many of the roads were sandy, therefore dry, and also tiresome.

General Peck had command of the post. Colonel R. S. Foster was assigned to the command of a brigade in September, although he did not receive promotion until the next June. Lieutenant Colonel Dobbs had command of the regiment.

The night of October 2, three regiments of infantry, a battery of artillery and a regiment of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Spear, set out from Suffolk, on a march of twenty-five or thirty miles to Blackwater, a deep and narrow river which served as a sort of land mark. The Confederate foot which trespassed on the region east of it, was soon chased back, and a show of force on its western bank was sure to invite a demonstration from General Peck. Toward noon of the third, Colonel Spear came in sight of the Rebels on the opposite bank. Companies D and F of the Thirteenth, deployed as skirmishers, and advancing cautiously, almost reached the river, and several guns obtained a posi-

tion before they were discovered. The Rebels saluted with grape and canister. The Union artillery returned the salute. A three hours, engagement followed, during which the skirmishers, while they held their ground, kept themselves so well under cover that they lost but one man killed and two wounded. Colonel Spear complimented their coolness and courage.

On an expedition in the middle of November, the Thirteenth had seven men captured.

At noon of December 11, portions of Foster's and Ferry's brigades started to Blackwater, on the South Quarry road, taking with them a pontoon train of old canal boats from the Dismal Swamp canal. A part of the road lay through a muddy cypress swamp, and all of it was exceedingly narrow, with deep ditches on each side; in consequence the wagons were slow, and it was impossible for the cavalry and infantry to pass them. To cross the river, companies B, F, I and D, of the Thirteenth, mounted behind horsemen. But they were forced to dismount at the water's edge by a volley of musketry from rifle-pits and a block-house. They ran behind trees, and fired in return whenever a head rose above the defences, which were but thirty yards distant. Unable to fire, the Rebels opened a conversation. "Come over and take breakfast with us!" "You'd better breakfast with us. We have coffee!" "Come over and get salt!" As the talk went on, the Rebel heads gradually rose above the intrenchments, and the firing on both sides recommenced. It was kept up actively by B and D, while F and I, under the guidance of Captain Zent, slipped out of the woods, and crossed the river below in boats. The Rebels in the block-house discovered their appproach and ran, but a Captain and twelve men were captured. A force which went up the river at the same time, drove back a flanking Rebel party.

The Union loss was fourteen killed and wounded. Garrison M'Farland, one of the best men in the Thirteenth, was killed.

Reports of a bloody Union repulse reached Suffolk, and Ferry's force was received with subdued sneers by the men of the town, while the women expressed their joy without

restraint. "I prayed to God all last night," said one, "that you might never live to cross the Blackwater, and my prayers were answered, for you have been driven back."

The last of December Ferry's brigade received orders to prepare to go to North Carolina. Two regiments immediately started to Norfolk. January 4, the Thirteenth was transferred to Foster's brigade, and the Thirty-Ninth Illinois was ordered to depart the next day. The Thirty-Ninth and Thirteenth were first thrown together in the cold January of 1862, when Jackson drove before him the Union troops in the mouth of the Shenandoah valley. A friendship followed, which was cemented into a brotherly attachment by mutual dangers and hardships. The approaching separation was not a little painful. The Thirteenth went to the camp of the Thirty-Ninth, and gave it three cheers. The cheers were returned, and the Illinois Colonel made a speech. The Thirteenth then returned to its own camp. It was shortly after followed by the Thirty-Ninth. Several good speeches were made by the Indiana officers, then there was a general handshaking and farewell. The next morning the Thirteenth marched to Ferry's quarters, and saluted him. He seemed to be touched by the testimonies of affection which had been given. He named over all the hard marches and skirmishes in which the Thirteenth had been engaged under him, and declared that the Indiana regiment was the pride of his brigade, and the pride of every division it had been in. "Officers and boys of the Thirteenth, good-bye," was his conclusion. The three cheers which followed were a heart-felt mingling of thanks, and pride, and sorrow. The regiment escorted him through town to the railroad.

The most serious engagement of the winter occurred on the thirtieth of January, between a large force, under Pryor, advanced to the Deserted House, or Kelly's store, eight miles from Suffolk, and an equal number, under Corcoran. Corcoran started before midnight of the twenty-ninth, and drove in the Rebel pickets shortly after three, pursued them to the camp, and opened on it an artillery fire. Prior was surprised, but not thrown into confusion, and promptly returned the fire. After three hours of lively cannonading, infantry ad-

vanced, the Thirteenth on the right, to charge the enemy's line. The Rebels retreated, and a running fight continued until four in the afternoon. Six miles from the battle field, as three companies of the Thirteenth, deployed in the woods on both sides of the road, were moving on, a volley was fired at them from an ambuscade beyond the swamp. Sheltered by trees, they returned the fire. The residue of the regiment came up rapidly, shouting, "Go in, Hoosiers!" and with the skirmishers charged and drove the Rebels from their ambush. The force was then collected, the Thirteenth was thanked and praised by Corcoran, ten wounded men from its ranks, and one of its officers, Lieutenant Newsom, were placed in ambulances, and the return march was commenced.

General Corcoran, throughout the affair, was brave, cool and cautious, but some of his troops, lately-arrived conscripts, and even his Irish legion, whose patriotism had been tampered with by the copperheads, behaved badly. "I heard one of them," writes Frank Reissner, "say after the fight, to a nigger, 'Bad luck to the color of ye! It's for the likes of ye the poor divils are gittin kilt!' When the shells came pretty thick they said, 'This is no place for a man that has a big family in New York. Where's the bloody divil that'll follow me to the rear?' Some said to the wounded, 'That's the way there are so many widders made in New York, by your bloody bouldness.'"

In the same letter Reissner says: "The shooting wasn't slow. If you witnessed a battle like it once you would think a soldier's life not quite so pleasant, in reality, as it seems when you talk about it in your saloons and other places. I tell you, for about five minutes, it makes one's flesh crawl. Then a fellow feels more like himself, and when his comrades begin to drop round him, he could kill a hundred Rebels at every pull of his musket."

Both parties claimed the victory, and each asserted that it held the field, which neither did, as one ran from it in flight, and the other ran over it in pursuit.

In the spring Suffolk suffered a siege of twenty-three days, a force of forty thousand, during that time, occupying more than half a circle from the Nansemond river on the north, to

the Edenton road on the south-east, and endeavoring, by every appliance of skill, and every exertion of courage, to get possession of the Norfolk and Portsmouth railroads, and complete the circle. They succeeded in pressing the Union pickets back within a mile of the fortifications, and in planting a battery on a bend in the river, about five miles below Suffolk, but after the first few days they could not extend their lines, and did not gain a single advantage.

The Nansemond river, patrolled as it was by several well-manned, though small gunboats, was an excellent line of defence on the north-west; and the Dismal Swamp was still better on the South; but the ready spade and rifle, the quick foot and keen eye of each soldier in the garrison formed the main assurance of safety. Every able-bodied man was employed every day and often at night on picket or fatigue duty. Even the pickets were compelled sometimes to use the spade and shovel. "Say Bill," cried a picket, while wearily digging after midnight, "I hope old Peck will die two weeks before I do!" "Why?" asked his fellow sentinel and laborer. "Because, he'll have the bad place so strongly fortified that I can't get in," was the reply.

The levity, proceeding, as it no doubt did, from poverty of language or ideas, does not hide the soldier's opinion of the fortifications of Suffolk.

The Thirteenth was engaged in several slight skirmishes, and a number of scouting expeditions. May 3, Longstreet drew off and rapidly retreated, either discouraged by his want of success, or impelled to relieve Lee's necessities, which seemed great enough in the beginning of the Chancellorsville campaign to warrant a concentration of all his forces. Near midnight Peck's troops started in pursuit. They captured several hundred without much fighting, but went no further than the Blackwater.

Peck estimated the Rebel loss, during the siege, at two thousand, the Union loss at two hundred and fifty-nine. Lieutenant Conran, of the Thirteenth, was mortally wounded. He was an intrepid and generous-hearted young soldier. Eight other Indianians were wounded. In a march of fifty miles, accomplished in the middle of May, for the purpose

of protecting workmen who were destroying railroads, not a man of the Thirteenth was lost, although the enemy was met and driven, and forty miles of railroad iron were loaded up and brought into Suffolk. In a reconnoissance of eighty-six miles, undertaken shortly after, no enemy was found.

Some men complained, during their stay at Suffolk, of hard treatment. The honest denial of a private has its interest: "Any man that writes home that he is abused by our officers must be hard up for something to say that is not true. We have good officers, and they punish no man without a cause. There are none punished in our army but those that deserve punishment."

The writer of the above, John Carse, is a young Scotchman. His clear and pleasant letters have always one form of beginning: "With pleasure I write you a few lines, hoping they will find you in good health, as they leave me the same at present. Thank God for it."

In June General Dix was influenced to abandon Suffolk by the withdrawal of the enemy from its front; and the report that during the invasion of Pennsylvania Richmond was defended by little more than a brigade.

Accordingly General Peck's force was moved up to Fortress Monroe, over the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, which runs through the Great Dismal Swamp almost the entire distance. A portion, which included the Thirteenth, embarked on transports to join an expedition, under Keyes, against Richmond, and sailing up the Chesapeake, the York and the Pamunky, landed at the White House.

The expedition was commenced with vigor, but the airs or memories of the peninsula were enervating, and it gradually "dwindled down to naught." It moved on many roads, and in as crooked a course as the rivers of the region. The railroad bridge over the South Anna was destroyed, heavy skirmishing took place, there was even a prospect of a battle, but at the important moment Keyes faced about and marched northward. He reached White House seven days after he left it, having marched ninety miles. The Thirteenth went on down the peninsula, embarked on steamboats at Hampton, disembarked at Plymouth, on the Elizabeth, and

went into camp at Bower's Hill, eight miles distant. General Foster had command of the post. Bower's Hill was exchanged in less than a month for the stirring precincts of the fated city of Charleston.

The siege of Charleston commenced early in 1862. It cannot be said that it had progressed during the intervening period, but it had proved itself a fixed fact, to the detriment of blockade runners, if not to the alarm of the city, and it was now progressing. General Gilmore and Commodore Dahlgren were in command, the one of the sea forces, the other of the land troops. Nearly twenty-five thousand men, on ship and shore, were ready to resist any attack, although, on account of the length of the picket line, but eleven thousand could be concentrated for an offensive purpose. The besiegers were even better supplied with cannon than with men, having ninety-six heavy guns beside the artillery of the navy. Munitions, engineering tools, indeed all kinds of serviceable instruments and means which money could buy or skill supply, were apparently inexhaustible.

Charleston, however, was far from lying at the mercy of the powerful armament. Situated behind a labyrinth of islands and islets, between two deep and broad rivers, and in a region of countless winding, reedy creeks, salt and sand marshes, and tangled jungles of palmetto, oak, cane and vines, position alone gave it incalculable strength. And it was probably the best fortified seaport on earth. It had nearly four hundred guns in position and afloat. Railroads in its rear could easily reinforce a garrison which was already large. Its artificial defences were, of course, where its main danger lay, in its front. Sullivan's Island and Morris' Island, the one on the south, the other on the north of the principal passage from the sea, extending curved, embattled points toward and within a mile of each other, refused an entrance into the harbor. Fort Sumpter, standing on an artificial island midway between the two, barred advance, not more by powerful guns and a vigilant garrison than by a stout hawser, reaching north to Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, and attached by nets, seins and cables, to torpedoes beneath the water, and by three rows of piles, stretching south to Cummings'

Point, on Morris Island, and to points further west; while forts and batteries, lining both sides of the harbor, and iron-clads between were primed for combat.

Folly Island, on which the Thirteenth landed, August 3, 1863, and Morris Island, were all with which the Indiana soldiers had to do during their stay in front of Charleston. On the former they encamped. On the latter they did their digging and fighting, marching to their work through hot sand, seven miles, two or three times a week, and remaining after each march twenty-four hours in the trenches.

Folly Island is a strip of sand with low sand hills along the north and east, marshes and a thick growth of vegetation on the south and west. Morris is a larger island, but of the same character. It is five miles long and is three or four miles wide. Both are partially flooded by the highest tides. One of the strongest defences of Charleston was Fort Wagner, near the northeast end of Morris, and extending across the island. It was rendered peculiarly difficult of approach by the sudden narrowing of the island to a tenth of the width of the ground on which the fort stood, and by a cross fire from Sumpter, Cummings' Point and several heavy batteries on James Island, it had been proved impregnable to assault by an attempt in which fifteen hundred Union soldiers, including the officers in chief command, were lost, to but one hundred Rebels. Regular approaches were now in progress. The enemy's fire was constant, but as it was less accurate at night, the works were pushed forward mainly under cover of darkness.

The first parallel was two hundred and twenty-five yards long, the second parallel, six hundred yards in advance of the first, was three hundred and twenty-five yards long. Heavy breaching batteries, laboriously dragged through the deep sand, were established in both. On the left of the island, on piles driven sixteen or eighteen feet through a bed of soft, black mud, a log platform was laid and a single large gun, called the Swamp Angel, was mounted. From the heavy guns established in the parallels, fire opened on Wagner, Cummings' Point and Sumpter. The last was the object of the warmest attention, and in a few days was rendered so

far powerless as to be unable longer to impede the approaches to Wagner. A third and fourth parallel were soon established, the latter only a hundred yards from a ridge which sheltered Rebel sharpshooters. The sharpshooters were driven out by the bayonet, and a fifth parallel was established two hundred and forty yards from the front. In front of the besiegers the ground, which was but twenty-five yards from sea to sea, was filled with torpedo mines.

Still advancing and digging, however, a ditch was made, under the poor concealment of a moon-lit night, within one hundred yards of Wagner. Every energy was now turned toward checking the enemy's fire, which, concentrating at each advance, poured like hail on the narrow neck, separating the besiegers from the fort.

At length, by sharpshooters crowded into the advanced trenches, by an overpowering artillery fire poured into the fort, and by powerful calcium lights which at night blinded, while they displayed the garrison, the Rebel guns were held in check sufficiently to allow sappers to work. September 6, the besiegers were so close to the fort that there could no longer be a doubt as to the success of a general assault. Accordingly arrangements for the purpose were made, to take effect at nine the next morning. In the night the garrison, with the exception of seventy men, fled, leaving all the furniture of the fort.

The assaulting force, which included the Thirteenth, peaceably entered and took possession.

The Thirteenth remained on Morris and Folly islands, occupied in fatigue and picket duty, until the latter part of February. Its health during the period was good, except in September and October, when all the troops about Charleston suffered in consequence of severe labor, an inferior quality of rations, bad water, and the heat of the climate. Twenty-five out of a hundred of the Thirteenth were ill, a smaller proportion than in most other regiments. In the two months it lost but four men by disease. One of the victims was Lieutenant Robert Scott, who was deeply regretted.

February 23, the Thirteenth joined General Seymour at Jacksonville, Florida, finding the place full of wounded, and

Seymour's small force exceedingly disheartened, the disastrous battle of Olustee having just been fought.

Nothing occurred beyond the ordinary routine of military life at an advanced post, except the destruction of valuable salt works, and two or three unimportant raids. April 17, the Thirteenth embarked on transports, and set its face toward the north. It disembarked at Gloucester Point, Virginia, where it was assigned to the Second brigade, Third division of the Tenth Army Corps, in Butler's army.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SECOND WINTER ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.—*Pope.*

On the eighteenth of July, 1863, the Army of the Potomac crossed the familiar river from which it derived its name, and returned to the beautiful domain of Virginia. General Meade moved along the eastern side of the Blue ridge, reckoning on effecting an entrance into Shenandoah valley in front of Lee, who rested several days on Opequan creek, and marched but slowly in the beginning of his retreat. Buford's cavalry covered the general advance. On the twenty-second, near Chester's Gap, the First brigade skirmished sharply with Rebel cavalry and infantry. It was reinforced by Ward's division of the Third corps, and the enemy was driven from the field. As the Rebel force hastily moved off, it became evident that it formed Lee's rear guard. From the spurs of the mountains Lee's troops and trains were now seen, moving along the turnpike in the direction of Culpepper Court House and Gordonsville. Lee had won the race.

The army of the Potomac settled down on the line of the Rappahannock, near Warrenton. It was disappointed in its expectation of finding rest, for though during many following months it neither performed nor undertook great achievements, it seldom remained a few consecutive weeks undisturbed. One week it sought the enemy, the next week it avoided him; now it drove him, anon it fled before him. Its activity increased as its numbers diminished. Two large bodies of troops were sent off in the summer, one to North

Carolina, the other to the protection of New York city, which was in danger of insurrection. The Fourteenth and Twentieth Indiana were included in the force which went to New York.

Meade's first efforts were given to the discovery of the enemy's position. On the first of August, an excessively warm day, Buford's cavalry settled the question. It crossed the Rappahannock at the railroad station on a pontoon bridge, and with heavy skirmishing pushed back first a brigade, then a division of Stuart's cavalry, within a mile of Culpepper Court House, the vicinity of which was covered by the tents of the Rebel army. Buford retreated before infantry until he was reinforced by the first corps, when the enemy withdrew. Buford went into camp on the south side of the river. On the fourth he was attacked by two brigades of cavalry, and succeeded in repulsing the attack.

The Third cavalry was engaged in both the reconnoissance and the repulse, and suffered the loss of one man.

Colonel Chapman, who was in command of the First brigade, during the temporary absence of Colonel Gamble, was warmly recommended for promotion by Generals Pleasonton and Buford. Pleasonton wrote to a friend in Indianapolis: "I have recommended Chapman for a Brigadier, which he deserves highly, not only for his services, but for his character. Your State should be proud of the Third Indiana cavalry. It has won a name for dash and service second to none in the army." Hitherto Chapman and the Third had been inseparable in service and in honor, and as he was an officer who had not only himself but his command "well in hand," and in consequence was entirely reliable, while he was also dashing and brilliant, no doubt the regiment owed much of its usefulness to its commander, who in turn was indebted not a little to the regiment which had never failed in endurance nor swerved in action. On the fourth of September, Chapman was placed permanently in command of the brigade. Major M'Clure succeeded to the charge of the regiment, but he was soon promoted to the command of a new regiment, and Major Patton became the commanding officer of the Third.

The little brooks dried up in the hot weather, obliging the cavalry to change its quarters repeatedly, and at length to withdraw to Catlett's Station.

On the thirteenth of September, Buford, supported by Warren with the Second corps, crossed the Rappahannock and crowded Stuart back through Brandy Station and Culpepper, and across the Rapidan, capturing two guns and a number of prisoners, and discovering that Lee's army was reduced by the loss of a large number of troops sent to reinforce Bragg in Tennessee. In consequence, Meade immediately advanced with his main army to Culpepper Court House.

On the twenty-first, the Third marched with Buford's division to reconnoitre the ground lying between the Robertson and Rapidan rivers, proceeding as far as Madison Court House. The next day, Chapman's brigade proceeded along the turnpike in the direction of Gordonsville, as far as "Jack's shop," where it encountered two brigades of Rebel cavalry. After a spirited engagement of several hours, the Rebels were routed and driven across the Rapidan, leaving a number of wounded in Chapman's hands, including several officers. Chapman's brigade was highly complimented by General Buford for its gallantry. The command then returned to its camp near Stephensburgh.

The Army of the Potomac was shortly afterward depleted by the withdrawal of Howard's and Slocum's corps under General Hooker. The Twenty-Seventh Indiana was withdrawn with its corps, but the first squadron of the First cavalry, although it had long been Howard's escort, was left behind. Daniel Bragunier, a member of the squadron, was at home on furlough at the time the changes were made, and on his return had so much difficulty in finding his comrades, that his description of his wanderings, during his search, is explanatory to some extent of the existence of stragglers in a well-regulated army. It is easy to imagine a man of less shrewdness roving about until he found himself pounced upon and punished as a deserter:

"Glymount Landing,
Company B, First Indiana Cavalry,
October 27, 1863.

"I wrote you a letter on the thirteenth, and on the next day, fully equipped, left Dismounted Camp for our squadron, which was reported to be at or about Fort Washington. I went to Fort Washington, but no one there could tell me anything about the First Indiana. Major Brooks, commanding at the Fort, a regular army officer, had never heard of the First Indiana cavalry, but he sent me into the Fort with instructions to get my dinner and stay until I got tired. The Sixteenth Indiana battery is on duty at the Fort, and I soon made myself at home, talking to the boys of the old Hoosier State. I ate my dinner, and after a couple of hours, in company of one of the Sixteenth, I started up Piscataway creek to learn, if possible, anything in reference to our squadron, but could learn nothing. So I returned to Dismounted Camp and reported my unsuccessful expedition, and as they knew nothing of the squadron's whereabouts, I requested to be sent to Washington to inquire at the War Department. But everything in Dismounted Camp must go through a regular process,—so I had to make application to the Sergeant in charge for a pass to Washington, from him it had to go to the Lieutenant commanding the brigade, and from him to a Major, commanding the division, and from him to the headquarters of the camp, which process takes from two to four days.

"After waiting very impatiently three days to hear from my pass, I went to headquarters to make inquiries, and found it had been delayed. Being somewhat out of humor at the proceedings, I fell in with a squadron of cavalry going to the front, and, without a pass, proceeded through the defences of Washington. After getting through Washington, and knowing that some of our squadron were in hospital at Alexandria, I left the cavalry squad and went there. I encountered a picket who could not allow me to go on without proper passes. As it was raining, I complained greatly; fumbled over a package of letters and passes, showed him the letter given me at Indianapolis, by which I was charged with a

squad of soldiers for Washington, but protested that I could not find my pass, and so he suffered me to proceed without one, saying he supposed I was all right. I next proceeded to the hospital and found our boys, but they could give me no information. I went to the Provost Marshal of the town and asked for a pass to our squadron or back to Dismounted Camp. He sent me to Major Ward, Assistant Provost Marshal of the army of the Potomac, but even Major Ward could give me no information. He sent me to the front to the inspector general of the army, but on reaching the front I found the inspector general had been taken prisoner at the battle near Brandy Station. After repeated inquiries I went to General Pleasonton, and from him was sent to General Buford, who called all his staff around him and showed his willingness to get me started in the right direction to my company. But although it had been ordered to report to him, on General Howard being sent to Rosecrans, he had not heard from it. He very pleasantly remarked that he thought General Howard had *stolen* them out of the army of the Potomac, that he wanted them very much. From General Buford I was sent back to Alexandria. I reported to Major Ward and was sent back to Dismounted Camp, where I laid in another application for a pass to Washington, and in three days got her through. Went to Washington to the War Department, and from there to General Heintzelman's headquarters, where I at last received the desired information.

"In two more days I reined in at the camp of the First Indiana cavalry. The boys are in good health and spirits although on duty every other day. Their duty is picketing and patroling, and since they came here they have taken twenty-eight deserters and smugglers, with goods for the Rebels over the river. Dumfries is nearly opposite our camp, and before our squadron came here the citizens kept up quite a trade with the Rebels."

General Meade resumed the offensive, on the return of the troops which had been sent to New York, with Buford's cavalry in the advance.

Chapman's brigade charged through the rough Rapidan at Germanna ford, and captured fifteen pickets and their

horses. Moving on up the river, the Third skirmishing ahead, and the rest of the division trotting behind, the cavalry expected to uncover Morton's ford for the passage of the army, but the night was dark and the country strange, and it was compelled to bivouac before the point was attained. In the morning, Buford was surprised to find the army gone. It had been close up on the other side of the river, but at midnight it was alarmed by the report of a Rebel flank movement, and fell back. Buford was now recalled, and while recrossing the river, was heavily attacked in rear and flank by Fitz Hugh Lee's division of cavalry supported by a brigade of infantry. He repulsed the attack and regained the rear of the army, though while covering a heavy wagon train he was repeatedly compelled to stand and fight. The next day, Buford reconnoitred as far as Culpepper Court House, skirmishing lightly, and disclosing Lee's flank movement. Throughout the retreat, beside reconnoitring and skirmishing, he guarded the entire wagon train. Both armies moved with all possible speed, Meade aiming to reach Centreville and concentrate there, Lee endeavoring to strike the road at Bristow Station in Meade's front. About noon of October 14, Warren, who brought up the rear of the retreat, was astonished to find a large force of the enemy in his front. Fortunately, General Hill, the commander of the hostile force, was equally taken by surprise, and was longer in recovering his equanimity. Consequently the ensuing fight resulted in Warren's favor, and enabled him to move on at dark, although the main Confederate army was then coming up. The Fourteenth Indiana participated in the engagement.

Foiled in his enterprise, Lee found consolation in destroying the Alexandria and Orange railroad, and whatever else he could lay his hands on. The army of the Potomac followed him southward, and being delayed by rain, by the necessity of repairing the road, and by the proximity of the enemy, suffered considerable hardship, especially on the picket line. The Seventh Indiana was on the line throughout the march. One night twelve men were detailed from that regiment to patrol a mile of the road between the Rap-

pahannock and a culvert. They put up four tents after a severe struggle with the wind, but could not get a fire started before a heavy rain was upon them. They sat on a heap made of their blankets, and held their ammunition and their crackers on their laps from dark until ten, when they were able to make their fire, and to wade along their beat. A description of the night is wound up by the narrator with: "There is no telling what a fellow can stand till he tries." The good humor of the Seventh was indestructible. It could not be quenched by water, nor frozen up, nor burnt out. Roused at four in the morning of the twenty-fifth of October, the regiment marched from seven o'clock, through rain, and wading several streams, yet yelping and hallowing so obstreperously that General Rice was compelled to issue orders forbidding the uproar, and it went into camp at four in the afternoon, in good spirits, though wet, hungry and cold, and with nothing to burn but green pine and cedar.

October 26, Buford's cavalry had a skirmish with two brigades of Rebel cavalry, and November 8, had a spirited engagement with Rebel infantry and cavalry.

A storming party from Sedgwick's corps carried the fortifications at Rappahannock station, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners. At Kelly's ford pontoons were laid under the fire of the enemy's guns, while Ward's division waded the river, dashed upon the enemy's line, and captured it with five hundred prisoners.

Lee withdrew beyond the Rapidan, and dividing his army, posted Hill, with one portion, along the railroad, and in the vicinity of Charlottesville, and Ewell, with the remainder, on the left bank of Mine run, a narrow tributary to the Rapidan, with which it flows at right angles.

Meade encamped between the Rappahannock and Rapidan, on nearly the same ground he occupied before his last retreat. The latter river became the line of observation, across which the hostile armies watched each other.

At dawn of November 26, General Meade again took up the march, intending to cross the Rapidan at several fords, move swiftly twenty miles by the plank and turnpike roads toward Orange Court House, and strike Ewell and Hill, who

were separated by an interval of several miles. Having provided his troops with ten days' rations, he left his trains on the north side of the river.

Warren, with the Second corps, and French, with the Third, were to meet at Robertson's tavern, on the Orange turnpike, and being joined by the remainder of the army, were to turn the line of the Mine run defences, which did not extend to the turnpike.

The enterprise was balked by dilatoriness and awkwardness on the part of several corps commanders. Warren reached Robertson's tavern the morning of the twenty-seventh, and encountered there three of Ewell's divisions. He was hard pressed, but was relieved by a portion of the First corps, which turned from its prescribed course to his aid. French, who ought promptly to have fallen in on Warren's right, exhausted double the time allotted him, and squandered the strength and spirit of his troops by delaying at the crossing, by wandering in the woods, by entreating for a change of orders, and by inefficient skirmishing.

During the morning of the twenty-eighth the various corps came up, and were disposed of for a determined attack; but as the enemy retreated behind his works, on the western bank of Mine run, they were obliged to advance two miles to reach his front. It was after dark and in the pelting of a cold November rain that the Second, First, Third and Sixth corps formed in line of battle. As they were on unexplored ground, action was deferred until the next day, which, however, a surprise being now out of the question, was consumed in reconnoitring.

Mine Run, with Ewell's corps along its line, was no insignificant obstacle, for though the stream is narrow and shallow, the first bank on the western side is abrupt in some places, marshy in others, and in many points is covered with dense thickets, while the second bank slopes upward a half mile, and its crest is one hundred feet above the surface of the water. With every needed defence and the addition of Longstreet's corps, which had been allowed full time to come up, the position did not invite assault. Warren and Sedgwick reported the discovery of assailable points, the one on

the left, the other on the right of the enemy; and influenced Meade to order an assault on both flanks. Accordingly, General Meade directed Warren, with nearly half the army, to move at eight in the morning; the batteries of the right and centre to open at the same hour; Sedgwick to assault at nine; and three divisions of the First and Third corps, which were holding the centre, to make demonstrations, and when the flank attack should be successful, to advance.

Early in the morning of the thirtieth, the whole army was under arms; Sedgwick's force was massed to make a heavy assault, and Warren's troops were in readiness, perfectly steady, yet so assured of the desperate character of the work before them, that their names on slips of paper, were pinned to their blue blouses. They were content to die if need were but not to lie in an unknown grave, or under a misspelled name.

At the designated moment the batteries and skirmishers dashed across Mine Run, but Warren did not fire a gun nor take a step. Alarmed by the aspect of the fortifications which had been strengthened and lengthened through each hour of delay, he, at the last moment, took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying the very orders which he had proposed and urged.

Of course it was all over with the Mine Run expedition. Meade crossed the Rapidan, took up his pontoons, and reached Culpepper Court House after an absence of ten as cold, hard, dreary days as the army of the Potomac ever knew.

The Seventh, Fourteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana were in the expedition. The Twentieth lost about twenty men. Lieutenant Rotramel and several others of the Fourteenth were killed. The Seventh gained not a little credit, performing the duty of skirmishers in front of the centre, crossing the stream early in the day, and remaining on the field until eight at night.

The army now went into winter quarters. During the next three months its repose was seldom disturbed. The Third, which was quartered about two miles southwest of Culpepper Court House, was employed in picket and out post duty on the right flank and in reconnoitring the country

in advance of our lines. A reconnoisance made by the Third in connection with the Eighth New York, in all two hundred and five men, on the thirty-first of January, 1864, was extended beyond Madison Court House, and across Robertson river, pushing back the cavalry pickets and out posts of the enemy, killing one and capturing twelve. The party brought in a number of refugee families, and returned to camp the same evening, having marched fifty miles without loss.

The first week in February a futile attempt was made to capture Richmond, which had been stripped of troops in favor of North Carolina. A large cavalry force moved by way of the peninsula, while a small body of horse and two divisions of Warren's corps crossed the Rapidan to attract the attention of the Confederate army. Near Morton's ford, after wading the ice cold stream, the infantry met the enemy in a severe encounter. Our Fourteenth lost two killed and thirteen wounded.

The last day of February, a bold expedition under Kilpatrick, and consisting of more than three thousand men, started to release the prisoners in Richmond. Three hundred picked men from Chapman's brigade were included. They consisted of two hundred and sixty of the Third Indiana and Forty of the Eighth Illinois, and were under the command of Major Patton. At Spottsylvania Court House, Colonel Dahlgren, with four hundred men, separated from the main body to enter Richmond from the south. Kilpatrick's march was but slightly opposed. He reached and passed the first line of the Richmond defences, passed the second line, and drew up before the third line, which was but three and a half miles from the city. The enemy saluted him sharply, and a warm though not general engagement followed.

Major Patton, who was in close contact with the Rebels, felt assured that if he had been ordered to do so, and had been supported by such a force as General Kilpatrick had at his disposal, and close at hand, he could have carried the works. But Kilpatrick desisted and retreated without making determined effort. He encamped six miles from Richmond, but was almost immediately forced to get up and move on

Not again attempting to gain rest, he hurried to the Pamunky, whence, as he found no boats, he struck down the peninsula, meeting, before many miles, troops from Fortress Monroe, who relieved him from the pressing attentions of the enemy.

The unfortunate Dahlgren, delayed by a false guide, and sprung upon from every quarter, lost his life. At least one hundred of his men were captured.

The failure was one of those disappointments which are called blessings in disguise, as by the connivance, permission or direction of the Confederate authorities, certainly with their knowledge, several barrels of gunpowder had been placed, so as to blow up Libby prison, with its thousands of occupants—had the enterprise been a success.

On his return, Kilpatrick was relieved from his command in the Army of the Potomac. He was succeeded by General Wilson, to whose division Chapman's brigade was transferred.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFFAIRS AT HOME IN 1864.

> Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
> To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
> Hide it in smiles and affability.—*Julius Cæsar.*

Many of the troops who went out at the opening of the war, re-enlisted in the field during the hard winter of 1863 and 1864, for a new term of service, and received a furlough of thirty days. A public reception was given to them in Indianapolis, and every effort was made to show the honor in which they were held, and to comfort them for leaving again "God's country," as they delighted to call the land which had not been betrayed into rebellion. Regiments and batteries retained their original form and number until the withdrawal of the 'non-veterans,' when, in most cases, two, or even three, reduced organizations were consolidated into one.

Six companies of black troops were organized in Indianapolis in April, and turned over to the United States as a battalion in the Twenty-Eighth United States Infantry. Captain Russell, of the Eleventh Regulars, but previously an official on the Central Railroad, was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the battalion. Other Indiana officers were Captains Peddigo, Wells and Hackhiser, Adjutant Secrest, and Major Logan, who entered several months later. The battalion went to Alexandria, where it remained a short time in a camp of instruction.

April 6, Governor Morton received a despatch from General Sherman, who had succeeded General Grant in command of the department of the Mississippi, requesting him to notify all regiments on furlough in Indiana, to join their proper brigades: those belonging to the armies of the Ohio and the Cumberland, to go direct to Nashville; those be-

longing to the Army of the Tennessee, to proceed to Cairo, where they would receive further orders. He concluded with the following paragraph:

"The season is advancing, and no excuse can be entertained, such as waiting for more recruits. Three hundred men in time are better than a thousand too late. I will hold commanders of regiments to strict account for absence a day. Now is the time that every soldier should be in his proper place. I ask that all absentees be sent to the front."

Governor Morton replied the same day, promising cooperation in urging forward veteran regiments.

The exigency suggested to Morton the expediency of relieving the veterans who were employed in defending forts in the rear, and in guarding railroads, by calling out and assigning to that duty men, who having remained at home on account of the inevitable demands of business, and for the welfare of the community, would yet, during a short period, be able to serve in the field without serious detriment to the interests for which they were responsible.

A term of one hundred days suggested itself. He consulted with General Noble and General Terrell, and hearing that Governor Brough was in Indianapolis, sought an interview and laid before him the incipient plan. It met with cordial approval. The Governors of Indiana and Ohio then united in an invitation to the Governors of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, to meet for consultation at the house of Governor Morton, on Friday the fifteenth of April. The invitation was accepted, and at the consultation the proposition was unanimously approved. Governor Morton and three of the other gentlemen then proceeded to Washington, and laid the plan before the Cabinet, where it met with the first opposition. Nevertheless, within two days it was accepted, and on April 23 the Governor of Indiana issued a call for twenty thousand volunteers, to serve one hundred days. In response eight regiments were formed. They were the One Hundred and Thirty-Second, Colonel Vance; One Hundred and Thirty-Third, Colonel Hudson; One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth, Colonel Gaven; One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth, Colonel Wilson; One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth, Colo-

nel Foster; One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh, Colonel Robinson; One Hundred and Thirty-Eighth, Colonel Shannon; One Hundred and Thirty-Ninth, Colonel Humphreys.

Perhaps a few men seized the opportunity of enlisting for a short term in order to gain the honored name of 'soldier' for political use, (believing the rear to be safe,) and supported their fortitude by carrying to the field luxuries unknown to the genuine man of arms, but as a whole the hundred days' men were the most solid and patriotic men in the State, and their departure, leaving vacancies in every public place, even in pulpits, and occurring in the midst of anxiety, produced by the terrible nature of the struggles in which the whole vast military power of the Union was engaged, had a peculiar effect on society. There fell upon it a sort of stillness and melancholy. Business was dull. The streets wore a sombre aspect. Homes were gloomy. The apparel of the women was grave and sad. Loving and loyal eyes were turned southward, and hearts were strained to their utmost tension. There was something altogether awful in the close and hurrying future. Any day might be the last; and the last might be for good or ill.

In July, in obedience to the inexorable necessities of the time, the President issued a call for five hundred thousand volunteers, announcing that after the lapse of fifty days, deficiencies should be supplied by a draft. The quota of Indiana was thirty-five thousand seven hundred and thirty-two, but was subject to a credit of ten thousand and seventy-one. Recruiting for old regiments and batteries was prosecuted with tolerable success, and re-enlisting in the field continued, but it was exceedingly difficult to form new organizations. Governor Morton endeavored to form eleven regiments of infantry, to serve one year. He succeeded in organizing the One Hundred and Fortieth, under Colonel Brady, and the One Hundred and Forty-Second, under Colonel Comparet, also one battery, the Twenty-Fifth, under Captain Sturm. The whole number of volunteers, re-enlisted veterans, naval recruits, and men who paid commutation, amounted to twelve thousand one hundred and eighty-seven. Meantime twelve

thousand four hundred and seventy-four men were furnished by the draft, many of these being substitutes. At the end of the year it was found that a surplus to the state's credit of one hundred and ninety remained.

Two serious obstacles checked volunteering. Friends of the Government hesitated to drain the state of its loyal men before the important elections of the fall, and the opposition, now goaded to desperation, left no stone unturned to weaken the army, or to render it useless.

Crimes of a certain complexion are never credited until they are committed, or are in some other way unmistakably exposed, not so much because of their atrocity as because of their stupidity. Nobody believes that a man will kill himself until the poison is on his lips, or the bullet is in his brain. So there was no serious belief in the existence of a northern conspiracy until the serpent had its head up, and its fangs whetted. Indications alluded to in the public journals excited, after their first appearance, little more than derision or a passing alarm. Even the refusal of the Democratic majority in the Legislature to allow an investigation, though startling at the time, was afterward ascribed to an idle contumacy. The day had now come when this fond credulity was to be swept away.

The Order of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or of the American Knights, or of the Sons of Liberty, extended its baleful power through the northern, western and middle states. It was under the supreme and despotic command of the well-known traitor, C. L. Vallandigham. Except that its aims were exclusively political, the order was jesuitical in character, implicit obedience being the chief corner stone on which, as a structure, it rested, and the sanctification of the means by the end the warrant for its existence and undertakings. The oath of membership was paramount to the oath of allegiance. The laws of the order were more binding than the laws of the country. Seeking secession, through the ballot-box if possible, otherwise by force of arms, it taught that any state had the right to withdraw from the Union at her own will and pleasure, and that this right, having been

exercised, the Union no longer existed, in consequence that Mr. Lincoln was a usurper.

A few articles from the ritual of the order may show, without further description, the character of its aims and teachings:

"All men are endowed by the Creator with certain rights—equal only so far as there is equality in the capacity for the appreciation, enjoyment and exercise of these rights."

"In the Divine economy no individual of the human race must be permitted to encumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the physical nor intellectual man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence a people, upon whatever plane they may be found in the ascending scale of humanity, whom neither the divinity within them nor the inspiration of divine and beautiful nature around them can impel to virtuous action, and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude and tutelage to the superior race until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization."

"The Government designated the United States of America has no sovereignty, because that is an attribute belonging to the people, in their respective State organizations."

"The Federal Government can exercise only delegated power, hence if those who shall have been chosen to administer that Government shall assume to exercise power not delegated, they shall be regarded and dealt with as usurpers."

"It is the inherent right and inherent duty of the people to resist such officials, and if need be expel them by force of arms."

"It is incompatible with the history and nature of our system of Government that Federal authority should coerce, by arms, a sovereign State."

"Might makes right" is the sum of the whole, and is perspicuously enough stated. The oath of initiation is clear enough, too. Secresy was enforced by the penalty of a "shameful death," which must be consummated and rounded off by quartering, the parts to be cast out respectively at the east gate, the north gate, the south gate and the west gate. About the "gates" is somewhat obscure. Charges to the Ne-

ophyte, delivered by Knights Guardian, of whom there was one for each point of the compass, read like gibberish.

Meetings were held secretly, and under the strict watch of sentinels. Yet hundreds of men, in full and close communion, never compromised themselves by attending the lodges, it being according to the policy of the order to hold able and responsible characters in a safe obscurity.

Signs and pass-words were used for recognition, as well as to obtain entrance into lodges. Suppose a stranger, perhaps a Rebel emissary, in the presence of one of whose kinship he is desirous, yet doubtful. He places the heel of his right foot in the hollow of his left, and folds his arms. The other, provided he is one of the initiated, assumes the same attitude. Number one extends his right foot. Number two says, "Nu." Number one replies, "Oh." Two answers, "Lac." (Calhoun backwards.) One says, "S." Two says, "L." One exclaims, "Give me liberty!" Two responds, "Or give me death!" Whereupon they shake hands, and are brothers. Written correspondence was carried on by means of a cipher or some simple change in the use of words, as "Mules" for "United States soldiers."

So much pains was taken to make the idea of force familiar, and to weaken the restraints of law and even of decency, that the initials S. L. would more correctly represent Sons of License than of Liberty. In Indiana, early in the summer of 1864, the order numbered forty thousand members, of whom nearly thirty thousand were organized into regiments, and provided with arms. The chief officers were H. H. Dodd, Grand Commander; Horace Heffren, Deputy Grand Commander; and, the state being divided into four military districts, William Bowles, L. P. Milligan, Andrew Humphreys and Stephen Horsey, Major Generals. According to the policy of thrusting to the front comparatively insignifi cant individuals, the most of the officers were simply agitators, serviceable cats' paws. A Grand Council, and in its recesses a committee of thirteen, attended to business. By voluntary contributions, Rebel gold, (more than five hundred thousand dollars of which were received through Canada,)

and by taxes imposed ostensibly for the establishment of newspapers and a university, the order was enabled to procure ammunition and arms, which were transmitted in boxes marked, "Hardware," "Nails," or "Pick-axes," and were stowed in secure hiding-places, frequently in stables or corn-cribs.

Dr. Bowles, although an old man, was more than ordinarily enterprising, and was lavish of time and money for the promotion of the interests of the order. He proposed that to each regiment a company of lancers should be attached, and every lance provided with a sharp hook to catch and cut a horse's bridle.

He was frequently closeted with a German chemist, called Bocking, by whose aid he planned further innovations in the modern system of civilized warfare. One Sunday morning in May, while honest people were at church, the hoary-headed Major General and the Grand Commander met the foreigner in an obscure basement in Indianapolis, and examined instruments of murder and destruction,—infernal machines they were called,—which he exhibited and explained. With a little harmless looking box or portmanteau, the chemist gave assurances that inextinguishable fires might be kindled without exciting suspicion. The contents were an alarm clock with the bell removed, a gun, a tube filled with powder, a bottle of Greek fire, and a quantity of tow. The clock, set at a given time, would spring the lock of the gun, the exploding cap of which, through the powder and tow, would inflame the Greek fire. Not differing in appearance from a thousand traveling sacks left in a hotel, on a steamboat or in Government offices, it would, unsuspected, faithfully execute its work. The German had two other instruments of destruction,—a round and a conical shell, each containing an outer and an inner chamber, filled, the one with Greek fire, the other with powder, which, made to come in contact by the shock of a blow, would set anything combustible to burning. By a string attached to it, the round shell, which looked like a boy's India rubber ball, could be thrown into the window of a third or fourth story, or to a similar distance in a straight line. A man, walking along a deserted street or a quiet alley,

might, with the seeming toy, quite unobservedly set fire to any building.

The imagination is tempted to add to the three conspirators gloating over the murderous inventions, a fourth personage, whom it is not well to name.

Arrangements were partially made in the spring of 1863, for an uprising of the order throughout the Western States, in November of the same year; and Mr. Voorhees entered into negotiations with James W. Wall, United States Senator from New Jersey, for twenty thousand rifles for Indiana, but the scheme was thwarted by the course of circumstances, and in the end relinquished. The condition of the North in the summer of 1864, promised a tempting opportunity. Accordingly, the sixteenth of August was set for insurrection and for an overt declaration of rebellion in the loyal States. Confederate forces were to co-operate by advancing into Missouri and Kentucky. Fifty thousand veteran soldiers imprisoned in the North, were to be released, armed, commanded by officers from the South, and consolidated with the Sons of Liberty. The movement was to be introduced and covered by Democratic mass meetings. In Indiana, besides meetings at other points, a mass meeting was to be held at Indianapolis. At a given signal the convention at the capital was to break up, and with fire arms and fire brands, to take possession of the town, to enkindle incendiary flames, to open the prison camp and the arsenal, bestowing the contents of the one upon the five thousand released inmates of the other, and to proclaim Secretary Athon Governor of Indiana. Governor Morton, meanwhile, was to be seized and held by a committee of ten, who were empowered to put him out of the way, if necessary.

However, the Governor of Indiana was awake to the perils of the hour. A few individuals in authority had long been convinced of the existence of the traitorous society, although they had, until quite lately, been unable to obtain evidence which would warrant open proceedings. During 1862, Governor Morton's life was three times attempted. As he was going from his office to his house, on a dark night, long after the occupants of other offices had left, and

while his figure was fully revealed by the only remaining light in the hall of the State House, a bullet whistled close to his face. Mr. Fletcher, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, fell a victim to the second attempt. The third effort was baffled before it had grown to a head. Late one night Governor Morton was roused from his sleep by his door bell. A man and woman on the step asked to be allowed to give him important information relating to himself. He led them into an apartment, and at their request locked the door behind them. They were agitated, and the man was either unable or unwilling to speak. After requiring that what she disclosed should be kept secret, the woman informed him that they lived on Illinois street, and having charge of a saloon, had become acquainted, through the conversation of their guests, with a plot for his abduction and assassination, and that to carry out the purpose a common fund had been formed, a noted Democratic lawyer having contributed five hundred dollars. Refusing all reward and not staying for thanks, the visitors hastened away as soon as they had delivered their information.

In the fall of the same year, in consequence of intelligence given by a member of a cavalry regiment, at that time in camp at Indianapolis, sixty soldiers were arrested and put in irons on the charge of belonging to a treasonable society.

A few days afterwards, learning that a political meeting was to be held at the house of Mr. Walpole, Governor Morton requested the informer, who was a member of the society, to attend, procuring for him a pass from the officer in command of the camp. The man never was seen after the meeting. His friends, who live in the country, have not to this day had a word explanatory of his fate.

Detectives at length succeeded in effecting an entrance into the order, and in making regular reports, especially in regard to the proceedings of a lodge which met in Military Hall, Washington street, Indianapolis.

One day, Judge Wick, an "old settler" of Indianapolis, called on Governor Morton. Shaking hands cordially, he entered into friendly conversation, during the course of which he endeavored to allay the Governor's suspicions of the Dem-

ocratic party. He said: "I am intimately acquainted with all the chief Democrats, as you know. In German saloons, in Irish doggeries, in the offices and parlors of the leaders, I hear their plans discussed and their ideas freely expressed; and, I do assure you, feeling for you a friendship which began when we were members of the same party, and which was cemented by mutual services on the bench, I do assure you, on the honor of an old man, that you are entirely mistaken in your suspicions. No secret order opposed to the Government is in existence."

For answer, Governor Morton drew out a detective's report of the proceedings of the last meeting in Military Hall, including an utterly disloyal and wicked address by the very man who sat there, so complacently asserting the purity of his party. When the reader looked up Judge Wick was a ghastly image of terrified and convicted guilt. His tongue refused to speak, and great drops of sweat stood on his forehead. He feebly rose from his chair, and tottered to the door.

In July Colonel Carrington, commander of the district of Indiana, found one hundred and twelve copies of the Ritual of the Sons of Liberty in the office of Mr. Voorhees, in Terre Haute; he discovered, also, letters from the chief traitors.

Suspicion at last was creeping through the country. In some communities in the southern part of the state people sold their crops and personal property, and held themselves in readiness for flight. Already the black shadow of approaching insurrection fell across the fair fields of Indiana. Kentucky began to effervesce with more than usual violence, and it was necessary to send a portion of the small force, so needed at the Capital, to the Ohio river. Accordingly General Hovey, with four hundred men of the Forty-Sixth and Thirty-Second, and with the militia of Posey and Vanderburg counties, drove back from the river squads of Buckner's troops, who were conscripting for the southern cause, and kept the border quiet; while a Massachusetts regiment surrounded and picketed Indianapolis.

The revelations and the preparations for defence startled the conspirators. They were also disappointed in the appearance of the expected armies from the South. They began

to fear that an outbreak would plunge them into political, if not personal ruin. The more they put their heads together, and consulted and considered, the more plainly failure stared them in the face.

In vain Mr. Dodd represented that "the people are now ripe for Revolution," and that "it is better to direct Revolution than to let Revolution direct us." In vain, John C. Walker, a cruel, godless man, who seemed to be unconscious of fear and incapable of shame, urged them to harden their purposes. More cautious or more timid counsels prevailed, and the wheel for whose turning the way had been so assiduously prepared, was checked. The Rebel officers, who had already arrived, were warned to withdraw. The convention was held quiet. The sixteenth of August passed without demonstration.

Meantime disclosures of their character and doings went on. August 21, Governor Morton received an anonymous letter from Buffalo, giving intelligence that the Agent of the State, John C. Walker, had secretly purchased thirty thousand revolvers and forty-two boxes of ammunition, that sixty-four boxes of arms and ammunition had been landed in New York city, destined for Indianapolis, and that of these thirty-two had just been forwarded, addressed to J. J. Parsons, and marked Sunday School Books. Morton immediately informed Colonel Jones, of the Forty-Second Indiana, at the time Provost Marshal, who despatched a Lieutenant to the depot, to watch for the arrival of the suspected freight. It was already there,—thirty-two boxes marked "S. S. Books, care of J. J. Parsons." The young Lieutenant galloped to headquarters for further orders. He was sent back in haste with a reprimand for having endangered the opportunity. He had in reality lost it. On his return the boxes were gone, and he could learn nothing in regard to them. Without the slightest trace or clue, and feeling perplexed and mortified, he was riding along Delaware street, when he noticed an empty dray returning toward the depot. It flashed on him that here was a chance, and he called the drayman to stop. The man whipped his horse and drove on. The officer repeated his call. The conscience-stricken

drayman furiously beat his horse, which broke into a gallop, but a presented pistol brought him to a stand. The dialogue which followed was short. "Where did you take those boxes?" "To Mr. Dodd's office." There they were found. They contained four hundred large-sized revolvers, and one hundred and thirty-five thousand rounds of fixed ammunition. Other packages to the same address were seized in New York.

It afterward come to light that the writer of the letter from Buffalo was a lady who had been requested to make the disclosure by her brother, a gentleman engaged in business in the city of New York. He had made the discovery, but dared not, for personal reasons, attempt a direct exposure.

On the twenty-fifth of August General Hovey assumed command of the district of Indiana. He soon afterward arrested the Grand Commander, the Deputy Grand Commander, the four Major Generals and several other conspirators. Dodd was first brought to trial. He made revelations which so clearly proved his guilt that though he had given his word of honor not to attempt an escape, he slid down a rope from a window in the fourth story of the "bastile" or "inquisition," as the S. L. called the Government building in which he was confined, and in the gray of the morning made off toward Canada.

Several of the prisoners saved themselves by turning State's evidence. Bowles and Milligan were sentenced to be hung, but their lives were spared on the intercession of him whose life, above all others, they had conspired to destroy. Governor Morton's magnanimity burned them like coals of fire, and intensified their political aversion into personal hatred.

Leading members of the party at first endeavored to hide their complicity in the crime by derision of the fugitive Dodd, but they no longer had power to deceive. At a later date, putting on a bold face, they pretended to ignore past issues; but while their lives are spared, and while their names are remembered, they will be the scorn of all good men.

The exposure of the conspiracy, together with victories gained in the field, favorably influenced the elections. Indiana carried the Republican tickets throughout by over twenty thousand majority.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA IN MAY AND JUNE OF 1864.

> The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero.—*The Spanish Gypsy.*

Active operations in the Army of the Potomac having terminated the first of December, with the retreat from Mine Run, the troops remained in winter quarters in the neighborhood of Culpepper until the first of May, 1864. It was a long and quiet rest, during which no stir nor promise was visible to lookers on. Like the workings of nature in the dead and darkness of winter, preparations for the spring campaign were hidden and secret.

Congress and the President instituted an era of consolidation by placing General Grant, with the title of Lieutenant General, in command of all the armies of the United States. The central idea of the Lieutenant General was consolidation. He ascribed Confederate success to the impunity with which forces were sent from Lee to Bragg and Beauregard, and from Bragg and Beauregard to Lee; and in order to engage the entire strength of the enemy, he concentrated into two great armies, as far and as fast as possible, the almost countless bodies of troops which were dispersed throughout the country. He reorganized the Army of the Potomac into three infantry corps, the Second, Fifth and Sixth, which were commanded respectively by Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick, and one cavalry corps, which, in two divisions, was put under the command of General Sheridan. He ordered Burnside's corps from East Tennessee to Annapolis, whence he removed it to the Orange and Alexandria railroad, to guard the road, and to form a reserve to Meade's army. Burnside's corps, although at this date it had never lost a banner nor a gun, and although it made a fine appearance, was composed

largely of new troops. One division, under the command of Ferrero, former dancing-master at West Point, consisted of black soldiers, the first admitted to the privilege of fighting for their country.

By the reorganization the position of Indiana regiments was but slightly changed. The Seventh, Colonel Grover, was in Rice's brigade; the Nineteenth, Colonel Williams, was in Cutler's brigade, and both remained in Wadsworth's division, which now formed a part of Warren's corps. The Twentieth, Colonel Taylor, and the Fourteenth, Colonel Coons, were in Hancock's corps, the latter in Carroll's brigade, Gibbon's division, the former in Ward's brigade, Birney's division. The Third cavalry, in Chapman's brigade, was in Wilson's division. The Third cavalry was in constant requisition for the performance of picket and out-post duty, and reconnoissance.

General Grant arranged to threaten both the front and flanks of the Rebel Capital. He directed Butler, reinforced by Smith's and Gilmore's corps, from South Carolina and Florida, to make a feint on the peninsula, then go up the James and take Petersburg, or intrench himself near City Point, and he ordered Sigel to move up the Shenandoah on Stanton and Lynchburg, and thus cut Richmond's western communications, while he made ready to move with Meade from Culpepper.

"This is the last year of the war, which ever wins," was the general feeling of the South, and the utterance of a Richmond paper of April 29, "Which ever wins," was an inadvertant admission, yet it was warranted by the character and attitude of the Southern armies. All the strength of the South was in them, cities and frontier garrisons being guarded by boys and old men, and, sustained by that terrible element which often makes desperate armies victorious armies, they were stronger than ever before.

The struggle round the Rebel Capital in 1864 was a deadlier game than any that had yet been played in the East. While one army was fired by desperation, the other was nerved by resolution,—the resolution which gave Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg to Federal arms. Led by the man

who, it is well said, would have been called Pertinax had he been a Roman, the Army of the Potomac, for the first time, fought out its battles. It not only made victory sure, but wrung advantage from defeat. Penetrating an impoverished, hostile, broken, strongly defended and unfamiliar territory, marching all night and battling all day, flanking to fight and fighting to flank, expelling the enemy from stronghold to stronghold, and driving him from one line of defence to another; it changed its base of supplies from the Rapidan to Fredericksburg, from Fredericksburg to Port Royal, from Port Royal to the White House, from the White House to the James, and swung itself through the tangled copses of the Wilderness, over the murderous hills of Spottsylvania, across the North Anna, the Chickahominy and the James, from the north-west to the south-east of Richmond. For the bold march it paid a heavy toll. Every step was made in blood. Each mile of the sixty between the Rapidan and the Chickahominy cost a thousand men. Sixty thousand who entered the Wilderness fell by the way because of wounding, capture or death.

The newspapers called the campaign a drama; and like a chorus they recounted in snatches its progress. The patriot people from May to August did not once exult. They trembled between hope and fear. Their hearts were filled with an aching which can never be told.

"The President, with great black rings under his eyes, and his head bent forward on his breast, 'mourned the slain of the daughter of his people.'"

During the campaign a marked change occurred in the character of the army. Reinforcements from various quarters kept up the number, which was about one hundred and forty thousand men, without preserving the fearless and hopeful spirit of the beginning. Drafted men and bounty seekers formed a large portion of the new comers; volunteers, even though they enlisted from the single motive of patriotism, were necessarily inferior to veterans; and veterans were no longer what they had been. Their vital force was impaired by hardships which, during the months of May and June, were not relieved by good and sufficient food. More-

over, as commissioned officers fell by thousands, the men missed the familiar face and voice of their old leaders. and reluctantly obeyed the orders of strangers.

It is time now to give the operations of the campaign in such detail as is necessary for tracing out the course of Indiana troops.

At midnight of Tuesday the third of May, the Army of the Potomac was set in motion, Grant hoping to lead it across the Rapidan and through the fateful Wilderness to the open country about Spottsylvania Court House, before coming in contact with his antagonist. At daybreak, Wilson's cavalry, foremost of which was Chapman's ready brigade, crossed the river on the right at Germanna ford and drove back the enemy's pickets. Warren's corps followed and pushed straight into the Wilderness, encamping at night at the Old Wilderness Tavern, five miles from Chancellorsville. Sedgwick crossed at the same ford, and rested in the rear of Warren. Hancock made the passage at Ely's ford and halted near Chancellorsville. Wilson's cavalry covered the right front and flank; Gregg's was on the left front and flank. The entire Army of the Potomac encamped in the jungles of the Wilderness before the close of the day. Through all the vicissitudes of its history, the Seventh Indiana kept up a prayer meeting, which was organized at its first camp in Indianapolis. Now in the Wilderness, as the shades of night were falling, Chaplain Jewell began to sing. Half the regiment and many men from other regiments joined in the hymn, then listened to a passage of Scripture, an earnest exhortation and a fervent prayer.

The army was on the alert early on Thursday, the cavalry reconnoitring; Warren, supported by Sedgwick, moving toward Parker's store, which was five miles southwest of his camping ground, and Hancock advancing toward Shady Grove, directly south of Chancellorsville. But with all its haste it was caught in the toils of the forest. Chapman's brigade proceeded on by-roads to Craig's Meeting House, on the Catharpin road, which it reached about midday. It was massed in an open field on the side of the road, while a batallion of the First Vermont cavalry reconnoitred. This

detachment had proceeded but a short distance when it was attacked by a force of the enemy's cavalry and driven into its supports. Chapman engaged the enemy and drove him back about a mile and a half to a ravine, heavily bordered with a thick growth of pine. With the Third Indiana and a part of the Eighth New York, he held the position about an hour, when skirmishers reported that the enemy had been strengthened, and supplied with ammunition, and that they could hear their officers giving orders preparatory to an attack. In a few minutes Colonel Chapman was attacked vigorously. The enemy's line lapped over both his flanks, and compelled a rapid and difficult retreat through a densely timbered region, behind a position held by McIntosh's brigade. Later in the day Wilson's entire division fell back to Tod's Tavern.

The infantry was engaged at an earlier hour. Before nine o'clock, Ewell confronted Sedgwick; and Hill, from a sheltered position on a ridge, directly across the route of the Fifth corps, held back Warren. After feeling in vain for an opening, Griffin and Wadsworth, although separated by impenetrable thickets, made a simultaneous and impetuous advance, determined to break open the route. Griffin at first carried every thing before him, but in the end was forced back. Wadsworth's division was met by a heavy attack on its left flank, and gained not even a momentary success, although it fought with desperate valor. Our Seventh and Nineteenth were here in the thickest of the fight. The Seventh charged on a body of the enemy strongly posted in a deep ravine, and took nearly three hundred prisoners. It pushed on a half mile, but was suddenly deserted by the troops on both sides, and left in advance with both flanks exposed. It retreated rapidly, fired on from right and left and rear, while falling comrades called in vain for help, and, after traversing two miles, reached breastworks which had been piled up in the morning.

Colonel Grover was among the missing. He was seen to fall, but nothing further was known of his fate. The color bearer of the Nineteenth was struck in the side by a minie ball. One hand dropped, but with the other he held the

staff upright until corporal Pedan relieved him of its charge. A ball stretched the corporal on the ground, but the falling colors were caught by Colonel Williams.

Hill threw forward a strong charging column to gain the Brock road, along which Hancock, turned from his southerly course, was now marching to unite with Warren. Wadsworth struggled desperately to hold the road. In the middle of the afternoon, loud cheers from Hancock's approaching van warned Hill to redouble his efforts, while they encouraged Wadsworth to maintain his ground. Birney, followed by Barbour and Gibbon, marched swiftly over a smooth though narrow road. They met, struck, and, during two hours, stubbornly fought. The Twentieth with Birney, and the Fourteenth with Gibbon, were hotly engaged. A battery, the only one which could, on account of the density of the woods, be brought into play, was captured, because of its loss in men and horses, but was recaptured by detachments from the Fourteenth Indiana and the Eighth Ohio. At length Hill was baffled, and Ewell was repulsed. Grant ordered a general advance; but night, which was impenetrable in the depths of the Wilderness, prevented the movement.

Both Lee and Grant were reinforced during the night, the former by Longstreet, the latter by Burnside, who had marched from thirty to thirty-five miles since orders for the movement were received on the afternoon of Wednesday. It happened that the old Tennessee antagonists moved on the evening of Thursday toward the same part of the ground. each looking anxiously at the cloud of dust which announced the other's approach.

The troops shook off sleep Friday morning, and ate their breakfasts long before the sun looked through the interwoven boughs. They were under orders to advance at five, and fight whenever they should encounter the enemy. But again, with all their haste, they were too slow. A quarter before five the enemy fell upon Sedgwick, who not only made no headway, but had much ado to hold his ground.

Hancock posted his left, Gibbon's division, on the Brock road, to meet a hostile flanking movement, and remained unmolested until at the appointed time he pushed out. He

then met opposition, but he fought his way nearly two miles, when his progress was checked, and his front was thrown into confusion by a charge from Longstreet. Reinforced by Burnside, he pushed Longstreet back. Shortly after, the latter was mistaken for a national officer by some of his own men, and was seriously wounded. Lee, then, with great effort, bore the front of Hancock's corps back to its line of intrenchments along the Brock road. He made strenuous attempts to push in between Hancock and Warren. Wadsworth, on Warren's left flank, strove hard, but vainly, to withstand him. Colonel Williams was one of the first to fall, at six o'clock, shot in the breast, while, all unconsious of himself, he exhorted the men not to mind the bursting shells.

Captain Dudley, who took command of the Nineteenth, was ordered to withdraw it to the rear on account of its losses. The division, soon after discouraged by defeat and disaster, broke into a hasty retreat, but rallied at the voice of its General, and made one more desperate dash. Two horses had already fallen under Wadsworth. He fell with the third, and his noble gray head lay in the dust when the enemy swept over the ground, and again drove the division back.

A short lull followed, during which Burnside advanced between Hancock and Warren. Hill's and Longstreet's corps immediately fell with united and concentrated strength on Burnside, not only pushing him back, but tearing his corps in two, and rushing through the break until checked by a single brigade, Carroll's, from Hancock's corps. Never did our stanch Fourteenth and its worthy coadjutors more steadily stand to their duty, and never had they better success. The Rebel flood rolled back, quailing also under a deadly fire from stout breastworks on Hancock's left. But again the Rebel right advanced, when flames which had sprung up in the woods several hours before, spread along the breastworks and drove back the defenders. The most forward of the enemy planted their standards on the burning works. The battle continued, with intervals of one or two hours duration, throughout the day,—the one army bent on finding its way out of the labyrinth, the other equally re-

solved to hold fast the doors of escape. Night fell on a disputed field, and friend and foe slept.

Early Saturday morning, the Army of the Potomac, only so far rested as to be conscious of its weariness, was up and prepared to go on with the fight; but guns, which had been posted on Sedgwick's right, opened without calling out a reply. Skirmishers warily advanced, and were met by skirmishers, whose line, falling slowly back, they were unable to penetrate. The body of Lee's army was evidently not so near as on the previous evening. At length it was discovered behind intrenchments, in wait for an attack, which Grant was not persuaded to make, as his only and urgent desire was to get out of the Wilderness and on to Spottsylvania Court House, fifteen miles south-east of his present position.

Presuming upon nothing but success, and calculating exactly as if he had beaten Lee, he occupied Fredericksburg with a small force, and established there a depot for his wounded, and a basis for supplies. He pushed his cavalry out over the Brock road, which leads directly to Spottsylvania Court House, sent his trains along the Orange plank road and the turnpike, more eastern and more circuitous routes, and started his corps,—the Fifth and Second in the rear of the cavalry, the Sixth and Ninth behind the wagons.

It was nine Saturday night, before Warren, who had the advance, was fairly on the way. His progress was then excessively slow, the road being at first obstructed by cavalry, the advance of which was engaged with Stuart's cavalry, and afterward by barricade upon barricade. At eight o'clock Sunday morning, three miles from Spottsylvania Court House, he was confronted by Longstreet's corps, which, having marched smoothly on a road parallel to his own obstructed course, was now in position on a wooded ridge south of the little river Ny. The troops were faint with fatigue, want of sleep and the excessive heat of the day, and in consequence were in no condition for an unexpected encounter with a force which they had thought far in the rear. The advance division, Robinson's, was repulsed in disorder; the following, Griffin's, was driven back in equal

confusion. Crawford's and Cutler's divisions (Cutler had succeeded Wadsworth) coming up later, and knowing what was before them, moved forward steadily, and drove the enemy out of the woods, and out of his first and second line of intrenchments. They assaulted the third and last line unsuccessfully, and fell back until reinforced in the afternoon, when they captured the position, inflicting a loss of fifteen hundred, and suffering a smaller, though important loss.

Every corps was more or less engaged during the day. Wilson's cavalry penetrated to the Court House, but as it was impossible for infantry to come to its support, it was forced to relinquish the position to Hill and Ewell, who were close at hand.

At night, the Rebels threw up along the Spottsylvania ridge a bulwark of defence, which they strengthened each day of the following week. The Union troops, without orders, fell to intrenching themselves where night found them. It was a characteristic of the campaign that wherever the soldier stopped he intrenched, be his tools what they might, spades or spoons.

For the distance of a mile from the point where the Wilderness terminates, the country is rolling and dotted with bristling copses of pine and cedar. It is quite open round Spottsylvania Court House, between the Ny and the Po, which, with the Ta and the Mat, flow southeast, and uniting, form the Matapony.

Having mastered the Ny, Grant was now close on the Po, which, from an easterly course near its head, turns south two miles west of the Court House.

Monday the cavalry corps moved out on a raid toward Richmond, while the infantry corps assumed position in Lee's front in the following order, from right to left: Hancock, Warren, Sedgwick and Burnside. Early in the day the army met with a loss which was said to be equal to that of a division. Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter's bullet. Toward evening Hancock, deluded by the hope of capturing a wagon-train which he saw leisurely winding its way toward Spottsylvania Court House, moved down the high ground on

which he had position, and in the face of many difficulties, crossed the Po. Night prevented an attack on the train, which moved on out of reach. He encamped on the southern bank, hoping to advance in the morning. Tuesday, the tenth, was a sanguinary and desperate day. The line of battle was six miles, close to the front of the enemy, who, amply fortified, occupied abrupt hills and dense woods. Batteries covered the Union right flank and left centre, and for the first time in the campaign came into full and destructive play. Warren confronted Hill, who held the enemy's centre, the most formidable point on his line. It was crowned by earth-works and clothed in thickets of low cedars, whose fierce, bayonet-like boughs made artificial abatis unnecessary. The possession of this point would sever Lee's army, and open a direct passage to the coveted Court House. Grant therefore withdrew Gibbon and Birney from Hancock, the enemy hotly assailing Birney's rear meanwhile, and joined them to Warren's force. Shortly before noon two of Gibbon's brigades, Webb's and Carroll's, essaying to mount Laurel Hill, suffered severe loss, and gained no advantage. At three the attempt was renewed in larger force, the divisions of Crawford and Cutler endeavoring to gain room to form lines of battle far forward for a still more general attack. This preliminary assault was also a bloody failure. Nevertheless a general assault was made at five, Hancock and Warren bearing up hard against the embattled centre, and the whole line raging in the fight. Through dust, and din, and smoke, charge followed charge. The Fourteenth Indiana was in the very centre and blaze of the battle, and there lost its beloved commander. The good General Rice also gave up his life. At one or two points the men entered the breastworks, but they were driven out and driven back with constantly decreasing numbers until, wiser than their officers, who still cruelly urged them on to the slaughter, they showed an unconquerable reluctance.

The Sixth corps gained the first line of intrenchments with nine hundred prisoners and several guns, but was not able to hold its ground, nor to withdraw the captured guns.

Burnside's corps made a successful advance in the face of a destructive fire, to a point but a short distance from the Court House, but was ordered to retire. Hancock, left with one division on the south bank of the Po, was forced to withdraw, and literally through fire and flood, as the woods between him and the river were burning. A gun was lost in a swamp, and many wounded perished in the flames, but courage and skill succeeded in effecting a tolerably successful retreat.

Wednesday, May 11, Grant despatched the following bulletin to the war department:

"HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,
"May 11, 1864—8 A. M.

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result, to this time, is much in our favor.

"Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater.

"We have taken over five thousand prisoners by battle, whilst he has taken from us but few, except stragglers.

"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General,
"Commanding the Armies of the United States."

The sanguine character of the bulletin, as reported to Butler, had an unfortunate influence on that officer's movements, which were now in full progress on the south of Richmond.

Skirmishing was hot on the eleventh of May, reconnoitring was active, artillery played into the Rebel woods at intervals to annoy diggers and builders, but no assault was made. In the afternoon a grateful thunder-storm, the first of the campaign, laid the dust and allayed the heat.

During the night, Hancock, under cover of storm and darkness, marched across to the right of Burnside and took up a position which was not quite twelve hundred yards from the Rebel centre. At half past four in the morning, his divisions, Barlow and Birney, Gibbon and Mott, guided by the compass through pathless woods, moved swiftly and cautiously toward the muzzles of the hostile guns. They tramped through thickets, swept over pickets, tore up abatis, and, rush-

ing up the hill, leaped with a thundering cheer into the trenches. The banner of the Twentieth, beautiful still, though torn with shot and shell, was the first set up on the enemy's ramparts. With bayonets and clubbed muskets, the storming troops bore down a desperate resistance, and, capturing more than three thousand men,—nearly a whole division of Ewell's corps, with thirty flags and thirty guns,—they passed on to the second line of rifle pits. The surprised Rebels rallied with desperate speed and fought with desperate resolution. The struggle extended along the line, the entire Union force, under a terrific cannonade, assaulting at every point. Warren at length desisted and sent Cutler's and Griffin's divisions to reinforce Hancock, on whom Lee, in gigantic efforts to regain his captured works, inflicted his heaviest blows. Here was the head and front of battle. Five times Lee assaulted Hancock. Five times Hancock repulsed Lee. Bayonets were interlocked. The fighting was hand to hand. The dead lay side by side, or heaped up, friend and foe together, and often fearfully mutilated. Captain Thomas, of the Twentieth, died pierced by eleven bullets. The very trees were worn away and cut in two by musket balls. Rain poured down unnoticed. Water could not quench the fury. Toward midnight the Rebel general slowly withdrew his exhausted and mangled forces and took up an interior but not less formidable position. Friday the armies breathed, buried their dead, attended to their wounded, skirmished and reconnoitred.

During the thirteenth, Meade arranged to effect a second surprise by a joint attack of Burnside and Warren at four in the morning, this time by an assault upon the enemy's right flank, which was near the Fredericksburg turnpike.

At nine o'clock, Warren left his position on the right to march all night through tiresome mud and pitch darkness. He waded the Ny, and at length lost his way. Fires which were kindled along the route failed to be of service after midnight, on account of a fog which was absolutely impervious to light. At daybreak twelve hundred men reached the designated position, whilst the residue still struggled along the dubious line of march, or lay lost in sleep wherever they had

sunk down in exhaustion. Birney and Tyler drove back the skirmishers, carried the first and second line of rifle pits in the midst of a sharp and deadly fire, and reached impenetrable abatis, behind which, in secure ambush, rested riflemen and artillery. Here was no choice. Destruction or retreat was the alternative. Of course the latter was chosen, and before noon the advanced troops were withdrawn.

At length the Spottsylvania hills were crimsoned with sufficient blood. More than forty thousand of the men who entered the Wilderness with dusty, tired feet were gone,—wrapped in the sleep that knows no waking, or stretched on beds of pain, or crowded in prison pens. The number of wounded was prodigious. A new base having been opened at Aquia creek, they were sent there in ambulances and army wagons, which moved day and night over rough and painful roads. Moseby's guerillas scoured the ground and did not hesitate to rob and murder both the occupants of ambulances and the multitudes of crippled soldiers, who dragged themselves in the same direction. The transports, waiting for the wounded, were moved to a horseshoe-shaped wharf, on one side of which the ambulances filed down. Discharging their burdens they moved to the other side of the wharf and received "fighting rations" for the troops in the field. The tedious process increased the suffering. One day a line of vehicles stretched in an inextricable jam from the wharf to Fredericksburg, nearly ten miles.

The four Indiana infantry regiments, small at the beginning, were now but skeletons. Except the Twentieth, which twice already in its career had lost a Colonel in battle, they were all bereft of their leaders. Colonel Grover was either killed or captured. Colonel Coons, who had hitherto seemed to bear a charmed life, was killed on the twelfth, leading his men in the assault on the fortifications of Spottsylvania. Colonel Williams fell in the Wilderness, and there he was buried amid the tears of men he had led on the momentous fields of Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and in as many smaller engagements.

He left a wife, six little children and an aged mother. The

night before the battle he wrote to his wife: "Whether we shall be permitted to meet again in this world or not, my earnest prayer is that you may live long and happily, and that we may at last meet in our Father's home, where there is no war to separate his children. May God bless you, and mother, and our little children."

The Nineteenth lost one-third of its strength in the first and second day of fighting,—seventeen killed, seventy-five wounded, and fifteen captured. The Seventh and Twentieth each lost more than two hundred. Captain Clayton, of the Seventh, was killed in the Wilderness, and Captain Jamison, of the same regiment, was killed at Spottsylvania. Captain Gordon and Lieutenant Bartholomew, of the Twentieth, were mortally wounded; and Captains Quigley and Thomas were killed the same day at Spottsylvania. Lieutenant Caldwell, of the Fourteenth, was killed in the Wilderness. Captain Simons, of the same regiment, was mortally wounded at Spottsylvania.

During the few and short pauses of march and battle, thousands of letters were written to the never-forgotten homes. On the paper smoothed out upon his knee, the bright, and loving, and untiring spirit of the soldier unconsciously indited lessons still full of instruction, though the fingers which wrote them have long been dust:

"Bivouac near Mine Run,
"Evening, May 4.

"We left camp near Culpepper last night at twelve o'clock, and marched swiftly and steadily along until two o'clock this afternoon, fourteen hours of hard marching. We were so exhausted that we all went to sleep at the halt, and I have just woke up to find nothing but a dull glow in the west, in place of a hot sun, the valley full of white mist, and the plaintive evening music of a neighboring marsh, a full chorus. We expect every hour to go into action. It will be desperate. God grant it may be successful."

"*May* 10. It looks dark. We have been fighting seven days now. God grant we may win. If I am killed, do get my body and bury it decently."

"*May* 13. Still alive, but the fatigue and fighting have been terrific. We have been under fire ever since the fifth. The regiment lost eighty-three yesterday, only one hundred and thirty-nine left."

"NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE,
"May 19, 8 o'clock.

"Still unhurt, and in good spirits. We were under an awful artillery fire yesterday, but behind good works, and well protected. The dirt showered over us, though, plentifully, as the shot would plump into the breastwork. Both sides have been very quiet to-day, so far. The picket lines this morning are only a few yards apart. We can distinctly see all their movements. The first mail we have received since the first of May came last evening. While others were jolly over long, loving letters from home, I had to content myself with a pipe and memories. Out of three hundred and forty-five men we left Alexandria with, the first of the month, we have one hundred and sixty left, and six officers less than we started with.

"Well, good-bye. God grant the right may win, and that we may see each other again.

"JAMES PRATT."

"ON THE BATTLE FIELD,
"SPOTTSYLVANIA, May 13.

"For the first time since leaving Culpepper I have time and a chance to write. We have passed through the most severe battles that were ever fought. I will not attempt to give you an account of all our sufferings. This is the tenth day of the fight, and there has not been a day that our regiment has not been under fire. Our loss is terrible. Our company has lost thirty men killed, wounded and missing. I tell you it was *hard* to see my comrades falling round me. We went into the field with fifty guns in the company, and now we have about seventeen. The fight is still going on. Loss in our company occurred the first and second days' fight. Boys are very much worn out. Scarcely able to get along. Enemy strongly intrenched wherever we find them.

"SAM. LIST."

The cavalry under Sheridan, when, May 9, it left the Army of the Potomac, proceeded rapidly toward Fredericksburg. It turned south near that place, and proceeding by the Telegraph road across the Matta river, and thence by the Negro Foot road, bivouacked at night on the North Anna river, near Beaver Dam. Some skirmishing took place during the day between a force of Rebel cavalry and the rear guard without interrupting the march. At five o'clock on the morning of the tenth the enemy began shelling the camps of Wilson's division, and followed with a cavalry attack, which was easily repulsed. At eight the rear crossed the North Anna, and following the route of march pursued by the column, crossed the South Anna river at Ground Squirrel bridge late in the day, and bivouacked on the south bank of the river. The enemy again shelled the camps on the morning of the fifteenth, and when the column resumed the march, heavily pressed the rear. In the afternoon General Custer's and Colonel Chapman's brigades, which were in advance, became warmly engaged with a heavy force of Rebel cavalry, commanded by Stuart, near "Yellow Tavern." During the engagement a regiment of Michigan cavalry, under Custer in person, and the First Vermont cavalry, under Chapman in person, charged and captured a section of Rebel artillery, compelling the supports to seek safety in rapid flight. "Jeb. Stuart" was mortally wounded, and his command was routed with severe loss in killed and wounded.

At dark Sheridan's troops were massed at the junction of the road from Ground Squirrel bridge with the Brook turnpike, about five miles from Richmond. But the enemy did not again appear, and the command resumed the march shortly before midnight, Chapman in advance, under orders to proceed to Fair Oaks' Station, if practicable, passing between Richmond and the Chickahominy. Moving by a cross road from the Brook turnpike to the Meadow bridge road, and thence by a devious farm road running along the outer fortifications of Richmond, which were not then occupied, Wilson's division succeeded in reaching the Mechanicsville turnpike. Here it was halted and massed in an open field. It was impossible to gain a guide from that point to Fair

Oaks. On the march to the Mechanicsburg' pike a Rebel cavalry outpost had discovered the column, and firing a shot, had fled rapidly toward the city, giving the alarm. Shortly after Chapman's brigade had massed, and before daylight, it was opened on by artillery posted in the inner line of fortifications, and distant not more than seven hundred yards. The men, through remaining mounted, had most of them fallen asleep in their saddles, and being thus suddenly brought under artillery at short range, were thrown into confusion. The command was reformed almost immediately, and being withdrawn a short distance to gain a good position, was formed in battle array. Morning soon dawned, and skirmishing began. It continued until the middle of the afternoon, when Wilson's division handsomely repulsed a sortie made by a brigade of infantry from the inner line of the Richmond fortifications. No effort was made to carry the fortifications. The only work assigned to Wilson being to hold his position, and keep the Rebels in their works until Merritt's division should force a crossing of the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, which was held by a large Rebel cavalry force. This was accomplished in the middle of the afternoon, when the troops of Sheridan crossed the Chickahominy, and were free from the trap in which the Rebels had hoped to hold and capture them. Chapman's brigade, being ordered to Gaines' House, reached it in the middle of the night, and there bivouacked. Next morning a squadron of the Third Indiana, Captain Moffet commanding, destroyed New Bridge. On the fourteenth the command crossed the Chickahominy, proceeded to Malvern Hill, and established communication with General Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundreds. Moving by way of Haxall's Landing, Baltimore store, White House and Hanover Court House, the cavalry rejoined the army on the twenty-fifth of May, seeing its wagon-train for the first time in sixteen days.

Stealing out from the Spottsylvania hills on the night of May 20, the Army of the Potomac moved, on several parallel roads, in a south-easterly direction, toward the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. The weather was clear, though warm, and the soldiers were in gay spirits. An attack of

Hill's corps on the rear as it was on the point of starting, was repulsed. An attack on the advance by a cavalry force at the crossing of the Mattapony, was also repulsed. The march was comparatively undisturbed until on the third day the southern army was found arrayed on the south bank of the North Anna. "We expected you yesterday," was the response of southern pickets to northern pickets, who expressed surprise on again seeing before them the enemy they had just left behind.

Above Lee's position, at Jericho ford, where the river, enclosed between precipitous banks, rushes swiftly and breast-deep over a rocky bed, the head of Warren's column waded the stream, and after forming line of battle, covered the building of a pontoon bridge, and the crossing of the residue of the Fifth corps. Half of the troops were yet barefoot, although advanced a mile from the river, and throwing up intrenchments, when they were impetuously assailed. The assault, decidedly repulsed by the centre, was renewed with undiminished fury on the right, where Cutler's division was getting into position. Disaster at first threatened Cutler, but in the end fell on the Rebels, of whom nearly a thousand were captured. Captain Gageby, of the Indiana Seventh, was killed here.

Meantime Hancock, who formed Grant's extreme left, was four miles distant from Warren, near the Chesterfield bridge, a mile above the railroad crossing. Between him and the bridge was a bare, ascending plain, several hundred yards in width, and entirely commanded by extensive and singularly strong defences. After arranging his artillery, Hancock directed Birney's division, supported by Barlow and Gibbon, to make an assault. It was just before sunset. The troops sprang to their task, leaped the ditch, climbed the parapet, and planted their colors on the works. In the morning they crossed the river, and carried the southern defences, which were scarcely less strong than the fortifications at the head of the bridge. The Twentieth alone charged and captured a Rebel redoubt. The Sixth corps, at the same time, crossed on Warren's bridge.

The North Anna, however, was as far as ever from being cleared. The two wings of the army were entirely separated, as every effort made by Burnside to throw his corps across between Warren and Hancock was unsuccessful. Lee, with his line concentrated, with both flanks drawn back, his right protected by marshes, his left covered by Little river, his front on the North Anna, and projecting like a wedge into his antagonist's front, was invulnerable. Reconnoitring and skirmishing only developed the fact, and on the night of the twenty-sixth, the army, by corps, took up the line of march. Wilson's cavalry, which had returned from the Richmond raid only the previous day, crossed the North Anna at Jericho Mills, and made demonstrations on the right in order to cover the withdrawal.

Two days later the army halted and concentrated south of the Pamunky, where again Lee's untiring veterans barred the way. In a short fight between cavalry reconnoitring parties, the Rebel troopers were worsted.

Sunday, the twenty-ninth, was occupied in general reconnoisances, which disclosed that the enemy's line formed a concave toward ours, his centre covering Atley's station on the railroad, his left stretching in the direction of Hanover Court House, and his right resting near Bethesda church, a solitary old house on the Mechanicsville turnpike.

A brigade from Crawford's reserves, while slowly approaching Bethesda church, was struck on its flank and obliged to retreat until it was reinforced by the rest of the reserves and a brigade from Warren's corps. Then at the usual price of costly blood, the left was established on the Mechanicsville turnpike. Grant now made constant demonstrations along the whole hostile front, as if seeking an opening for assault, but meantime he shifted his army, corps by corps, across the rear toward the Chickahominy, hoping to force a passage near Cold Harbor, which Sheridan had seized and which was the focus of a number of roads leading both to Richmond and the White House.

During the movement, patrols from the Third Indiana, sent to the front, were attacked by a brigade of Rebel cavalry. McIntosh's brigade coming to their assistance, they drove

the Rebels through Hanover Court House. Chapman's brigade destroyed two important railroad bridges over the South Anna, and Birney's division, also on the right, the whole of Hancock's corps moving forward, rushed at and carried the enemy's outer line of intrenchments on the southerly side of Tolopotomoy creek.

The Sixth corps reached Cold Harbor, Wednesday the first of June. It was joined the same day by W. F. Smith, from Butler's army, with ten thousand men, who had been brought by steamboats to the White House, and in extremely warm weather had been marched from that point over dusty, roundabout roads, and on railroad ties, until they were well nigh exhausted. A detachment from our Thirteenth was immediately thrown forward on the picket line, where at least one man fell asleep from the sheer impossibility of keeping awake. He was soon roused. General Devens, although he was so ill that he was compelled to rest frequently on a chair which a man carried for him, and when he rode had to be lifted on his horse, was examining the front, and now ordered the detachment to a more advanced position. From the new post, to which they ran through a shower of balls, the pickets saw the whole force prepared for assault, and moving up,—a regiment near at hand, preceded by avant couriers, two dogs yelping and springing toward the hostile guns. "Fools!" cried an Indianian, with an oath, "They act as if it was fun!" In a moment the pickets were absorbed and carried forward.

Under severe fire from a sheltered enemy,—the very force which General Wright had faced at the other end of the line,—the assailants crossed an open ploughed space, nearly a mile in width, and stormed the outer rifle pits, capturing six hundred men. At the second line they were held in check, but they held fast the ground they had gained and bivouacked at night close to the enemy. Their loss was two thousand. The brigade of which the Thirteenth was a part, lost its commander and more men than any other brigade. The regiment was led by Captain Chauncey. Thursday and Thursday night, under heavy firing and continued skirmishing, Wright and Smith held their ground; Hancock marched

to the left of Wright, Warren stretched his left to Smith's right, and Burnside massed his corps on the right and rear of Warren. Burnside and Warren lost heavily.

Friday was the great battle of Cold Harbor. The day opened at half past four, when the Army of the Potomac, six miles in length from wing to wing, marched in fire and smoke, through woodland, swamp and field, up the heights and into the woods where lay the Confederate army behind intrenchments no human power could storm. In twenty minutes the gallant host was tossed back, either to its original line, or to points but a short distance in advance, leaving ten thousand men stretched in death or in pain on the abandoned ground.

No second assault was made; but all day long, cannonading, skirmishing and sharpshooting continued. On either side, the head which looked over the intrenchments, looked its last. Wilson's cavalry, on our right, near Salem Church, met Hampton's cavalry in a severe and equal struggle. Chapman's brigade fought Gordon's brigade, which was behind breastworks thrown up by infantry, and in spite of the advantage which shelter gave the enemy, gained the position. Both commands fought dismounted. Our total loss at and around Cold Harbor was thirteen thousand one hundred and fifty-three.

Sharp-shooting and skirmishing during the following days and nights were exceedingly lively. Night assaults on the part of the Rebels, who were tempted by the moments' run from line to line, were not infrequent, but they were almost invariably unsuccessful. The army continued its flank movement, manœuvring and marching cautiously in brigades, and by Wednesday rested its left on the Chickahominy, near Sumner's and Bottom's bridges.

Grant traversed with hasty and bloody steps the ground on which M'Clellan, two years before, so long found a feverish repose. Not a fifth of the men who, in the peninsula campaign, saw from Fair Oaks the spires of Richmond, were now in the ranks. Expiration of terms of enlistment robbed the army of most of its remaining veterans. Our Fourteenth fought its last battle at Cold Harbor. General Hancock, in parting, said that the members of the Fourteenth "had

done their whole duty, and that they went away with their banner crowned with honor, and their names and fame everlasting." General Gibbon and General Smith addressed to the regiment the following notes:

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION, SECOND CORPS,
June 6, 1864.

"CAPTAIN:—In transmitting to you the order for the discharge of your regiment from the expiration of term of service, I take great pride and pleasure in testifying my high appreciation of its valor and efficiency, especially in the battles of this campaign. You can now return to your homes with the proud consciousness of duty, well and faithfully performed, up to the very end of your term of service.

"Respectfully, JOHN GIBBON,
Brigadier General commanding Division.

Captain DONALDSON, commanding Fourteenth Regiment Indiana Volunteers."

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE,
SECOND DIVISION SECOND CORPS,
June 16, 1864.

"The Colonel commanding expresses to the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers, whose term of service has expired, and who are about to leave for their homes, his high appreciation of their gallant services, and he tenders to the officers and men his thanks for the hearty cooperation and assistance given him by them since he has had the honor to command the brigade. The Fourteenth Indiana has won an enviable name, and one that will go down to posterity. In after years, when peace shall once more prevail, you may well be proud to say, "I belonged to the Fourteenth Indiana Volunteers." Although you are about to leave us, you will not be forgotten. The Colonel commanding and the officers and men of the regiments of this brigade, wish you all a happy future.

"By order of THOMAS A. SMITH,
Colonel commanding Brigade.

JOHN G. REED, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General."

One hundred and twenty-four veterans and recruits remained behind in the trenches. They could not restrain a pang as they saw their old comrades entering into rest, while they were still to dig, and march, and watch, and fight, and very likely after all, to die and lie unburied. More than one stout soldier wiped away a furtive tear.

June 7, the homeward-bound, one hundred and thirty-six in number, (there were one thousand and forty-five in the Fourteenth when it left home three years before,) went down the York river, while the martial band on the hurricane deck played "Get out of the Wilderness." The remnant was afterward consolidated with the Twentieth.

The battle of Cold Harbor, though disastrous, threw no permanent, and scarcely a temporary check in the way of the army. The rails from the Chickahominy to the White House were taken up and shipped to the James. Smith's corps was returned to Butler. At dark, on Sunday the twelfth of June, Chapman's brigade moved to Long Bridge, to effect a crossing of the Chickahominy at that point. The bridge was entirely destroyed; the stream is not fordable, and is bordered with heavily timbered swamps; but, with the exertion of skill and strength, a body of dismounted cavalry made the crossing.

A pontoon bridge was laid, and the brigade crossed. It was followed by the remainder of Wilson's division, which then took the road to White Oak Swamp, skirmishing with the Rebel cavalry at the swamp crossing. At Riddle's shop, Chapman attacked, and after a stubborn resistance put to flight, a South Carolina brigade which guarded the road. Later in the day, the enemy returned in large force and put Chapman to flight.

While the cavalry covered its movement, the main army crossed the Chickahominy and marched toward the James.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the army was transferred to the south side of the James, on a pontoon bridge, which, though more than two thousand feet long, and laid above thirteen fathoms of water, was the work of but twelve hours. The troops marched without delay toward Petersburg, to cooperate with General Butler.

While the Army of the Potomac was crossing the Rapidan and entering the Wilderness, the Army of the James left Fortress Monroe, moved up York river and made a feint of approaching Richmond on McClellan's old route, then returned, ascended the James and secured Bermuda Hundreds, the peninsula between the James and the Appomattox. It consisted of forty thousand men, and was under the command of General Butler, who had been joined by Smith's and Gilmore's forces from South Carolina and Florida. Butler lost no time in sending troops toward the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, with the intention of severing the Confederate capital's main southern line of communication, and of following up the blow by the capture of Petersburg, the grand southern outpost in the defences of Richmond. May 7, General Smith with his own corps and a part of Gilmore's, including our Thirteenth, reached the railroad and the enemy, and engaged in skirmishing, which culminated on the tenth. The Thirteenth, in two detachments, one under Colonel Dobbs, resting on the railroad, the other under Major Burton, on Smith's right flank, was prominently engaged. It captured thirty-seven men, and Burton's detachment, in a hand to hand conflict, recaptured two pieces of artillery. Smith's troops pressed southward as far as Swift creek, three miles from Petersburg, and destroyed several miles of railroad. The engagement, though not a battle, was one of the sharpest fights in which the Thirteenth was ever engaged. Out of less than three hundred men, it lost one hundred and three. Sixteen who were captured, died in Andersonville prison. Among those who fell on the field was Lieutenant Alfred Dawdy, a youth who was joyfully looking forward to a speedy return home. "My wounds are mortal," he said, gave to a comrade his watch and other keepsakes for his friends, and quietly breathed his last. The woods caught fire and consumed his body. Lieutenant Van Antwerp also was mortally wounded.

The Thirteenth was at this time fitted out with new arms, which had been obtained more ingeniously than honestly. During the feint in the direction of the Peninsula, the Ninth Maine, at Gloucester Point, was provided with arms of the

admired Spencer rifle pattern, while the Thirteenth, which was in the same boat, was not relieved of its old guns; nevertheless, at Bermuda Hundreds, each man of the latter regiment landed with a Spencer rifle in his hand, while the other, divided between indignation and admiration for the soldierly skill with which it had been defrauded, shouldered the abandoned firelocks and followed.

Contact with the enemy disclosed the arrival of Beauregard's advance from South Carolina, but the Rebels were still inferior in numbers, and Butler moved on until recalled by a warning from Washington of the approach of Lee, who was described as driven before Grant and flying to the defences of Richmond. Withdrawing to his peninsula, Butler was followed up by Beauregard. Advancing again, not toward the railroad, but in a northerly direction, he pushed Beauregard beyond Proctor's creek. The latter then took up the offensive, and in a series of assaults gained the advantage. Butler, however, was not slow in retorting.

A member of the Thirteenth, writing at midnight, May 20, thus describes the movements of the regiment:

"There has not been a single day since we landed that we have not been either fighting or throwing up earthworks. We slept in our breastworks on our arms last night. The Rebels chased our pickets three times in force in the night, and every time we rallied, expecting them to charge the breastworks. The day before, we skirmished all day, and the night before that we stood picket all night, with orders not to close our eyes. To-day we have been fighting hard all day. In the morning, our regiment of two hundred men was ordered to charge bayonets on a line of breastworks, from which, not two hours before, eight hundred of our men had been driven. We charged, with fixed bayonets, at the double quick, nearly half a mile, under a raking fire of a whole brigade of the enemy. I looked over the ground this evening, and it is fairly strewn with the dead."

In the end Beauregard drew a line of works across the peninsula in front of Butler, and the latter complained that he was "bottled up." He was not bottled tight, as the last of May he sent Smith's corps and a part of Gilmore's corps,

by the unobstructed river, to reinforce the Army of the Potomac.

The movement toward Richmond from the north-west, begun by Sigel, occupied a much shorter period than the advance of Meade from the north, and of Butler from the south-east. In consequence of a disastrous defeat sustained in the Shenandoah valley early in the history of the expedition, Sigel was susperseded by Hunter, who marched on victoriously as far as Lynchburg, but there was obliged to acknowledge himself outdone. He was brought to an abrupt halt by a great access to the force which had, during several days, fled before him. He was a brave man, but he was nearly out of food, and he forthwith determined to retreat. Deterred, however, from retracing his steps in the Shenandoah by the passes in the Blue Ridge, which were open gates to the enemy, he proceeded along the southern and western boundary lines of West Virginia, a rugged and circuitous route which entailed extreme hardship, and which, during an eventful time, held him as far and as entirely from service as the capture or destruction of his army would have done.

Opportunity to make the customary summer raid, rendered unusually desirable by Grant's relentless progress, was thus unexpectedly afforded to the enemy. Lee promptly reinforced Early, who was in command in Lynchburg, and Early as promptly marched over the mountains, and down the unobstructed valley. The country north of the Potomac was ill-prepared to resist an invader, having been swept of troops in order to fill up the constantly occurring vacancies in Meade's army. General Lew. Wallace, in command of the Middle Department, the headquarters of which were in Baltimore, (regarded as an outpost of the Capital,) could summon to the field but a small force, consisting of hundred days' men, who, of course, had never been under fire, foot artillerists and invalids.

The Government, exceedingly alarmed for the safety of Washington, but aware that Lee's main object was to remove Grant from the vicinity of Richmond, applied, with reluctance, to the Lieutenant General for assistance. Grant at

once directed the Nineteenth corps, which had just reached Hampton Roads from the Gulf region, and the Sixth corps, now in front of Petersburg, to proceed to the Capital. Momentous hours, however, must intervene before these veteran reinforcements could be thrown in the enemy's front. The whereabouts of Hunter was unknown; the condition of Sigel, who had been posted in the mouth of the valley, was only surmised; the strength of the invaders and the direction of their march were inscrutable. City and country, from Washington to Pittsburg, bristled with fears.

July 5, rumors reached Wallace in Baltimore that Rebel cavalry was in Middletown valley, and moving eastward. Immediate necessity to confirm or disprove, also to cover the routes to Washington and Baltimore, and to hold the enemy, until the arrival at the Capital of the reinforcements, was absolute. On the western verge of what, at the time, was Wallace's department, flows the Monocacy, a fordable but difficult stream, with a high and broken eastern border, a low and open western bank. To the Monocacy Wallace looked for such help as position gives. Here, with his little force on the eastern bank, covering a space of two and one-half miles, within which the Baltimore and the Washington high-roads, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, cross the stream, respectively on stone, wooden and iron bridges, he would hold the enemy in check. If flanked on his right he could, by rapid marching, retreat along the Washington road; if flanked on his left, the Baltimore road was open to him. Accordingly, on the evening of the sixth, General Wallace concentrated his available troops on the river, making a force of scant two thousand five hundred men of all arms. At daybreak of the seventh he sent his cavalry, four hundred horsemen in all, reconnoitring over the Catoctin mountains. They drove Rebel scouts from the pass, and gained Middletown, but were driven back by a thousand Rebel horsemen. Reinforced at Frederick by six hundred infantry, which Wallace sent forward from the river, three miles distant, they repulsed their pursuers. During the night Wallace forwarded the whole of his original force, and ordering the veterans, who were now arriving, to remain on the river, he followed

to Frederick. The contradictory character of rumors, assigning to the enemy any number from one thousand to thirty thousand, determined him, by a personal reconnoissance, to brush aside the curtain which seemed to overhang the mountains. But a telegram from Sigel, stating that a column which had pursued the latter and besieged him on Maryland Heights had retired, and was marching toward Boonsboro, induced him to relinquish the intention of proceeding to the mountains, and the events of the day convinced him that the road to Washington and consequently his lines of retreat were seriously threatened. Accordingly he withdrew during the night to his original line on the Monocacy, determined to fight there the necessary battle. He divided his forces, now augmented to somewhat more than three thousand by the arrival of Ricketts with a portion of the advanced division of the Sixth corps, between Tyler and Ricketts. He formed his left wing, Ricketts' command, in two lines across the Washington road, in rear of the wooden bridge, the western end of which was protected by a blockhouse and skirmishers. Subdividing the forces which constituted his right, under Tyler, he placed one portion on the railroad, one on the Baltimore road at the stone bridge, and one at the ford, half way between the railroad bridge and the stone bridge. He posted his cavalry at fords a mile or two below Ricketts. His only battery, composed of six small guns, he divided equally between his right and left.

At an early hour on the ninth, the Rebels, with sixteen Napoleon guns, marched out of Frederick. They passed through the fields just out of range of Wallace's guns, and without attempting to drive in his skirmishers, separated into two bodies, of which the smaller moved toward the stone bridge, the larger to the fords guarded by the cavalry. The latter forced a passage, and in a strong line, which far overlapped the utmost stretch of Wallace's left wing, marched rapidly toward its flank.

To meet the emergency, Ricketts' front was changed to the left, his right on the river; his artillery force was augmented by the guns from the right; the skirmishers were drawn in, every available man was put into his single line;

and the bridge and the block-house were set on fire. The first charge of the enemy was shortly repulsed, a second charge was also repulsed, but only after a long and fierce struggle. Wallace regarded a third assault with apprehension, nevertheless he held his ground in the hope that the Rebels would not recover sufficiently to advance before the arrival of the remainder of Ricketts' division, which was promised at one o'clock. The enemy, as he anticipated, held off, but the reinforcements held off too. One o'clock—two—three passed, four was approaching, and with it the enemy in two strong lines. Wallace reluctantly withdrew, giving orders to the troops at the stone bridge to maintain the point at every cost until the last man of Ricketts' force had reached the Baltimore turnpike. At five the last man reached the turnpike, and at the same time the last of Tyler's force yielded the bridge, Tyler with his staff escaping only by dashing into the woods on his right.

The reinforcements so anxiously expected on the field, joined Wallace at New Market, whence they covered the retreat, twelve miles.

The loss in the battle of the Monocacy was one thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine, including many stragglers who afterward returned to the lines. Wallace had no ambulances, and depended on railroad trains for the removal of his wounded. Unfortunately, in consequence of the delinquency of an official, the trains were not at hand, and he was compelled to leave the sufferers on the field.

The Rebel loss was heavy, but is unknown, as it was incorrectly reported. Early continued his march, and on the twelfth made his appearance before Washington. The battle had served its purpose in giving the city time to prepare for his reception, and, not venturing an attack, he withdrew. He ensconsced himself in the Shenandoah Valley, whence he rushed out at different periods, in devastating raids. It was in one of his forays that the harmless town of Chambersburg was burned.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JAMES PEPPER PRATT.

"He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent."

—*Longfellow.*

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, May 29, 1864, near Bethesda church, while the left of the army of the Potomac was fighting to obtain position on the Mechanicsville road, fell Lieutenant Pratt, shot through the heart by a bullet. So sharply was cut the thread of his life. A few college effusions, a few letters, a brief record of duties performed and the memory of his presence are all that remain of one so instinct with spirit, so resolute and strong, that honor, and room for happy achievement seemed of right his.

James Pratt was born in Logansport, October 9, 1841. His boyhood was playful, dutiful and loving. It was the soil of which heroism was the native growth. He was two years in Wabash college and two years in Yale, where he graduated in the summer of '61.

From his early years his reading was comprehensive and was well directed. Consequently his taste was fine, and his opinion of literary men and works was fair and discriminating. In the Yale magazine for February, 1861, is an article from his pen, entitled, "Between the Cradle and the Coffin," and having reference to Goethe. It modestly disclaims any attempt at criticism, yet shows appreciation of that magnificent and bewildering character,—an appreciation which is singular in a youth of nineteen. "A mind like ours," says the

young thinker, "strove to know the mystery, whose great, shadowy arms embrace all. It was ignorance in combat with Omniscience; Impotence in contest with Omnipotence. A weak, withering leaf would stay the mighty, rushing wind, and ask its height and breadth, or whence it came and whither it went."

There is not space here for extracts, though a father might well be content that his "son's literary promise should rest upon the noble thoughts in this composition."

Young Pratt commenced the study of law, but after less than two months in his father's office, he put away his books and entered the army, enlisting for three years in the Nineteenth Regiment of Regulars. He served in all, two years and nearly eight months,—four months as private in Indianapolis, nine months as recruiting officer in New York, four months at Fort Independence, Boston, and fourteen months in the Army of the Potomac. His healthful spirit found amusement and interest in a private's life, but was impatient of the duties of the recruiting service; and he obeyed with alacrity a summons to the field, received in March, 1863. From this time to the end, with one little exception of a visit to his home, he knew only the camp, the march, the picket line and the battle-field,—an arduous life, but larger than they ever know who live in inglorious ease. It forced the nature, which had hithertoo been but promise, into fruit, without robbing it of bloom. The young Lieutenant became the daring soldier and the considerate officer, but he remained the affectionate child, pleased with his father s praise and fondly dwelling on the thought of home; he plodded patiently through petty duties, yet he set the breezes and the waters of Virginia and the clash of battle to the poet's thoughts. Many stolid years were not worth this keen and vivid life of little more than one year.

Pratt went to the field in command of Company C, Second battalion, Eleventh infantry, Meade's corps, and remained in command of his company. April 28, before the battle of Chancellorsville, he writes to his father: "If this should, in the fortune of war, be my last letter, let the way my career ended be an excuse for my many shortcomings."

Not long after the battle he writes: "I have to thank you earnestly for the unusually kind tone of your late letters, and for your commendation, which, coming from your pen, I value as it reads." Certainly commendation was seldom more deserved.

He writes to his sister: "I have been so long from my real home that I sometimes forget it as such, and get to thinking of the pleasant boyhood days spent there—all the cheerful and sad memories connected with its cozy sitting room, and especially the corner on the right of the fire-place, with its work-stand, and little black rocking-chair with a funny crunch—and the times I have knelt before the same little chair and its sainted occupant, and said prayers that must have been heard for the sake of the altar,—as the pleasant picture of some author, and not as my experience. This life, somehow, so tends to render everything past as far removed."

In the long march to Gettysburg, through oppressive heat and suffocating dust, and part of the time with bare and blistered feet, he carried himself so cheerfully that he was the pride and delight of his company. The smile in his gray eye lighted up not only his own sunburnt face; it was reflected in the countenances of his men. On the field he drew pencil lines round "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in a little volume of Tennyson, which he carried in his pocket, marking especially:

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

What it means "to do and die" perhaps no man knows but him who learns it in the agony of conflict. On the margin of the same poem he wrote:

"Field of Gettysburg,
July 3, 1863.

"Second brigade of Regulars, nine hundred and fifty strong, charged the enemy July 2, 1863, and came back three hundred and nineteen strong. My company, four officers and fifty-seven men, came back from the charge with twenty-two men and one officer—myself."

After crossing the Potomac on the return march toward the Rappahannock, he wrote to his father: "Just as we were leaving the Berlin camp yesterday, I received your letters. The mud was forgotten, and the swooping rain, while I read them.

"I enjoy campaigning life as much as ever. Of course there are gloomy times,—after the battle, and marching in a broiling sun, sometimes with a perpetual diarrhoea, making every step a pain, but the excitement and romance of the thing, the pleasurable feeling that you are thought of, and as a history-maker are of some importance in the eyes of your friends and your country, are more than compensations. To be nerved and cheered in trying times by words of commendation and incentive, as I am by you, I assure you, is the best tonic for low spirits and blistered feet.

"I am sitting by the roadside with the regiment, waiting for the trains to pass. Do you remember the picture of 'Virginia in 1863,' in *Harper's Weekly*, lately? It must have been conceived on this very spot. The woods and mountains are noble, and the distant scenery is magnificent. War cannot affect it. But close by is a solitary chimney and a heap of stones, the only remnants of a home. The fences are torn down, out-houses burnt, and soaring in the air is a crew of buzzards, rendering the whole scene mournfully desolate."

During the winter, while guarding with his regiment the Orange and Alexandria railroad, Pratt was promoted to the adjutancy.

In May, 1864, on his last march, he snatched every opportunity to assure his father, his sister and little brother of his safety. His last words were written May 24, after crossing the North Anna, "Good bye, and God bless you all." In the face of death the soul swells and yearns toward the living beloved with a mighty power and longing.

Long before the sun had set on the twenty-ninth of May, his sun had gone down. He was carried back four miles, and, wrapped in his blanket, was buried under a lonely locust tree. There he lay unmoved by the thunders of Cold Harbor. There he lay two months later, when fifty of his class-

mates held at Yale the triennial meeting of the class of '61, and remembered the absent in foreign lands, in distant States, sailing on the sea, in camps, in trenches, in hospitals, in prisons, and in silent graves. The last regular toast of the evening: "The Memory of our Dead," was drunk in silence. Their dead had all fallen in the war. The last was Pratt. "We see him," said one responding to the toast, "on the afternoon of that fateful twenty-ninth of May, for one supreme, shining moment,—a gallant figure,—full of the calm valor of conscious heroism;—his eyes flashing, his face inspired with a fierce glory caught from the storm of battle,—and the next he has fallen, dead, but triumphant."

The class marched over to the college library, there formed about an ivy it had planted three years before, and sang a song he had written for Presentation day. It begins:

> "Sadly we say good-bye, mother!
> Sadly and gladly, too;
> With a laugh and with a sigh, mother,
> We say farewell to you."

In November, 1865, his remains were taken from their Virginia resting-place. "Home we took him," writes Captain Wright, an officer of the same regiment, and a native also of the same town, "first to his soldier's home—his regiment,—to those men who had seen his heart, brave and true, by the blare of a thousand cannon, and had known his fine, genial nature by the light of a hundred camp-fires. All day long, as we traveled back through woods, and hills, and valleys, the thought came of the long hours in winter quarters, where his bright humor never failed us—of dreary marches through Virginia—of nights we have slept under the drenching rain—of days of hunger—days of battle, when his courage never faltered.

"On reaching the regiment, every honor was shown him that a soldier's love and pride could dictate. The next afternoon the coffin, wrapped in the old flag, was placed on a caisson, drawn by six white horses, preceded by the escort and band. With muffled drum the march into Richmond was made with all that was left of poor Pratt. Often the anticipation of this march had fired his soul, yet he must die

with the campaign unfinished, the cause unwon! The triumph and glory fall cold and unheeded on his coffin.

"We left him at sunset on the way to our old quiet home, where, with our brave young friend, (Captain Palmer Dunn,) he will sleep undisturbed near those they loved so well."

On the twelfth he was buried in Logansport, beside the noble and tender mother, who had lain in her grave two years, unconscious of her son's heroic career. The Rev. Mr. Post praised his brave and beautiful character, awarding him the meed of an illustrious life, though his days were few, and his end was in the wild, dark turmoil of bloody strife.

A beautiful military monument, with suitable devices and inscriptions of the battles in which he participated, has been erected over his grave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT DAVIS, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HUNTER'S RETREAT INTO WEST VIRGINIA.

While, on the sixth of May, the Wilderness was full of struggling combatants, the Indiana Seventh was retreating before a closely pursuing force, and its wounded were crying not to be deserted, Lieutenant Davis, of Company F, heard his own name uttered in a tone of entreaty. Looking round, he saw Charles Shephard on the ground, his left thigh broken. He ran to the wounded man, lifted him on a gum blanket, and with three others, who came to his assistance, endeavored to carry the burden to a place of safety. But a few steps had been taken when Davis was struck in the fleshy part of the right thigh by a musket ball. In an instant he was on the ground, the three other bearers were gone, and the Rebel line was passing over him. He grew blind with loss of blood, but exerted himself to check the flow by tying his handkerchief tight round the wound. The enemy swept back over him, and he lay three hours between the opposing lines, under a heavy musketry fire. A bullet struck his left thigh, a spent ball struck his hip, and a ball passed through his haversack within an inch of his face, but he was not sufficiently frightened nor hurt to lose consciousness. He made one attempt to crawl to the Union line, but both legs were numb, and he was so weak that he could drag himself not more than ten feet.

In the afternoon, the Union troops being out of sight, and three Rebel lines having swept over, for a time the fallen had possession of the field. Suddenly, to the horror of the living, fire was seen creeping over the ground, fed by dry leaves, which were thick. All who could move tried to get beyond the plank road, which the fire could not cross. Some were

overtaken by the flames when they had crawled but a few feet, and some when they had almost reached the road. The ground, which had been strown with dead and wounded, was, in a few hours, blackened and ashy, with no distinguishable figure upon it. The young Lieutenant, on the safe side of the road, witnessed the horrible spectacle, alike unable to shut it out, or to give assistance.

A band of plunderers searched the wounded and stripped the dead who escaped the fire. Later a detail of Rebel soldiers bestowed humane attentions where they were needed, although some of these visitants were a little troublesome in their anxiety for trophies, one carrying off Davis' hat to "remember him by."

On the seventh Davis and Shephard were taken two miles to a field hospital in the woods. They were laid on blankets on the ground, and left without shelter. On the twelfth it rained nearly all night, and the next day Shephard died. He had borne his sufferings, which were increased by a second wound, received after the battle, with great patience, thinking he would recover, until the day before he died; but he was resigned to death.

The first of June Davis, with nineteen others, was taken to a convalescent hospital, a mile from Lynchburg. On the ninth, alarmed by a report that, on account of the approach of General Hunter, they were to be sent to Americus, Georgia, where prisoners died at the rate of a hundred a day, Davis and Sergeant Griffin, of a Pennsylvania regiment, determined to escape. Davis was scarcely able to walk, even with the assistance of crutches, and Griffin was also very lame from a wound in his left hip. It was not likely that two such candidates for liberty would meet with success, but the race is not always to the swift.

Davis may tell the remainder of the story:

"*June* 10. Philander Chick, a prisoner from Maine, will help us get out. He is wounded in the liver, and whatever he drinks is afterwards caught in a sponge as it runs from his wound. Chick is to occupy the attention of one of the guards in the early part of the night, thus giving us our chance. I put my rations and other things in my haversack,

put on my socks and boots, and folded my blanket, dressed my wounds, tied a bandage round my body, then fastened strips to that and to the bandage on my wound, to keep them from working down.

"*Eleventh.* At half past ten last night, Chick took the guard away from the front of the tent, and Griffin and I walked out. We met with no difficulty. At daybreak we came to an opening near the railroad, and were obliged to hide ourselves in a ravine until dark.

"*Twelfth.* Started at dark last night, but were not able to cross the railroad unobserved until eleven. At five we kindled a fire in a deep hollow, in a dense wood, and made some tea from a little I had kept since I was captured, and ate all the food we had brought with us.

"Griffin has a quart cup, but we have no knife. For supper we steeped the tea leaves of this morning's tea, and after we started found some strawberries.

"*Thirteenth.* We traveled nearly two miles on a public road last night, without meeting any one. Near a farm house I tried to milk some cows, but they kicked furiously. We made some tea for breakfast, although we had no bread.

"We climbed a hill by hard work and asked at a house for something to eat. A woman who opened the door surveyed us from head to foot,—then asked what company we belonged to. I replied, "General Grant's." She stared at us, then drew back as if intending to shut the door, but stopped to ask what we were doing there. We told her all the truth, and again asked for something to eat. She said, "You know that I ought not to let you have anything, but my son was a prisoner in the North, and was well treated by soldiers and citizens, so I'll do the best I can for you." Our meal was soon ready. We asked the old lady to bake us some bread for the next day, but she refused on account of the price of flour, which she said was five hundred dollars a barrel. She had no coffee nor sugar, and only a few pounds of salt. She had not seen green tea for two years. She allowed us to take five biscuits and some milk. We paid two Confederate dollars.

"We walked on in the woods until noon, when we hid in

a laurel thicket. Crows came into the trees near us and cawed so noisily that we were afraid they would betay us. Yesterday and the day before they did the same thing. It is the habit of the crow to make a great noise over any strange object near his nest.

"At sundown we started, but we came to a public road which we did not dare to cross until dark. Meantime we visited an onion patch and took several dozen onions.

"*Fourteenth.* Were up at four looking for a way out of the laurel. At sun up we emerged and found ourselves again at a farm house with a public road at the farther side. Three days and four nights were now gone and only fourteen miles passed over. We crossed over ridges and hollows which became higher and deeper until the hills were mountains. From a slave, at work in a field, we learned that all able-bodied men had been conscripted. After passing over a mountain, we came to a hill-side farm, which consisted of two fields of grain, a small meadow, and a thrifty young apple orchard, with a neat log cabin and small out-buildings near. The whole was enclosed by lofty mountains, through which there was but one outlet, and formed a beautiful picture. Seeing no men about, we resolved to ask for dinner. The woman who met us at the door seemed frightened, and was very pale. She at first said she had nothing for us, but after we told her who we were, she offered to bake us some bread and set us some dinner. We rested in the house while she went into the kitchen. The puncheon floor and clapboard loft, white-washed walls, home-made furniture, and gun rack over the door, reminded me of descriptions I had read of a mountaineer's cabin. Everything was neat. While we were eating, Mrs. Glass, our hostess, told us that her husband was loyal, that he had kept out of the army until two weeks before, when he was taken away by a squad of soldiers to guard bridges. She said there were only a few white men in the country, but enough to make it dangerous for escaped prisoners. She looked forward anxiously to the time when the blue coats would occupy Bedford county. She would stay at home and give what information she could. She hoped Lincoln's proclamation would free every slave in the

South, that he would be re-elected and that Southern leaders would be treated as traitors should be. She did not know what would become of her growing crops, nor did she know where the next pound of flour and the next side of bacon were to come from, nor how her five little children and herself were to be clothed, but she insisted on our taking with us all that was left on the table, with six loaves of bread which she baked for us while we were there. She refused to take pay, saying that her husband had told her never to turn off a Union soldier, nor charge him for what he ate, and that she was glad to be able to do something for her country. As we had no knife, she gave us one from her table. Feeling that we were taking from the truly loyal, who would themselves soon be in need, we left seven dollars on the table.

"Our route is rugged and circuitous, on account of laurel thickets which are impassable.

"*Fifteenth.* We woke at four and started on our journey, rejoicing that the world went as well with us as it did. We are not at all disheartened, although our wounds are very sore, my ankles are both sprained, one hand is blistered, and we are weak and obliged to rest often.

"At ten we came to a large opening, with several houses in view; we could find no way to flank them and were obliged to cross the fields, and pursue the open road for a half mile before we could reach a wood. A citizen met us and questioned us so closely that our fears were excited; and when we saw him a short time afterward in company with another man, and each carrying a gun, we crept into some thick ivy bushes, and cutting some of them out of the way, spread a blanket and lay down to await events. Several men armed with rifles passed near us repeatedly, noticing and talking over our tracks, and at last one pushed the bushes aside and looked in. I saw every feature of his face, and might have told the color of his eye. I stopped breathing, and had it been possible, would have stopped my heart, lest he should hear its thump, thump. But he turned and went away as if he did not see us.

"*Sixteenth.* We still wandered on our weary way, climbing up, up, up hills that seemed to have no top, then going down, down, down hills that seemed to have no bottom, all the time clinging to bushes and rocks to keep from falling a hundred feet or more. Sometimes we slipped to the hips among loose stones. Griffin has sprained both wrists falling.

"At last we came to a house in a hollow, the first we had seen since yesterday evening. It looked poverty-stricken, and the occupants said they had not a dust of meal or flour, had no meat and would starve soon. Further down the valley, an old man, hoeing corn, recognized us as Yankees, smiled and said that he always told the old woman the Yankees would come some day. Dropping his hoe when he heard our story, he invited us into his house and said he had but little, but we should have a part of that. He called his daughter, who was also at work in the field, to come and see the Yankees and get them some dinner. His house was a very old log cabin, with a fire-place about eight feet wide. The old woman was 'up in the loft,' but came down. The old people believed that the Yankees were coming with their families to settle and 'Yankeeize' (civilize) Virginia. Thinking that if 'ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' I did not tell them that a Yankee would not live in such a place.

"*Eighteenth.* Started at half past four, walked nearly five miles, trying at every house to get breakfast, and got only two small biscuits and one small piece of corn bread. Stopped at several houses for dinner before we found one where there was anything, and here there was only a chicken which a woman had killed for her children. She insisted that we should take it all. We ate some, but we could not think of taking the last bite from her innocent ones. She is strong Union, and considers slavery the cause of the war. We gave her a five dollar greenback.

"Near the village of New London, we were halted by a man in gray, who, with a musket pointed at us, ordered us to surrender. Having no arms, we did as we were bid, and our captor led us into an old shop, where, taking out a heavy revolver, he ordered us to deliver our money and the other valuables we possessed. We again did as ordered. Leaving

seven cents (Southerners are above using cents) in my purse, he handed it to me again, keeping a five dollar bill, which was all I had.

"In the evening, we met Hunter's pontoon train, and were taken up by an ambulance. The army is retreating, and we hear heavy firing.

"*Nineteenth.* Went early this morning to General Sullivan, now commanding the First division of the Army of the Shenandoah. He welcomed us, gave me an order for transportation in the division train, also an order for two days' rations for each of us. The army is short of ammunition and rations. Growing crops serve for pasture, cavalry scour and forage through the country, several miles on each side of the road.

"*Twenty-first.* At daybreak we reached Salem, sixty miles from Lynchburg. There must be nearly a thousand negroes following, male and female, old and young, all aiming to get their liberty. Will earn it by hardship and starvation, but let them, it's their choice. A great many refugees follow the army.

"A dash was made this morning by about two hundred Rebels, on our train. The carriages of six pieces of artillery were destroyed, and the horses captured. We crossed Fort Lewis and Catawba Mountains, on the road to New Castle. The first was blockaded by fallen timber. The wagons are heavily laden with sick, wounded and worn-out. All who could had to walk up the mountain. The team drawing the omnibus gave out before reaching the top of the Catawba mountain. I received permission to ride in an ammunition wagon. We went into camp on Catawba creek. There again dressed my wounds, which are no better than when I left Lynchburg.

"*Twenty-second.* The train and head of column started out early this morning in a north-west direction, found the road blockaded by falling timber. We came back to a road leading north; it is so stony I cannot ride with any ease. I walked about five miles up North Mountain, from the top of which the road follows down Gap branch, a small, rapid

and crooked stream, to Craig's creek, which it crosses three times, thence over Craig Mountains to New Castle, where we arrived at eight in the evening. The valley, at the widest place, is not five miles wide. I am with some of the boys of the First West Virginia regiment, with which we were brigaded during the spring and summer of 1862. They treat me like a brother, sharing their scanty rations with me.

"*Twenty-fifth.* Our rations are about gone. I had trouble to find among all my friends enough for my breakfast and dinner. Since leaving Lynchburg, the army has had no rations, except what was gathered from the country. Since leaving Salem, there has been nothing in the country, and about four hundred horses and mules have been shot. Two hundred horses and mules were left by the train on Middle Mountain, to be shot by the vanguard, and twenty-five wagons to be burned.

"Men, from fatigue and hunger, begin to drop out of ranks, and lie down at the side of the road. If not taken and put into wagons, they would die there. Many are without shoes, and stain the sharp stones and the roads over which they drag themselves, with their blood. I sometimes think it is a little doubtful about getting out of the mountains. Left White Sulphur Springs this afternoon, and moved on.

"*Twenty-sixth.* We went into park at two, and slept till sunrise. For breakfast, had coffee and bread, not enough to keep soul and body together long, but more than thousands have who are walking. There is no grass for the mules.

"*Twenty-seventh.* Started at daylight, and crossed Big Sewell Mountain. My wounds are improving, so that I now walk up all the mountain slopes. The mules and horses are so poor they can scarcely get along at all. Men have nothing to eat. Some gnaw birch bark as they walk along, some make mush of wheat-bran while resting, some boil wheat. Three men are said to have died of hunger yesterday; their last words were a cry for bread. I think hundreds creep in the bushes and perish from fatigue and hunger. The wagons are all loaded with played-out, sick and wounded.

"At seven in the morning the supply train came in from Loop creek, on the Kanawha, guarded by details from the One Hundred and Sixty-Seventh Regiment Ohio National Guards. There is not a full day's ration for the men, who seem desperate. Some threaten to rally on the commissary, but are kept back by the guards, who give all their bread to the starved ones, and go away hungry. At dusk, the cavalry passed to the front; nearly half are dismounted, and the horses of the others are skeletons.

"*Twenty-eighth.* The train pulled out at five. The roads are very muddy, but more level. At ten in the morning parked for an hour. We passed Sullivan's division at noon, in camp near a supply train. We supposed we would stop soon and get some rations, but we did not. At two in the afternoon we came to some crackers in a field, guarded by one man. The men went out and broke open the boxes, and took what they wanted. A whole box was brought to the wagon in which I was riding. We filled haversacks and pockets, and set it out for others. I ate crackers until I had cholera morbus. We passed Lover's Leap and Hawk's Nest, both nearly a thousand feet perpendicularly above the river.

"*Twenty-ninth.* We ferried over the Gauley, and went into camp. I went in a wagon to Loop Creek Landing, to Hunter's headquarters.

"*Thirtieth.* Took breakfast with the staff. Hunter is sick in an ambulance. The roads are good, and we went fifteen miles to Camp Pratt.

"*July* 1. The train started last night at dark. At Charleston I obtained an order for transportation to hospital in Indianapolis, for treatment. I arrived at Gallipolis in the evening.

"*Second.* Left Gallipolis last night, in an ambulance, for Portland, where I took railroad for Cincinnati. My clothing is so soiled and threadbare, not having had a change since the first of May, that I am ashamed to be seen. The passengers took dinner at Chillicothe. Having but seven cents, I did not get out. A gentleman who left his carpet bag in my care brought me my dinner. Yesterday on the

boat a wounded Captain of Ohio cavalry paid for my dinner and supper. Thus, since leaving Lynchburg, June 19, I have met a friend at every time of need.

Third. Arrived in Indianapolis and stayed all day in Soldiers' Home. I am so poorly dressed that I am ashamed to be seen on the streets.

"*Fourth.* I reported at the City Hospital, and received permission to go home—where I arrived at dusk. I was not expected. After the battle of the Wilderness, they supposed me killed, until they received my letter of May 19. Had I been at home, or inside the Federal lines, money would not have tempted me to walk five miles. Nothing could have induced me but the intolerable thieves and fear of death from starvation and mistreatment.

"WILLIAM DAVIS,
Second Lieutenant, Company F, Seventh Regiment."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On General Smith's return to Bermuda Hundreds from the Chickahominy, he was hurried against Petersburg, toward which the van of Lee's army was already marching. Petersburg, twenty-two miles south of Richmond, was a railroad centre, commanding all the lines of supply for an army covering the Capital, nevertheless it was defended by but a meagre force in the forenoon of June 15, when Smith approached, and though he deferred assault until near sundown, was still so ill-manned as to be unable to hold its main north-east defences, with which it lost three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns. Smith was reinforced by Hancock, but he contented himself with relieving his own troops by posting Birney's division in the captured trenches. Before morning, by the arrival of Lee's advance, the fall of Petersburg, but now so imminent, was indefinitely postponed.

During the sixteenth the hosts of both Lee and Grant came up, and once more made ready for a death grapple. It was the fifth time since the advance from Culpepper that Lee's army had thrown itself across the path of the Army of the Potomac. Four times it had been dislodged, not once conquered, and in this new position of unequalled strength it was as haughty and defiant as ever. A battle-night followed, beginning at dusk and ending at dawn. It was a death grapple to many hundred men, but the two armies outlived it. Birney and Burnside stormed the out-works in their front, but other commanders made no progress. On the night of the seventeenth the enemy retook from Burnside all his hard-won gains. On the morning of the eighteenth Grant's army moved forward to a general assault, but finding that the enemy had withdrawn to a new and stronger

line, it delayed until afternoon, when it was repulsed with heavy loss.

The wounded were taken to City Point, where the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and the State Military Agencies had just selected a location for the post hospital. Not a single article of sanitary stores had been unloaded when, at sundown, seven hundred wounded were lifted out of ambulances and laid on the ground; yet by eleven o'clock the boats were unloaded, tents were up, beds were in the tents, and the wounded were laid on the beds. Mrs. New, who had followed her husband, the surgeon of the Seventh, from the beginning, always finding employment for her ready and skillful hands in the hospitals, was now at City Point. She went to her tent, about eleven, to change her dress, as she had lifted the wounded until it was covered with blood. A German woman, one of Miss Dix's nurses, followed her to say that a wounded man in a distant tent had addressed her as Mrs. New, and had been disappointed on discovering his mistake. Mrs. New set out at once to visit the man. He was in a tent with twenty, and was one of seven, who had each lost a leg. His face was so white and his voice was so weak that she scarcely recognized him as Gillett Stevenson, of the Seventh. He had lost a great quantity of blood both before and during the amputation, (cases requiring immediate amputation were usually attended to on the field, and his was one of that class,) but he had kept up his courage until he was within two miles of City Point. He then grew so weak that he thought he must die. "I certainly shall die," he added, "if you can't get me something to eat." "My poor friend," said Mrs. New, "I don't believe I have a crumb." She found, however, two slices of bread and a pickle, and two bottles of wine, and with this small store she refreshed Mr. Stevenson and his six fellow sufferers.

It was not long before caldrons were put up all over the ground, and fires were kindled. The most exhausted received soup before light, and by morning an ample breakfast was ready for all. The next day the city of tents was put in order, the space being enlarged, streets laid out and bowers made; the rough wheat-field was made smooth and hard, and

was swept as clean as a floor. The magic of love never performed such wonders as in the rear of our advancing army. Every luxury which could be desired was provided. The nurses and surgeons, and the commissions and State agencies were indefatigable. As far as was within human power their labors were commensurate with the requirements of the summer.

The Thirteenth Indiana, having fought until the last day of its term of service, turned its face homeward on the nineteenth, leaving behind a battalion of three companies of veterans and volunteers, under the command of Captain Zent, who, from the soldier, distinguished in West Virginia for shrewdness and daring as a scout, had become an officer of unusual ability.

In the latter part of June the Nineteenth and Twentieth ended their terms of service. Three hundred of the Nineteenth remained. The battalions of the Fourteenth and Twentieth were consolidated. By the middle of summer not a thousand Indianians remained in the army.

Hope of storming the front of Petersburg was for a long time relinquished, and the Fifth and Ninth corps intrenched themselves within three hundred yards of the Rebel fortifications, while the Second and Sixth corps undertook to turn the enemy's right, and to sever his southern railroad communications. They moved slowly and disconnectedly, in dust and heat, through a difficult country, and directly under the eye of General A. P. Hill, who, at an unfortunate moment, outflanked the Second corps, forcing Mott's, (formerly Birney's,) division to retreat with loss, and capturing several whole regiments of Gibbon's division. The Weldon railroad, however, was reached on the twenty-third of June, and operations for its destruction were commenced. They were only commenced. Hill again made a successful attack, and established his force strongly on the disputed road.

A cavalry expedition, which started out at the same time, June 22, went further and fared worse. It was under the command of Wilson, and consisted of Wilson's and Kautz's divisions. Marching by way of Ream's Station and Dinwiddie Court House, the advance met with no opposition,

while the rear, Chapman's brigade, was compelled to take up one position after another along the route of march, in order to repel the enemy, who kept up a close pursuit from Ream's Station until night. The command resumed the march an hour before light the next day, proceeding westward. Kautz's division, in advance, moving rapidly, Wilson's division tearing up the south side railroad track. About one in the afternoon, near Nottoway Court House, Chapman was attacked by W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry, part of which had pursued him the day before. A severe action followed, maintained chiefly by dismounted men, on account of the wooded character of the country. Lee was bent on dislodging Chapman from the railroad, and continued the struggle until night, but he failed, and was crippled to such an extent that he gave little trouble afterward. Chapman's brigade remained in line of battle all night. The next day it followed the route of march to the Danville railroad, where the two divisions formed a junction. Proceeding southward, the command destroyed the track and bridges as far as Keysville, where at night it bivouacked.

On the twenty-fifth, still destroying the track, the force proceeded to Staunton river, the bridge over which Kautz endeavored to destroy, while Chapman, in the rear, engaged Lee's cavalry, which was again in pursuit. The bridge was well defended, and Kautz was unsuccessful. At two the next morning the raiding column began its return march. The weather continued dry and extremely hot, the roads were dusty, and the long marches, which it was necessary to make day by day, were exhausting to men and horses. Late in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth the force found the enemy, Hampton's cavalry division and about a thousand infantry, across the line of march, strongly posted, and covered by a dense forest. Wilson endeavored to push his way through, fighting until long after dark, but though not driven back, he was unable to advance. The engagement took place about two miles from the crossing of the Weldon railroad over Stony creek, and in woods which compelled the men to dismount.

Before daylight on the morning of the twenty-ninth, General Wilson decided to cross over to the 'old stage road' with his command, thus flanking on the west, or right, the position held by the enemy on Stony creek, and endeavor to force a crossing of the Weldon railroad at Ream's Station. Chapman was ordered to move a hundred yards in rear of the position held during the night, and to stand until notified that the rest of the command was under way. He took up the new line,and hastily constructed rude breastworks of logs and rails. The line of battle was formed dismounted. Just at daylight the enemy made a heavy attack in front, and on both flanks, and penetrating between the men and the led-horses, compelled an abandonment of the line. The brigade fell back hastily and in disorder, and gained the horses with no little difficulty. Of quite a number who failed to reach their horses, some were captured, and some worked their way on foot into the lines of the Army of the Potomac, after being out several days, and undergoing severe fatigue and privations. About three hundred, together with Colonel Chapman, being cut off from the road by which the main body of the column had moved, were compelled to make a detour of ten or twelve miles, and did not succeed in rejoining the column until they were near Ream's Station, where they found it engaged with a division of Rebel infantry and two divisions of cavalry, and in a very critical position. Only immediate retreat could prevent the capture of the entire force. Accordingly the wagons were burned, the ambulances containing the wounded were abandoned, and though an attempt was made to carry it off, the artillery, too, was finally left behind. Kautz's division struck off into a thick forest and made its way to the Army of the Potomac without much difficulty.

Wilson's division held to the road, and marching all night, recrossed the Nottoway river at the Double Bridges, and passed the Weldon railroad soon after daylight on the thirtieth. It forded the Nottoway about noon and halted on the north bank several hours. At six in the evening, it resumed the march, and at midnight reached the Blackwater. The bridge was destroyed, as were all the bridges on the route,

and the river was not fordable. The troops constructed a bridge, and the entire command crossed to the north side soon after sunrise on the morning of the first of July. Hastening on, it reached Cabin point, where, being at last out of danger, it encamped. The force was exhausted by the march, and had suffered severely in the engagement of the twenty-ninth, but the raid had effected good results, as it had seriously damaged the railroads by which Lee's army received its supplies.

In two weeks which had now elapsed, the only permanent advantage acquired by the army was an extension of the line on both flanks. Hancock had position on the left, not more than three miles east of the Weldon railroad, and Brigadier General Foster, with a brigade of the Fourth corps, which was now under command of General Birney, held an intrenched camp on the extreme right, at Deep Bottom, only ten miles from Richmond, and very near its defences at Howlett's. A pontoon bridge connected Deep Bottom with Butler's stronghold at Bermuda Hundreds. Earthworks on this long line were constructed and armed, with the interruption of frequent skirmishing and several assaults from the enemy.

Efforts to push up the intrenchment lines closer to Petersburg, to connect and strengthen the works, and to erect new works, with picket duty, employed the troops day and night. Whenever working parties went out, especially at night, they were fired on, and a brisk exchange of shots, or, if batteries covered the fatigue parties, a general cannonade sprang up. Butler's and Burnside's corps, which were on the right and right centre, seemed to be especially obnoxious to the enemy's attacks. The summer was exceedingly dry and intensely hot; the earth was parched and the sky was brazen.

Happily the Sanitary Commission came to the relief of the sufferers, as they may well be called, in the trenches, placing tomatoes, cucumbers, onions and other anti-scorbutics, as well as clean clothes, directly in their hands.

July 19, the first thorough rain since the encampment at Spottsylvania, fell. It began early in the morning and continued into the night.

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Jno. S. FOSTER,

PETO MATOREN

Preparatory to a grand assault, which was to occur on the thirtieth of July, Hancock, with the Second corps, marched rapidly to the extreme right, crossed the James at Deep Bottom, and, reinforced by Foster, carried the Rebel outpost, capturing four guns and endeavored to approach Chapin's bluff opposite Fort Darling. Unsuccessful in the last effort, he assumed and held a defensive attitude until Lee had drawn more than half his army to the north of the James, when he secretly withdrew to the lines of Petersburg.

A fort, projecting from the enemy's front toward Burnside's position, had been undermined, and was to be blown up, both as the signal and the opening for the assault. At the set time, before day had yet dawned, a storming column consisting of the Ninth corps, supported by the Eighteenth, with the Second in reserve on its right, and the Fifth on its left, closely massed, awaited the signal, of the nature of which the men were, of course, ignorant. Suddenly the fort, with its sleeping garrison of three hundred men, rose trembling two hundred feet in the air, and hanging a few seconds, fell back in fragments into a yawning chasm, while a sullen cloud of smoke floated off. Artillery opened all along the front on the paralyzed enemy. Burnside's advanced division, with orders to press through the breach and up Cemetery Hill, a commanding crest in its rear, hesitated, and began its march in a tame and spiritless manner. Entering the huge crater, it stopped, horror-struck and benumbed, among the dead and the buried alive. Portions of two other divisions also became confused and entangled in the mine, or escaped from it only to seek shelter behind the breastworks, which the enemy on the right and left had abandoned.

The Twenty-Eighth colored regiment, which was in Thomas' brigade of Ferrero's division, here made itself "the theme of honor's tongue."

About ten o'clock the previous night, Colonel Russell received an order to move his regiment toward the front, and prepare for an attack at break of day. He marched at once quietly and under cover of darkness. About eight o'clock in the morning, after the explosion, and while the earth

quaked under the roar of two hundred cannon, the regiment moved to the covered way, a broad ditch or cut six or eight feet deep, and a mile long. Passing Burnside, the black men heard him exclaim, "Who says that negroes won't fight!" Passing Ferrero, they saw him clasp his hands, and pray God to bless them. They entered the covered way and moved through it slowly. Perhaps if they had now gone faster, they would have come back in less haste, but they moved according to orders, or the want of orders, for somewhere in their transmission orders seemed to meet with a check. At the moment they emerged from the passage, and saw, suddenly and fully revealed, the terrible service required of them, there came floating from a distant band the plaintive notes, as clear as words formed upon lips, "Who will care for mother now!" Musicians never made a greater blunder. But they corrected it instantly, pouring out a valorous, inspiring strain. If their blood ran cold and their hearts fainted within them, the men were far from betraying their weakness. With their officers on foot beside them, they marched to the demolished fort, streamed into the crater, and halted for orders. Under them and around them were mangled men,—legs, arms, heads protruding from the broken earth,—while upon them stormed a concentrated fire of musketry and artillery. There they crouched. No orders came. It was scarcely possible for a staff officer to reach them. Minute by minute, fifteen minutes passed, when a messenger, racing through fire, came with the command to storm Cemetery Hill, a mile in the front. It was too late. Not even Colonel Russell, in whose face and manner was not a trace of agitation, could form line of battle. After five or ten minutes spent in the attempt, the whole force,—white and black, men and officers, generals not the slowest, moved toward the rear. Russell walked deliberately, with his hat in his hand, and a burning spot on the top of his bald head, where a bullet had struck. The flag of the Twenty-Eighth, the only flag which had been borne into the crater was gone, and with it its two bearers, one killed, the right arm of the other shot off. A hole through Secrest's hat, and the battered sheath out of which his sword, unno-

ticed by him, had leaped, told how narrow was his escape. Captain Hackheiser, a noble soldier, was dead, shot through the heart. Three other officers were killed. Seven out of eleven officers were gone, and nearly half the men.

While the troops were still in the mine, a portion of the Eighteenth corps endeavored to gain the breach, but it was baffled; Hancock and Warren also advanced, but were recalled before sufficient time had elapsed to effect an extrication from the death hole.

The Thirteenth was engaged, fought with its usual spirit, and lost heavily. Major Zent, who is said to have been the very last man of his corps to leave the field, saw Clifton, "the bravest man in the regiment," kneeling on one knee on the slope of a breastwork, and firing within. He ordered him to retire, but Clifton found himself compelled to enter the enemy's lines, whence he made his next march to a Southern prison.

Our loss, in killed, wounded and captured, was four thousand four hundred, of whom, all but five hundred and fifty belonged to Burnside's corps. The dead and wounded lay festering on the plain thirty-six hours, before the enemy would allow them to be removed. About two thousand five hundred bodies were buried in the crater. The immense excavation is now nearly closed to the surface, and in the summer time is gay with melon vines and peach trees.

Lieutenant Colonel Russell's deportment, at the head of the Twenty-Eighth Colored, made him a Colonel. Young Secrest, though more fiery, was not less gallant.

The failure of the Petersburgh mine is explained by the fact that, at the last moment, Burnside's plans were rearranged by General Meade. The Committee on the Conduct of the War, after an investigation, affirmed: "The cause of the disastrous result of the assault of the thirtieth of July, is mainly attributable to the fact that the plans and suggestions of the general who had devoted his attention for so long a time to the subject, who had carried out to successful completion the project of mining the enemy's works, and who had carefully selected and drilled his troops for the purpose of securing whatever advantages might be attainable

from the explosion of the mine, should be so entirely disregarded by a general who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of that work, had aided it by no countenance or open approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed, and the time had come for reaping any advantage that might be derived from it."

After the mine affair the number of patients in the post hospital rose to twenty thousand. An order was given to send to the field, within thirty days, all who were able to bear muskets, and to send to northern hospitals all others. A second order shortened the intermission to three days. These orders, however, were remanded, and things went on in their usual way.

The second week in August active operations were resumed, by Hancock on the right, against the Rebel force facing Deep Bottom, and by Warren on the left, to gain the Weldon railroad. The former was a direct threat against Richmond, the latter against one of that city's chief routes of supply. Hancock removed his force on transports to Deep Bottom, but as the tide was running out he suffered such delay in effecting a landing that Lee, as usual, was forewarned and forearmed. The only advantage of importance was gained in the beginning of the movement, on the evening of Sunday, the fourteenth, when Foster's brigade charged the enemy's outer works, which were about a mile from the pontoon bridge, carried them after a sharp engagement, and captured a number of prisoners and four howitzers. Hancock sent a transport fleet from City Point to Deep Bottom and back, to give the impression that his troops were returning to the south of the James, thus to induce Lee to come out of his works and make an attack. The old fox was too wary. He kept himself well under cover, and came out only after he had seen Hancock recross the James with the loss of five thousand men.

Warren met with better fortune. The Rebel troops being withdrawn, he gained the Weldon road without opposition. Repeated efforts were made to wrest it from him, and to drive him out of his intrenchments near Yellow House. August 21, after being operated on for an hour by thirty Rebel guns,

he was assaulted in front and threatened in flank; but he routed both columns of attack. The affair had the zest of novelty, as some of his regiments—the Nineteenth Indiana for one, though they had stormed many a fortification, had never before received an assault. The Nineteenth, numbering now scarcely more than a hundred men, did not lose a single man. When the conflict was over it picked up on its immediate front some eighty muskets, and found the ground strewed with Rebel dead and wounded.

Hancock did not return to his old camp, but marched to the rear and left of Warren, and struck the railroad at Ream's Station. His troops were excessively fatigued, but were called into immediate action. They repulsed the enemy in three assaults, but were thrown into confusion by an artillery fire, which took them in reverse, and were broken through by a fourth impetuous storming column. Night enabled them to retreat, and favored also the withdrawal of the enemy.

More than a month now followed of such troubled rest as vigilant soldiers snatch in the face of a vigilant enemy. They lay in strained positions, in dangerous trenches, stood on ceaseless picket duty, or worked in never-ending fatigue parties.

"BEFORE PETERSBURG,
"July 11, 1864.

"I suppose you wonder at our waiting so long before this place. I don't know why it is unless on account of the heat. I never knew what heat was before. I believe it would kill the army off to march or fight.

"The last march we made from Bermuda, although we made it at night, almost killed me. I could never have borne it in the day time. Even a slight wound in such weather as this would result fatally.

"As to my officers, I am very well contented with them. I am sorry that Captain Daniels was not willing to stay. Our commanding officer, the former Adjutant of the regiment, is as brave as he can be. He don't know what fear is. This is what we need. Besides this he does not drink, which, next to courage, is what is most desired in an officer. You can imagine how a soldier feels going into a fight believing

that his Colonel would desert him when most needed, and knowing him to be so full of whisky as to be unable to command himself, not to speak of a regiment. I believe Zent is a member of the church.

"Saturday night I was detailed, with two others, to go out in the advance "Gopher holes," which Captain Zent had managed to dig unknown to the Rebels, within twenty yards of a very strong fort of theirs, and in such a way that they would rake their lines. We could only get into them after dark, and then by crawling through an open oat-field. During the night the boys imagined they could see the Rebels crawling up on us through the oats, so we sent off for three more men, who staid with us till daybreak. The men on both sides then had a confab, and one of the Johnnies, a big, red-whiskered fellow, proposed, as it was Sunday, that there should be no firing on the lines. To this we willingly acceded, and so passed a quiet day.

"Since this campaign began we have not been beyond the reach of Rebel bullets twenty-four hours, except on our journey to and from Cold Harbor. So every time the regiment stops with the expectation of staying twenty-four hours, we go at once to work fortifying. I have got so used to this I believe if ever I get home I will run a line of breastworks around the yard. My messmate and I have built us a splendid bomb-proof.

"Night before last I, with twenty others of the regiment, armed with our seven shooters, were sent out in our advanced lines to guard a sap which our men were running in rather dangerous proximity to Rebel lines. We were not to do any picket duty, but merely lie on our arms, ready to repel an attack, if the Johnnies should endeavor to charge. Climbing up on the bank in the rear of the breastworks, with my gun under my head as a pillow, I fixed myself and slept as soundly as if at home in a feather bed. Once in awhile, however, when they would commence shelling livelier than common, I would wake up, scramble down into the pits, and cover till they were tired, and then back and sleep again. Toward morning it grew bitter cold, so cold that I could not sleep, so I concluded to pass the time in conversing with the

Johnnies. I began, "Oh Johnny! wake up!" "Yes, we're awake," was called out in return. One of the boys told them that Ewell was in Baltimore. "Don't believe it," replied Johnny. "What's you uns fightin' we uns for, Yank?" shouted one to me, after we had been talking awhile. "Sixteen dollars a month," I replied. "We used to get thirteen, but we get sixteen now. What do you get?" "Eighteen dollars I believe; I ain't certain." I suppose it had been so long since the poor fellow had been paid that he had forgotten what was coming to him.

"After talking awhile we agreed to cease firing along the line so as to hear better. Finally, just about daybreak, one of them proposed to exchange papers. I told him we had none, but would exchange anything else, asking him if he would give corn dodgers for hard tack. 'Yes,' he said, 'Come on;' I had no haversack, but took one from a Pennsylvania boy who was afraid to go. Their lines were about ten feet back in the woods and ours out in the oats field. It was just light enough to see a little bit. I got on top of the works in plain view of the Rebels, but of course could see nothing of my man.

"Halloo, Johnny," says I, 'where are you?' thinking he was trying to play off on me, 'Here I am,' he replied, 'come on.' I started ahead, reassured by his voice, but went nearly fifteen feet before I saw him coming out at the edge of the woods. I met him about two-thirds of the way, and as it grew lighter I could see their works lined with men. I exchanged hard tack for corn bread, and had quite a long talk with him. Asked him when the war would be over. He said when we were willing to go home and let them alone. I could see, though, that he wasn't very anxious for the war to continue. In the haversack was a tin cup and plate which he wanted. Went down into his pockets and said he would give me any thing for them. I told him they didn't belong to me, or he might have them, but I wish now I had given them to him and told the owner if he wanted his cup, to go and get it. Almost all the Rebels that I have seen are a stout, healthy set of fellows, more so than our own men.

They are clever, honest-looking, and fight like the 'Old Harry.' There is no discount on Southern pluck as far as I have seen. After I had gone back, and they saw it wasn't dangerous, they fairly crowded out on both sides, till the meadow swarmed with them. If our officers had not interfered, the whole lines would have been out in a few minutes."

Across the Jerusalem plank road the enemy's line was strongly intrenched in a commanding position which confronted Fort Sedgwick, or Fort Hell, as it had been nicknamed, and was so near Mott's division of Hancock's corps, that the pickets could talk across without difficulty. On the morning of the tenth, General DeTrobriand cautiously led his brigade, which consisted of the Twentieth Indiana, Ninety-Ninth Pennsylvania and the Second United States sharpshooters, toward the point, and with very little firing carried it, inflicting a loss of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men, and suffering a loss about half as great. Lieutenant Colonel Meikel was killed after the main affair was over. The enemy made a vigorous effort to regain the position, then settled down in a new line and began a vindictive picket firing, which he kept up night and day. Colonel Meikel was quite a young man, but he was a veteran in military service, having been in the Twentieth since the beginning of that regiment's career. He was the third of its commanders who had died upon the field. He was a modest, upright, pious man.

The last of September the storm of battle commenced again by the advance of Butler on the right and of Warren on the left. Warren pushed westward, and carrying two or three small works, threw up intrenchments which reached to his former position. Butler crossed the James in the night, the next day made a rapid and skirmishing advance, and assaulted Fort Harrison and the long line of intrenchments below Chapin's farm, including the Heights of New Market. After gallant and sanguinary charges, the Eighteenth corps carried the Fort and the Sixth gained the Heights, bringing the line within six or seven miles of Richmond. The enemy made unavailing efforts to recapture Fort Harrison. Butler's next attempt was on Fort Gilmore, but it was a failure, as

was also an assault on some new works. Large bodies of troops had hurried over from Petersburg, and the enemy was now invulnerable at every point.

Again a pause occurred. It was broken after two weeks by an advance on the left toward Hatcher's Run and the Boydton plank road, and by demonstrations in force on the extreme right against the Richmond defences on the Charles city and the Williamsburg roads. The one was made merely to attract and hold the enemy's attention during the prosecution of the other, in which the entire army, excepting only men enough to hold the works, was engaged. The army marched out before dawn of October 27, with three days' rations, no means to bring back wounded and unusual precautions as to silence and concealment. The position of the corps on their march may be compared to a wheel, the Ninth corps being the hub, the Second corps and the cavalry the tire. Hancock was to march swiftly and far out to the left toward the Lynchburg railroad, while his coadjutors were to hold the enemy's front and flank, intrenched on the east bank of Hatcher's Run, whose course is southeasterly. The whole line was then to swing forward across the works which had so long held it off, and form new intrenchments close to Petersburg.

Dense and dark woods, fallen trees, corn fields and cotton fields, swamps, perplexing roads, of which inaccurate maps gave no satisfactory intelligence, and pickets, who, however, were easily driven in, were the principal obstacles encountered in the forenoon, and until four in the afternoon. At that time, and while Hancock was endeavoring to connect with Warren's left, which, though not distant, was out of sight and out of reach, beyond a maze of thickets and woods, a volley of musketry announced the approach of the enemy. It was followed by an unexpected charge on Hancock's front and on his flank and rear, which were guarded by Gregg's cavalry. A confused battle followed in which a singular disparity of spirit was shown. Hancock's right brigade, which received the first-blow, was scattered. DeTrobriand's brigade next in line, stood its ground, and with Egan's division

drove the enemy from the field. The next day, Hancock withdrew, abandoning his dead and wounded.

The active operations of 1864 ended with the withdrawal from Hatcher's Run. Since the advance in May, the Army of the Potomac had lost one hundred thousand men.

Nearly everybody who reads of the war, follows in thought through the tangled, crimson web, the thread of some individual life. To names and dates and numbers cling associations which never will and never can be told. There are no more letters from James Fisher, Frank Good and Samuel List. Their thread of life was snapped. Their weary feet had found rest. They all died of wounds; List, July 2, Fisher, July 3, at Washington, expressing trust in the Savior who had hitherto led them, and Good, on the sixteenth of July, at Alexandria. Lieutenant Williams, also of the Seventh, was killed the nineteenth of June. Lieutenant Holmes was killed in the assault of June 18. He was within sixty yards of the Rebel works, when a shell tore his heart from his body. His company, of which he was in command, did not hear of his death until after midnight. "His body shall not be left lying on the ground," exclaimed private Trout. "After the battle of Port Republic he swam the Shenandoah twice and saved me from capture, perhaps death in prison. I for one will try to get his body." Sergeant Hardin answered for another. The two started out, but finding the enemy in force at the point, they deferred the attempt. The next night, while both armies slept on their arms, Trout and Hardin set out a second time on their dangerous adventure. The skirmishers allowed them to pass. Creeping within fifteen feet of the Rebel pickets, they found the remains. They then crept back on their hands and knees, dragging the lifeless body with them. At the skirmish line they made a litter of their muskets and a tent cloth, and on it carried their burden with more ease. The next day, young Holmes was buried with the honors of war, and a board bearing his name was put up at the head of his grave.

On the eighteenth of August, Trout, with four others, was captured on picket. His term of service was within eighteen days of its expiration, and the thought of imprisonment was

intolerable. Accordingly, Trout, with one of his comrades, Norton, while the company was passing through a swamp, slipped from the line. They hid in the water, while the rest marched on to serve seven months in Belle Isle and Salisbury. When it was dark they crept out stealthily, and found their way in safety to the regiment.

Lieutenant M'Cray, of the Thirteenth, was killed on the sixteenth of August. Captain Bell, of the Twentieth, was killed the ninth of July.

Although no important movements were undertaken before the close of the year, the army was kept actively and often severely engaged, "still thumping at the gates of Petersburg." In November a force was sent to New York to restrain the riotous rabble of that city. During the journey northward the Thirteenth was not in the same boat with its rations, a separation which the regiment felt and resented. Fortunately for the officer who commits blunders, the private is never able to discover him. On the return, the Thirteenth was included in seven hundred and fifty passengers of one small vessel. "Maybe I wasn't sick," says a hardy youngster, who had endured everything else, "but at the time I thought I was."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF JOHN C. RANSDALL, OF COMPANY F, SEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

"If any person had told me, before I experienced it, that men could live on what we had to do with, and wear the clothes and lie in the mud and water as we did, I certainly would have thought that he was insane.

"I, with over three thousand others, was taken prisoner on the eighteenth of August, 1864, near Yellow House, on the Weldon railroad, about four miles from Petersburg.

"We spent the first night in Petersburg, some of us in jail and some in a muddy pen. The next morning we were taken to another pen in squads of six or eight, and searched by the Provost Marshal of Petersburg. The next day we went to Libby prison, where we were stripped to the hide and searched again. By this time we had been robbed of nearly everything. At sundown, Sunday, August 21, we were taken over to Belle Isle to pass the night out of doors, without bed or shelter. We lay on the naked ground and spread our blouses over us, to keep a little of the dew off. In the daytime we were there on the bare sand without shade from the scorching sun, at night without shelter to hide us from the storm. The days were hot, the nights were chilly. We lay there in this way three weeks; we then got some condemned tents that were no better than none when it rained, but they afforded shelter from the sun and dew.

"We had nothing to carry water in, and were obliged to go to the river any time we wanted a drink. They had a narrow lane from the prison to the river for us to go after water, from sundown to sun-up. Not more than eight or ten men were allowed to go to the river at once—and so few going at a time, out of six thousand, there would soon get a

large crowd at the mouth of the lane, and some one would get crowded too near the dead line and be shot. There was some one killed this way nearly every night.

"On the fifth of October, five hundred were marched over to Manchester. I was along. After three days travel on freight cars, we arrived at Salisbury, which was a dismal looking place. It was a field of about seven acres, with a stockade of two-inch plank about twelve feet high, with a double row of posts all around. Eight feet inside the stockade was the dead line. This was a ditch six feet wide and six feet deep. On the outside of the stockade, three feet from the top, was a platform all around, for the guard to stand on.

"The first three weeks we got one pint of flour or meal, two table-spoonsful of molasses, or one sixth of a pound of fresh beef, without salt, and half pint of rice soup, to the man, for a day's rations. After we had been there a week or ten days, they baked our flour for us, and gave us the amount in bread. A Lieutenant Colonel had command of us the first three weeks, and I guess gave us all that the government gave him for us. The rest of the time, Major Gee had command of us. When he pretended to give us wheat bread, it was the dust and dirt swept off the mill floor, ground up with sugar cane seed, and not bolted—but most of the time we got corn bread. I suppose that the meal had been ground on a corn crusher—the same as we grind cow feed, for it was shuck, corn and cob all together. Our meat came only about three or four times a month, and molasses the same. The meat was only the heads, hearts, feet, lights, livers and paunches of cattle. The eye-ball of a cow was a big ration of meat; and when we drew molasses, we only got two table-spoonsful.

"Rats and mice were plenty, and eight or ten cats and three dogs ran around the cook house and hospital when we went there. They were all killed and eaten. Every old bone and piece of leather in camp was burnt and eaten. Water was very scarce; we had not more than half enough to drink all fall and the fore part of the winter. We rarely washed our hands and faces, and never once washed our

clothes. We got no tents until the first of November; then it was a Sibley tent, and only one for a hundred men. Not half of the prisoners could get in. They had to make gopher holes. They would dig down two or three feet in the ground, and then dig back, far enough to lie straight, and wide enough to accommodate three or four men to a hole,—nothing under or over them. Our wood was what two or three men could carry—for one hundred men to last twenty-four hours. This would not make more than one good fire. With this wood and the poor clothes we had to wear, we could not help suffering a great deal.

"I have been on hard-fought battle fields, such as Bull Run, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in Grant's campaign from the Rapidan through the Wilderness, and on to Petersburg, and have seen men torn and mangled, groaning and dying; but the most painful, horrible and heart-rending sight I ever saw by far, was in that dismal hell—Salisbury Prison—of a cold, snowy morning, men lying on the naked ground, in the mud, water and snow, with nothing in the world to keep them warm, but worn-out pants and shirts, groaning, and dying, and wishing that they could have as good a place to lie on as the cattle and horses had at home, and that they could have to eat what was thrown in the swill tub!

"When we first went there, the men that died were put in coffins, and taken out, and received, as we supposed, a sort of human burial; but the coffins that were brought in and taken out, looked so much alike that it soon raised suspicion. So Sergeant Orion Donnell, of company G, Seventh regiment, marked one of the coffins with a pencil—and sure enough the same coffin came back every time. This was soon known throughout the camp, and when the Rebels found out that we knew it, they ceased to bring a coffin in. They took the dead body by the head and feet, and threw it into the wagon—the same as we would *dead hogs*. They took them out a mile from camp, dug a trench, and threw all the men in it that they could haul in a day. At night, they would throw a little dirt over them. The average number of deaths a day was forty-two. We were there one hundred and thirty-seven days. In that time, out of

nine thousand eight hundred men, five thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight men were buried; and I suppose that at least one thousand men died on their way home.

"In November, the prisoners saw that it was death to stay there—so they determined to break out. In less than five minutes after the attempt was made, the platform on which the guard stood had two lines of battle on it,—the guards armed with muskets, and the citizens armed with shot guns and squirrel rifles, were firing into us. They had also two pieces of artillery with which they poured the canister into us. There was a misunderstanding among the prisoners as to the time the break was to be made, and only about one-eighth were prepared for it—so we had not force enough to accomplish anything. About a hundred of our men were killed and wounded. Every man that had a wound in a limb, even if it was ever so slight, the limb was taken off.

"We would go out of a morning, and could turn our eyes no way without seeing some of our comrades lying in the mud and water, waiting for the dead-wagon to come out and take them from our sight to their last resting place.

"We were not allowed to go out of our tents or holes at all at night. As soon as the sun was down, the guards would begin to halloo at us, 'Git into yer hole, da you—Yank,' and, if we did not hide ourselves immediately, they would shoot at us.

"One of the coldest nights, some more prisoners were brought in. They had been robbed of everything, and had no tents or gopher holes to crawl into, so they gave them wood enough to build a very good fire. They had just got the fire built, and were crowding round, when the guard began to holla, 'Git into yer holes da, you blue devils!' Those around the fire did not suppose that they were hallooing at them to leave the fire. But the guards soon informed them by firing a musket at them. They then told the guard how it was, that they were nearly frozen, and begged to be let stay by the fire and warm. But a dozen guns were instantly leveled at them, and the order given to scatter out. They had to leave the fire, and go and lie around some old buildings that were in the prison pen. It rained and froze all

night. I never saw a heavier sleet than fell that night. Some of the strangers chilled to death, almost all froze their feet, and some so badly that all the flesh came off.

"At this time we were guarded by the Sixty-Eighth North Carolina. They were all boys, and dearly loved to shoot a helpless Yankee. The last two months we were there we were guarded by North Carolina militia, at least one-half of them Union men. While they guarded us we could run round after night, and there was never a word said. We remained in this prison until the twenty-second of February.

"They then started us to Greensborough, fifty-two miles distant, with an escort of about two hundred armed Rebels.

"Out of nine thousand eight hundred men that, during the last four months, went into Salisbury—well, stout and hearty, I think there were not more than three thousand able to walk out of prison, and they were nearly naked, black, dirty and starved—so badly starved that they reeled as they walked. They marched along the railroad, and as they gave out they were put on top of freight cars. In two days of the hardest marching I ever did, I only walked nine miles. I then got on the train. Of the three thousand that left Salisbury, I think that not more than five hundred were able to march the fifty-two miles. Many died on the road, for it rained day and night.

"We marched to Goldsborough, and at midnight took the train for our lines near Wilmington, where we arrived the twenty-eighth of February. The happiest day of my life was that twenty-eighth of February, 1865.

"These are my experiences in prison. There is not a word but truth, and to every word I am willing to swear. But as the whole truth is not here, for pen cannot describe nor tongue tell of our sufferings while in prison, I feel that from this one can get but a faint idea of the sufferings of Union prisoners of war."

When Ransdall reached home he was frightfully emaciated. All who saw him supposed him to be dying, yet he said he had "picked up" on the journey.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

O! here is seen a sight, might turn
The palest cheek to ruddy hue,
And cause the quailing eye to burn
With patriotic fire anew.—*James B. Black.*

Early's destructive activity prevented the return of the troops borrowed from the Army of the Potomac, and necessitated their removal to Harper's Ferry. Here a large Union force was massed, mostly infantry, but with the intention that it should do cavalry service, and was put under the command of General Sheridan. It was composed of three corps—the Eighth, known previously as the Army of West Virginia, under General Crook; the Sixth, under Wright; the Nineteenth, or rather the First and Second divisions of the Nineteenth, under Emory, and two cavalry divisions, Torbert's and Wilson's, from Meade's army.

The Indiana troops in the Army of the Shenandoah were the Eleventh, Eighth and Eighteenth infantry, the detachment of the Third cavalry, about ninety men, under Captain Lee, remaining after the expiration of the term of service, and the Seventeenth battery. The detachment was detailed as escort to General Custer. Chapman, now Brigadier General, was in command of his brigade. Colonel Macauley was, for a time, also in command of a brigade, his regiment, the Eleventh, forming a part of his command.

Major Black, in detailing the fortunes of the Eighteenth, makes other history of the campaign almost unnecessary. Some slight alterations have been made in his narrative for the sake of brevity, and in order to notice the Eleventh, Eighth and Third.

"On the sixteenth of July the Eighteenth bade adieu to the soil of Indiana, which is never so dear to a man as when he has fought for it, and started again for the field. On the twenty-first it reported to Grant, who assigned it to Butler's department. It served in the trenches in Foster's division, nine miles from Richmond, until the last of the month, when it retraced its way to Bermuda Hundreds, embarked and returned to Washington. It was a quiet summer afternoon when the vessel went up the Potomac. The sun-browned veterans stood silent and reverent on the deck, and gazed at the home and burial-place of Washington till the windings of the river hid Mount Vernon from view, and brought out the dome of the Capitol. The regiment encamped two miles north of Georgetown. It was joined on the twelfth of August by the Eighth, arrived from Morganza Bend. The Eighth and Eighteenth, with the Twenty-Fourth and the Twenty-Eighth Iowa, formed a provisional brigade, afterward called the Fourth, of the Second division of the Nineteenth corps. The division was commanded by General Grover, and the brigade by Colonel Shunk, of the Eighth. The division remained in the defences of Washington two weeks, the latter part of the time occupied in 'slashing' or cutting away the growth of bushes in front of the forts. August 14, it crossed Chain bridge, and marched to Snicker's Gap. The troops had scarcely gone into camp here, after a long day's march under a scorching sun, when they were ordered to hasten on to join the army then falling back through Manchester and Berryville. A full moon lighted them through the gap. Wading the Shenandoah river at midnight, they pushed on, and arrived toward morning at Berryville, where they cast themselves, hungry and tired, upon the ground, and slept. Soon after daylight they were armed and marched through town in a drenching rain. Taking the Charlestown road a short distance out, they joined the army on the march. Here they first saw the man whom they afterward learned to love, the gallant Phil. Sheridan. On his black charger at the head of his staff, unheeding the pelting rain, he looked, as he coursed over the field, like one born for the din of battle, and the rush of charging squadrons. The retiring army fell back

that day to the neighborhood of Charlestown, and going into line on the west and south of that place, constructed barricades and intrenchments. On the second day the Rebels advanced in force upon the right, and darkness closed a spirited skirmish. The Federal army then again retired, leaving Shunk's brigade and the cavalry holding the Berryville road till midnight, when they, too, fell back. As they silently marched through the deserted streets of Charlestown, passing the dilapidated Court House and the old jail, with its grim iron-barred windows, all thought of old John Brown and "His soul is marching on."

Long before morning they arrived at Bolivar Heights, and lay down on their arms on the summit of the outer range of hills. The enemy followed, but retired, after a few inconsiderable skirmishes, to Bunker Hill. The Union forces again moved out to their former position, west of Charlestown. Here they lay for several days, the cavalry of the opposing armies having daily skirmishes.

While the Eighteenth was at this place Colonel Washburn, who had been nominated for Congress in the Seventh District of Indiana, obtained leave of absence, and went home to canvass his district. The command devolved on Lieutenant Colonel Charles. On the third of September the army was quickly transferred southward, to Berryville, where the advance was attacked in the evening by a considerable force. A spirited engagement was continued into the night. During the entire night, which was dark and rainy, and all the next day, our men were engaged constructing defensive works of logs and earth. This sudden movement produced a corresponding advance by the enemy from Bunker Hill, and early on the morning of the fourth his skirmishers made their appearance. Intimidated by the defences, they did not venture an attack, but the next day withdrew to Winchester, whence the greater portion returned to Bunker Hill. General Sheridan extended his lines to the right, and lay here for two weeks, with his left resting on the Berryville and Charlestown turnpike. The position excluded the enemy from his true line of retreat, south-east, through the gaps of the Blue Ridge, and gave Sheridan opportunity to inflict a series of

quick and heavy blows. The transportation of the army had been reduced at Bolivar Heights, one wagon only being allowed to each regiment, and even this was left behind when the advance was made from that encampment. After a few days at Berryville the regimental wagons came up, and camp life was resumed, nothing occurring save an occasional encounter between reconnoitring parties of cavalry till Sunday, the eighteenth of September, when the baggage wagons were sent to the rear, to Harper's Ferry, not to be seen again for a month and a half.

At two o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth the Sixth and Nineteenth corps, preceded by cavalry, marched southward to the Berryville and Winchester road, and pushed forward toward the latter place. Soon after daylight the outpost of the enemy was reached at Opequan creek, and driven in confusion. Crossing the creek and closely pursuing, our army came upon the Rebels in force a short distance east of the town. Line of battle was immediately formed, the Sixth corps on the left, the Nineteenth on the right, Grover's division occupying the extreme right. There was little preliminary skirmishing, as it was important to attack before all the forces of the enemy could arrive from the north, and while those already arrived were yet taking position. The First brigade, of Grover's division, forming the first line on the right, advanced across a large opening, comprising several fields, and entered a belt of woods. The rattle of musketry told it had met the Rebels there in force, and Shunk's brigade was ordered up. Quickly but steadily and silently the long, gleaming blue line moved forward into the fields, with ranks well dressed on war-worn banners, which proudly showed their battle scars in the morning sunlight. The Eighteenth, on the right centre of the brigade, led on by dashing Colonel Charles on his white horse, looked every man a veteran. Firm steps and tightly pressed lips told of deadly purpose, yet, with the provident care which is born of experience, the soldiers carried knapsacks and camp kettles, coffee pots and frying pans, into the rushing charge of battle. The second line in the face of a terrific shelling, and followed closely by a third line, had gotten well down into the fields,

when, casting away cooking utensils and griping its guns, the Eighteenth, with a loud yell, swept forward at double-quick. It gained the middle of the opening. It pressed toward the woods and rocks which sheltered the Rebels, and from which poured a terrific front and enfilading fire. Out from that woods came a dark blue line, struggling back slowly at first, then breaking, and flying in fragments to the rear. The Eighteenth, opening its advancing ranks, let the fugitives pass. Not till the third line had fallen back, and the order to retreat had been given to Shunk's brigade, and the Eighteenth had been left alone in that shower of death, did those veterans turn from the foe. Three times they rallied around their flags before they repassed the field and regained the woods from which they had started. Here they found a single regiment, which had not entered the field, but none of the fugitives; yet here they planted their colors, and for two long hours held the enemy back.

There is in almost every battle a crisis, the instant recognition of which marks the successful general. Fortune for a short time held out her hand to Early, but the shadowy palm was hidden from his dull sight. A broken line of shattered regiments, making a mere show of resistance, held him in check, till the Eighth corps, which had been kept in reserve on the extreme right and rear, came up to decide the day. At sight of the tall, sturdy Western Virginians, advancing erect and fresh, and eager for the fray, the tired Hoosier boys sent up a shout of joy, and filing through their opened ranks went to join their brigade, then stationed in a neighboring ravine, guarding against a flank movement. The cavalry, having closely pursued the enemy from the north, was now ready on the right and charged down upon the Rebel left simultaneously with the advance of the line. The prolonged battle cry announced the success of the movement, and hurrying up to participate in the final onset, Shunk's brigade, with that exultant pride which swells the heart in the moment of dear bought victory, saw the enemy flying in wild disorder, a dozen batteries pouring on him an avenging fire, and galloping squadrons, with flying sabres, charging into his midst. Away through the town of Winchester, unheeding

the reproaches of citizens, whom they had promised to de fend from the Yankee rowdies, the discomfited Confeder ates hurried. Night closed the eager pursuit, and our weary yet exultant army lay down on the south side of town and slept till daylight.

Among the killed of the Eighteenth, was Captain Silas A. Wadsworth, of company E, who fell in the midst of the fight sword in hand, shot through the head by a rifle ball. General Chapman was wounded in the battle of Opequan creek.

With the dawn, the troops of Sheridan, having dispatched a scanty breakfast, started up the valley in the pursuit. Passing the villages of Kernstown, Newton and Middleton, they crossed Cedar creek at three o'clock in the afternoon, and came upon the enemy, strongly entrenched at Fisher's Hill. Taking position and posting pickets consumed the remainder of the day and the early part of the night. The Sixth corps occupied the right, the Nineteenth the left, Shunk's brigade being on the extreme left, while the Eighth corps was held in reserve. At nine o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first, began an artillery and infantry skirmish, which lasted all day, while our army gradually pressed closer to the Rebel lines, constantly moving further to the right beyond the town of Strasburg. The next day, in like manner, was spent in driving the Rebels within their works and closing in upon them without any important encounter, till late in the afternoon, when the Eighth corps, which, with great difficulty, had climbed the mountain in the night, while the Sixth and Nineteenth engaged the enemy in front, fell like an avalanche on the Rebel left flank, throwing the whole army into the wildest disorder, capturing eighteen pieces of artillery and eleven hundred prisoners. Grover's division had early been moved far to the right, and close to the enemy, and during the day had been engaged constructing a strong breastwork of logs and brush on the crest of a timbered hill, to be used in the event of the failure of the Eighth corps in its flank movement, and the probable assault of the enemy on our front. This division was now ordered in the advance of the pursuit, and while darkness was gathering over the heaps of dead and wounded, it moved at double quick across the nar-

row river, and with echoing shouts, hurried along the broad highway closely followed by the remainder of the army.

Burning ambulances and wagons, and overturned caissons, told of the haste and terror of the fugitives, and excited the eager pursuers to increased speed. About ten o'clock, while three regiments of Shunk's brigade were marching by the flank side by side on the turnpike, completely filling it from ditch to ditch, there being in front of them but one regiment, deployed as skirmishers, and General Emory, with his staff, suddenly from a clump of trees on the left of the road, immediately in advance, flashed the blaze of a volley of musketry. The volley was not repeated, but two pieces of artillery, planted on the road a hundred yards in advance, opened on Shunk's brigade. The men, by instinct, obliqued to the right and rear, leaving the dangerous highway unobstructed. For an instant all was confusion. The brigade was composed entirely of veteran regiments, yet belonging to each regiment were numbers of recruits, who began to discharge their pieces in every possible direction. The partial panic was quickly allayed by the example of the more experienced, and the efforts of the officers, and, in almost as short a time as is required to tell it, the brigade was rallied, and placed in line of battle on the right of the road. In the meantime the skirmishers captured thirty or forty of the infantry of the ambuscade, who reported they had been sacrificed to save the retreating army. The artillery, after firing once, limbered up, and rapidly retreated a few hundred yards, when it fired again, and again retreated, and so firing and retreating, it retired beyond range. Many were killed and wounded in this affair, as well by being ridden down by the horsemen of Emory's staff, as by the fire of the enemy. Nothing is more trying to the nerves of soldiers than an unexpected night attack on unfamiliar ground. Yet the troops behaved remarkably well, every man keeping his place in the slow and cautious advance in line of battle, till the doubtful district was passed.

The Rebels had selected an excellent place for the ambush, before the entrance of a hollow, through which the road

passed between timbered hills for nearly a half mile. By this manœuvre the Confederates gained two hours, which advantage they preserved throughout the night. As daylight was breaking in the east the Union forces, having passed through the town of Woodstock, and gone into line in the suburbs, threw themselves upon the ground, and in a moment were asleep, happily unconscious of rain, which soon fell. The supply train, which had arrived at Fisher's hill too late the evening before to distribute its contents, now came up, and rations were issued to the men, who had gone supperless the night previous,—not to bed, but to fight and follow the enemy. At noon they again set forward, marched five miles, and went into bivouac. Early the next day they were again in motion up the beautiful valley. About noon, at Mount Jackson, they overtook the Confederates, who quickly decamped, leaving their wounded in the hospitals, and a rear guard at the crossing of the river. A few shells cleared the opposite bank, and our troops plunged through the water. At Newmarket they again overtook the Rebels, who, to save their train, which could be seen slowly winding along the valley pike, were compelled to make a show of resistance. The position of Shunk's brigade, marching by the flank on the top of the ridge on the west, gave the Eighteenth a view of the whole valley. Such a sight even a soldier is rarely privileged to see. The undulating valley, shut in by towering mountains on the east, and a line of hills on the west, open from side to side in rich farms, with small groves surrounding old mansions, and a bright, little river meandering northward, stretched away as far as the eye could reach. The two armies, formed in order of battle, stretched across the valley, the Union forces steadily and eagerly advancing, our battery moving along the western hills, continually hurling its shells, the Rebels now standing till the opposing skirmishers became warmly engaged, then breaking by the right of regiments to the rear. Thus they continued, advancing on the one side and retreating on the other, without coming to an engagement till the sun went down behind the hills, when the Rebels made a stand at a sunken road running across the valley, and constructed a temporary barricade from the

rails of the fences on either side. Lying down in the road, they poured volley after volley into their pursuers till darkness enabled them to continue their flight, and allowed Sheridan's troops to lie down on their arms. Shunk's brigade, by chance, bivouacked apart from the rest of the army, on the top of the hills on the right flank, near a wealthy farm house. It was fortunate, on this campaign, for a small body of troops to be encamped in an isolated position, for the abundance of one plantation, when divided among the troops of a whole army, in the language of economical housekeepers, does not go far.

On this occasion, but few minutes had elapsed, after stacking arms and stripping off accoutrements, till all along the line of the brigade bright rail fires lighted up the night, and grim veterans sat around, forgetful of the toils and dangers of the day, eating dainty morsels of roasted fowls, and crackers spread with new-made apple-butter, finishing the repast with mellow apples. Their suppers over, they lay down on beds of hay from the barn, and slept till roused by the cheerful reveille. The next day brought the army to Harrisonburg. Averill's cavalry had gone up the valley on the west, with the intention of intercepting the Rebels here, and of delaying them, if possible, till the arrival of our infantry. But they had passed before the arrival of the cavalry, and turning to the left, had hastened to the hills of central Virginia by way of Brown Gap, whither it was imprudent to follow them. The infantry encamped at Harrisonburg while the cavalry proceeded to Staunton and Waynesboro, destroying many miles of railroad, all the flour mills, forage and government property, within their reach. After remaining in camp a few days, the Sixth and Nineteenth corps were moved forward six miles to Mount Crawford, and the next day returned to Harrisonburg. When the army had remained a week in this region, far from its base of supplies, and the enemy had shown signs of emerging from his fastnesses, the camp at Harrisonburg was suddenly broken up, and a rapid march down the valley commenced. The third day brought our forces to Fisher's Hill, where the enemy's cavalry overtook the rear guard. An engagement

was interrupted by nightfall. In the morning, General Sheridan completely routed the horsemen, driving them back up the valley, toward their infantry, and capturing eleven pieces of artillery and all their baggage—in the words of his report, "everything on wheels." During this day, our infantry lay in camp in the vicinity of Strasburg. The following afternoon, the army moved back five miles, encamped on the north side of Cedar creek, the Eighth corps on the left, near Massanutten Mountain, the Nineteenth in the centre, with its left resting on the valley turnpike, and the Sixth on the right. Here they rested till the afternoon of the eleventh, when the Rebel army, having arrived at Fisher's Hill, a reconnoitring force came down and shelled the camp of the Eighth corps, and sharply engaged a brigade sent out to meet them. Night coming on, the Rebels retired to their intrenched camp at Fisher's Hill. The Sixth corps, which had reached Ashby's Gap, on its way to Washington to join the army of the Potomac, was recalled, and on the next day arrived and again took up its position on the right. Shunk's brigade had been moved into reserve the night before. It now returned to its place in the second line. Up to this time our forces had occupied their camps on the hills, without artificial defences, but now long lines of breastworks were constructed with substantial abatis in front. In a few days the position appeared almost impregnable. Thus the two hostile armies lay in sight of the smoke by day, and the fire by night, of each other's camp, nothing occurring to break the sameness, save an occasional skirmish between pickets and reconnoitring parties. The Federal lines lay along the hills on the north side of Cedar creek, which, running diagonally across the valley in a south-easterly direction, empties into the west fork of the Shenandoah, near Massanutten Mountain. The Nineteenth corps, in the centre, overlooking the valley, and undulating upward and beyond the creek, was separated from the Sixth corps, on the right, by a deep ravine through which a rivulet ran to Cedar creek, and from the Eighth corps, on the left, by the valley turnpike.

While the army was thus posted and the Rebels seemed inclined to remain quiet, Sheridan made a flying visit to

Washington. On the night of the eighteenth he slept at Winchester on his return. On that evening Captain Black was detailed for picket duty, and accompanied the numerous guard to the line of posts about a mile in front of the centre of the army. The picket force had been somewhat reduced, but still consisted of several large reserves, a line of posts of three or four men each at a short distance from one another, besides a number of single infantry videttes. The night was cool and most beautiful. The perfect stillness was broken by an occasional shot from a picket post on the left of the turnpike. About ten o'clock, three horsemen came down to a point a hundred yards in front of our vidette, halted a moment, then turned away toward the left. There was a standing order requiring the entire picket force to be on the alert at four o'clock every morning, and the whole army was accustomed to stand under arms, in line, from five till broad daylight. During the night the pickets had been notified that a division of the Nineteenth corps would pass the line about daylight to reconnoitre the enemy. At half past three their reveille was heard. At this time, too, the pickets on the line of posts occupied by Shunk's brigade, were aroused and placed under arms. This had scarcely been done, when away on the extreme right, far beyond the infantry line, at the camp of the cavalry guarding the right flank, was heard a volley of musketry, as from a platoon or company, followed at short intervals by volley after volley. It seemed at first but a morning surprise of the cavalry camp, yet the videttes were reinforced and strict vigilance was enjoined. The firing on the right ceased after about a quarter of an hour from the first volley. Not many minutes elapsed, when, on the extreme left, on the flank of the Eighth corps, were heard shots which soon became incessant, intermingled with the wild yells of the battle charge, and the dull boom of artillery. The flash of musketry, the blaze of artillery and the fiery curves of flying shells penetrated the fog, through which was visible but the faintest appearance of dawn. The variations of sound told that the Eighth corps was retiring before the terrific onset, and that its forsaken artillery was being turned upon it. While the pickets in front of the centre were

watching the red glare, a vidette came running to the officer's place in line of posts, with the intelligence that a strong column, preceded by skirmishers, was near at hand. A man was dispatched to inform the reserves. The men were put in readiness, when information came that the Rebels were in our rear. Every man stood with rifle ready, peering with anxious eyes and listening for the word of command. Suddenly, as the thickly set skirmishers appeared over the brow of the hill, a hundred steps in advance, loud from the centre of our line sounded the word, "Fire!" A hundred rifles blazed. Without answering a single shot, the Rebels rushed forward to capture pickets, as had been done on the flank of the Eighth corps. Our men, turning and firing on their yelling pursuers as fast as they could reload their pieces, retreated in good order. When the Rebels found their plan of capture frustrated, they let out a storm of bullets upon our retreating pickets, who thus skirmishing, at length reached camp. Here everything was in confusion. The First and Third brigades of Grover's division were occupying the trenches unaware of the approach of an enemy in front, all attention being directed to the fighting on the left, whither the remainder of the corps had been sent to support the Eighth. Horses, with riders and riderless, were flying hither and thither. Commissary men and headquarters men were throwing their stores and baggage loosely upon the wagons. Wagons with frightened horses and terrified teamsters were hurrying in disorder to the rear, losing at almost every rod something of their badly loaded contents. Over all resounded the loud roar of battle, while the sulphurous smoke mixing with the heavy fog, rendered every object indistinct and made the air almost suffocating. The Rebels had now brought up their own artillery to the hills in front, lately held by the Nineteenth corps pickets, and the roar that brought Sheridan down from Winchester, began. In every quarter of the camp shells were bursting and scattering destruction where an hour before thousands were sleeping in fancied security. The Rebel line on the left extended northward from the left flank of the Eighth corps, where the great part of their forces were massed, to the village of Middletown, running parallel

with the turnpike, and by its mere advance constantly flanked the Federal forces thrown against the point of attack. The Nineteenth corps stood long and well against the fearful odds, as the ground, thickly strewed with friends and foes, afterwards attested. At length, when nearly surrounded, and when bullets whistled almost as thick from flank and rear as from front, all gave way at once, and went flying back across the turnpike and off toward the right flank of the army, followed by the Rebels, not in line, but like those they pursued, in a confused swarm. The Eighteenth here lost thirty-two men taken prisoners, so long and stubbornly did it hold its ground. The trenches emptied their contents, commencing on the left, and the troops occupying them followed the others toward the right, while the Rebels poured over the works. At the ravine dividing the Nineteenth corps from the Sixth, a desperate stand was made to stop the advance of the Rebel host, now fairly mad with success. The old heroes of the Nineteenth might have stood their ground had they not been again flanked and compelled to choose between flight and captivity. The Sixth corps in the meantime had struck tents and loaded wagons, which were sent away on a by-road to the rear, while many of the wagons belonging to the Eighth and Nineteenth, having gone to the turnpike, were there fallen upon and captured. Drawn up in good order, the Sixth stood ready, a human wall to bar the progress of the fierce rabble still coming on. It was a grand thing to see—those long, steady lines of men, each of whom seemed braced with an iron soul. Unheeding the excited thousands flying past them, they kept their eyes fixed on the scene in front, and awaited their own part in the dreadful drama of the day. After their first onset, the Rebels, both officers and men, in constantly increasing disorder, began to struggle for plunder in the captured camps, so that the force in front of the Sixth corps was much diminished. These veterans stood long and well, but again was repeated the flanking process. The advancing Rebels reached the left of the Sixth corps, which then gave way, hurrying after the Eighth and Nineteenth. By the exertion of their officers, these had been now, to a great extent, reformed and placed in position across the line

of retreat. Whole regiments of cavalry, scattered about with drawn sabres, compelled the fugitives to join their commands in the newly formed line. The cavalry bands, discoursing martial airs, sought to infuse new spirit into the defeated troops, and not all in vain, for many, whom threats and drawn swords had failed to induce to join again in the seemingly hopeless resistance, were cheered and called to duty by the familiar strains of the "Star Spangled Banner."

The new position was held only a short time, but having now retired beyond the right of the Rebel line, by the advance of which they had so often been flanked, our forces fell back with less precipitation. The pursuit also lagged, the Rebels being scattered over the deserted camps, and utterly disorganized.

Many times during the morning was heard in Union ranks the anxious inquiry, "Where is Sheridan?" for the army did not at first know of his absence, and it had not long been known, when he appeared on the field. If the army had been whipped, that he had not, his manner showed. He was greeted by shouts and joyful welcome as he galloped here and there, examining the situation, and as he shouted merrily, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back to our camps! We are going to lick them out of their boots!"

Little time sufficed to turn the tide. With the infantry in the centre and the cavalry on the flanks, advance began, slowly and steadily at first—rapidly, but still steadily, as the Rebels began to fall back. When the mounted squadrons, the best cavalry in the world, came down with impetuous charge upon their flanks, the Rebels broke and fled. With well preserved lines our forces swept on over the field, now covered with the dead and wounded men and horses of both armies, and before dark they had regained and passed their despoiled camps. Here, in every hollow and every nook, lay heaps of wounded, feebly sheltering themselves from the storm of battle.

Soon after our army had been routed, less than an hour after the first charge of the Rebels, the camps were overrun by hundreds of women from the neighboring village of Strasburg. Laying aside the natural pity of their sex, they taunted

the helpless, mangled men in blue, asking the dying "if they would ever steal apple butter again," and the maimed for life "if they would ever burn another barn," and never offering a drop of water, or making an effort to find a cooling shade. At night our infantry discontinued the pursuit, but the cavalry, breaking through the rear guard, pushed on through the darkness among the confused Rebels, capturing wagons, artillery and prisoners in great numbers.

The Third Indiana captured two pieces of artillery, and four stands of colors. Twenty-four of our guns, all that had been captured in the morning, were recaptured, with twenty-three Rebel guns in addition. The enemy, after a short halt at Fisher's Hill, continued the flight during the night, while the Federal army, faint and famished, rested on the field it had lost and won the same day.

It would be difficult to describe the part taken by a single regiment in the great battle. The Eighteenth, displaying its accustomed discipline and bravery, fought all day, and out of three hundred men who entered the ranks in the morning, lost eighty-nine in killed, wounded and captured. The second day after the battle the army returned and occupied its old camps as before. But all was not the same. There was scarcely a mess that had not lost a man, and many a mess answered not at all to the call of its number. It was indeed a saddening sight, the old weather-browned veterans sitting silent and apart through the hazy autumn afternoons, thinking of comrades with whom they had so often shared their blankets and their rations, with whom they had stood on the lonely picket post, by whose sides they had marched and fought, but who now lay on the field, or in the dreaded hospital, or were being hurried into a captivity whose name had become a synonym for death. Wistfully they looked round upon the heaps of newly turned earth, scattered in groups all over the field, and wondered when would the cruel war be over.

Among the fatally wounded were Major Williams and Lieutenant Colonel Charles. The former was struck by a shell, which burst at his feet, tearing off one leg and horribly mangling the other. He lay on the field, where he fell, all

through the scorching day and almost freezing night, stripped nearly naked by the plundering Rebel stragglers, and suffering a thousand deaths from his undressed wounds. Having been removed to the hospital at Winchester, he died there a few days afterward, lamented by all as a brave man and an excellent officer. He entered the service as Captain of Company I, from Franklin, where he had been in the practice of law, and where he left a family to mourn his early loss.

Colonel Charles was wounded by a rifle-shot through the breast, and was, with the greatest difficulty, saved from falling into the hands of the enemy. He was accompanied by his brother, who, though not an enlisted soldier, had fought by his side, and who now took him to the home of their parents in Illinois, where, on the tenth of November, four days after his arrival, he died.

Colonel Charles was born in White county, Illinois, in June, 1829. His education was completed at Bloomington, Indiana. In 1860 he removed to Bloomington, and engaged in the practice of law. When the Rebellion broke out he entered the first company of that place as an enlisted man. On the organization of the Eighteenth he was commissioned as Captain of Company H. His health was never good, and was still further impaired by the severe service upon which his regiment immediately entered. Yet so great was his energy, and so firm his purpose, that he performed the most trying duties, and endured the severest hardships, frequently to be completely prostrated when the exigency was past. During the Vicksburg campaign his bravery rendered him conspicuous. His gallant conduct at Port Gibson was mentioned in general orders, and, though not the ranking Captain, he was elected by the officers of the regiment to the vacant Lieutenant Colonelcy. His disease, a bronchial affection, had been constantly progressing, and during the campaign in the Shenandoah valley he quite lost the power of speaking above a whisper. Yet though a proper subject of the tenderest care of home, he would not, at such a time, leave his post of duty. As might be expected of a man so brave, he possessed the tenderest and noblest impulses. The soldier knew him as his constant friend, and when he fell in

the last battle of the campaign, and in the last in which his regiment fought, felt that though a weary sufferer had gone to an honorable rest, yet a generous and brave comrade was forever lost. After the battle of Cedar Creek the Eighteenth was commanded by Captain James B. Black.

On the twenty-seventh of October Shunk's brigade was detailed as escort for the train conveying supplies from Martinsburg to the army, the country lying between being infested by Mosby's cavalry. At Martinsburg the Eighteenth was rejoined by Colonel Washburn, who immediately after the election in Indiana hastened back to his post, anxious to participate with his regiment in the glorious campaign. He relieved Captain Black, but was now placed in charge of the Fourth brigade, when the command of the Eighteenth devolved on the senior officer, Captain Ben. H. Robinson. On returning from the second march to the railroad, the army had fallen back to Kernstown, four miles, in front of Winchester. The Rebels, under Early, had again come down the valley, and the cavalry of the two armies had all day been skirmishing. Another general engagement was expected, and in view of it Washburn's brigade was relieved from escort duty, and placed, with its division, in line of battle. All night and all the next day the infantry constructed breastworks, and felled the timber in front of them, while the cavalry still skirmished with the enemy. The Rebel infantry forces crossed Cedar creek, and came down as far as Middletown, but seeing the preparation to receive them, they wisely concluded not to risk another engagement with the troops by whom they had already been three times severely punished, and again withdrew from the valley. Winter was now approaching, and as soon as they had been relieved of the immediate presence of the enemy, the Union forces began the erection of winter quarters.

Captain Black, who, on the death of Major Williams, was commissioned Major, and who, on the death of Colonel Charles, was made Lieutenant Colonel, now assumed command of the Eighteenth.

CHAPTER XL.

ATLANTA.

"For every stripe of stainless hue,
And every star in the field of blue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have laid them down and died."

The Atlanta campaign was a running fight, extending over several parallel ranges of the Alleghanies, one hundred and thirty-eight miles, and continuing through the hot months of the year, May, June, July and August, one hundred and twenty-four days. The mountain region of Georgia was one of the most valuable and valued portions of the Confederacy, certainly not for its wonderful mixture of the wild and the gentle in natural scenery, nor for its healthful and delicious climate, but for its practical uses, necessity having forced the supercilious South to a certain degree of esteem for labor. Yankee and German minds were induced to apply themselves to the task of relieving the rocks of their burden of ore, and of turning to account the ice cold springs and crystal streams. Numerous manufactories, transforming iron into rails, and into military weapons and implements, weaving cloth, sewing caps and pegging shoes, indicated satisfactory and indeed surprising success. The culminating point of industry and enterprise was Atlanta, called the "Gate City," from its position south of the southern verge of the mountains, between the highlands and the lowlands, and at the intersection of several important railroads. Atlanta flourished by the war, which in turn owed much to Atlanta. Early in 1863, the Gate City was strongly fortified, apparently with reference to its importance, rather than to necessity, for its position, defied, if it did not forbid ap-

proach from the north. The first of its natural lines of defence is the wide, deep and swift Chattahoochie, not eight miles distant, with its tributaries, Nancy's and Peach Tree creeks. Ten or twelve miles further north is the rugged range, of which the double-headed Kenesaw is the central and loftiest mountain. The Etowah mountains and the Etowah river, the broad Oostanaula, with its forming branches, the Conasauga and Coosawattie, and the precipitous cliffs of Rocky Face ridge, with unbroken stretches of ancient forest, and gorges choked with tangled vegetation, complete the enumeration. The slender railway, running through narrow passes and long tunnels, on costly bridges, and, where the land is comparatively level, between parallel streams, is the only line which connects Atlanta to Chattanooga. The roads of the region are few and bad.

Seven months had elapsed since Rosecrans crossed the Tennessee, and more than five months had passed since the battles of Lookout and Mission Ridge, when Sherman organized and concentrated his army for the Atlanta campaign. He united the armies of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and the Ohio, drawing them from east and west and central Tennessee; from Mississippi and Alabama; and calling to the front troops which, though long in the service, had, as yet, been employed in guarding railroads, and volunteers who were but recently enrolled. All told, his forces numbered ninety-eight thousand and a few hundred men. The three armies, though united, retained their form and designation, and were under the command respectively of Thomas, McPherson and Schofield. Six corps were present at the outset,—Howard's, Palmer's, Hooker's, Logan's and Dodge's, and the single corps which comprised the Army of the Ohio. The army included sixteen infantry divisions, under Stanley, Newton and Wood; Baird, Johnson and Davis; Geary, Butterfield and Williams; Osterhaus, Wood and Harrow; Hovey, Cox and Judah; and three cavalry divisions under Kilpatrick, Stoneman and Garrard. M'Cook had part in the campaign at a later date. Judah was superseded by Hascall shortly after the march began. Hovey's division consisted entirely of Indiana regiments, straight from home

and excessively tired by a march of twenty days, during which they had carried guns, clothing, blankets and rations.

The Confederate army was nearly sixty thousand strong, in three corps, under Hardee, Hood and Polk, with ten thousand cavalry under Wheeler. General Johnston was Commander-in-Chief. It was behind Rocky Face ridge, in and around Dalton, with an outpost on Tunnell Hill, twenty miles from Chattanooga.

The Army of the Cumberland being the most powerful, and the best appointed portion of the triple force, formed the centre of Sherman's advance. The Army of the Tennessee was the right at the start, but it was swung from one flank to the other so frequently, and with such facility, that it came to be called the Whip-Lash. Each regiment was limited to one wagon. Officers and privates carried their blankets, and nothing else except rations. The greatness of the enterprise, the inspiration of numbers, the beauty of the scenery and the charming spring weather exhilarated the troops, and they set out in high spirits. Yet the campaign had hardly opened before they were perceptibly impressed with its severity. Many who had been careless of religious services, now attentively received the chaplain's teachings.

On the sixth of May, the pickets saw the enemy's pickets without coming in contact with them. The next day there was slight skirmishing on Tunnel Hill, and in the little valley at the foot of Rocky Face. The only pass, Buzzard Roost gap, was triply defended, being overflowed by the damming of a little stream, half choked with abatis, and commanded by artillery. Howard, Hooker and Palmer cleared the way to the base with a strong skirmish line, and began the ascent, the troops pulling themselves up by means of roots and bushes, and finding shelter behind trees and shelving rocks from stones, balls and bullets which were cast from points above them. Schofield was on the left, with Hovey's division on his left. He captured a conical elevation which was surrounded by strong works and surmounted by heavy cannon. Harker made a vigorous but unsuccessful assault. Whitaker, with a portion of the Eighty-Fourth, under Major Boyd, deployed in his front, also unsuccessfully assaulted,

after gaining an advanced position by climbing. Wagner gained a height in his front. The Eighty-Sixth skirmished thirty hours without relief, advancing within a few yards of the top, and so close to the Rebels as to invite an exchange of remarks. "What corps is that down there?" cried a soldier in gray. "The Fourth!" replied a man in blue. "That's a lie," rejoined the other, "the Fourth corps would have been on the ridge by this time." "What regiment are you?" "Eighty-Sixth Indiana." "You charged Mission Ridge, didn't you? If we had been there instead of the Arkansas troops, you never would have reached the top." He interrupted his frank expression of opinion by shouting, "Look out! Here comes a stone!"

On the twelfth, Whitaker's brigade had the picket line very near the enemy's works. Father Cooney, who never omitted evening prayer, generally calling his men around him by a little bell, this evening went along the line of the Thirty-Fifth and whispered, "It is time for prayer. Follow me." The men obeyed, leaving their arms against the slight breastworks, and hastening from both flanks to the centre. The alternate recitation of prayer by pastor and flock, attracted the enemy's fire, which, however, proved harmless.

The fighting on Rocky Face was not at any time heavy. "In comparison with what we went through afterwards," an officer in Howard's corps said, "our stay there was only a picnic. The Rebels amused themselves by inviting us up to the top, and we in turn invited them down. They never threw a stone without giving us warning."

On the twelfth, Howard suddenly found his front clear. He pressed on, leaving nearly a thousand killed and wounded, belonging chiefly to the divisions of Geary, Wood and Newton. The Ninth, deployed in skirmish line, was the first regiment to enter Dalton, and among the foremost in pursuit of the enemy's rear, as it retired, over the direct and easy road, eighteen miles, to Resaca.

A flanking movement against Resaca had occasioned the sudden backing out of the enemy. While Thomas and Schofield pressed up Rocky Face, McPherson, with Garrard's cavalry, made a rapid and circuitous march through Ship

Gap, Villanow and Snake Creek gap, surprising and putting to flight a brigade of Rebel cavalry, and appeared directly in front of Resaca, though, as the place was more strongly fortified than he had expected, only to return to the west end of Snake Creek gap. Being joined by Hooker, Palmer and Schofield, after they had made an inconceivably hard march, McPherson deployed again through the hills toward Resaca, cavalry skirmishing in advance. The enemy was admirably posted behind lines of rifle pits, and strong field fortifications, running across the peninsula, at the head of which Resaca is situated, and close round the town, his right, under Hardee, protected by the Conasauga, his left, under Polk, resting on the Oostanaula, and his left centre, under Hood, covered by a small branch of the latter river. Under fierce skirmishing, Sherman formed his lines close to the hostile lines. Schofield on the left, McPherson on the right and Thomas in the centre. On the afternoon of Friday, the thirteenth, McPherson moved out in beautiful order, down a hill, across grain fields, through a belt of woods and into a low flat, under a murderous fire from the further bank of a narrow, deep stream. He was compelled to fall back into the shelter of the woods, where he formed a new line, with Harrow's division on his left. Major Johnson, of the One Hundredth, commanded the heavy skirmish line of Williams' brigade, of which the Twelfth and One Hundredth regiments formed the left and right flanks. The Twelfth suffered severely. By noon of the next day, in spite of the enemy's warm and steady opposition, Sherman's line was formed from right to left in the following order: Dodge, Logan, Palmer, Hooker, Schofield and Howard. Chiefly the left and left centre were engaged.

Palmer's corps, in an attempt to advance, drew upon itself at the first movement, a terrible artillery fire, nevertheless, it plunged forward through the creek, with its thick border of undergrowth and tangled vines, and into a valley which was full of ditches. It was forced back. Schofield gained ground, each brigade pushing forward with its utmost strength. Manson's brigade, with the Sixty-Third, under Colonel Stiles, in the front line, charged across open ground more than a half mile, under a terrific fire, and took a portion of the

works. Major Patterson and Lieutenant Swank were killed, and one hundred and ten others of the Sixty-Third alone fell. Howard, after severe loss, gained a point in the enemy's outer line. Wagner's brigade was not engaged, except that his skirmishers, becoming separated from the command, threw themselves into the brunt of the battle. Two companies of the Fortieth and Fifty-Seventh, with three companies from other regiments, formed the skirmish line.

The Eighteenth battery, now under Captain Beck, was masked, and the cavalry supporting it, was dismounted and concealed in the woods, when, at three o'clock, Rebel cavalry moving toward Schofield's left, came within two hundred yards of the position. The cavalrymen rose, the artillerymen double-shotted their guns, and they poured out a stream of bullet and ball. The Rebels fled, pursued by the Second Indiana, Lieutenant Hill commanding. Shortly after, they impetuously returned, massing solid columns against Stanley's division. They drove it in confusion, and seemed on the point of destroying it, but were checked by Simonson's battery and held, until Hooker, moving from the right, came to the rescue. The moment the enemy retired, Hooker, springing from his horse, impulsively shook hands with every man in the battery, saying, "You are heroes, every one of you!"

Meantime, Logan's corps and part of Dodge's, succeeded in getting over the creek, which they had approached the previous day, and which Palmer had crossed in advancing and recrossed in retreating. They took a line of rifle pits, and Logan repulsed a heavy and desperate assault. Fighting continued until ten at night, and ceased with the Federal lines nowhere permanently forced back, and on the right and centre advanced to commanding positions.

Sunday morning, the fifteenth, under cover of heavy skirmishing, Hooker's corps massed on the extreme left, to assault two fortified hills which seemed to form the key to the enemy's position. A little after one in the afternoon, Butterfield, with his division in five lines, the Seventieth in the front line, and closely supported by Geary and Williams,

who in turn were supported by Hovey, charged through the projecting works of a lunette, having a fearful fight within its wall, and pushed on beyond the main line of the enemy; but staggered by an enfilading Rebel fire and a fire on the rear from their comrades, who did not understand their position, the troops fell back to the ground immediately outside the lunette. To advance was for a time impossible. It was scarcely possible to maintain the footing already gained. Nevertheless, Butterfield clung to the point, and after dark succeeded in effecting a breach and in taking possession of the lunette, in which he captured four twelve pounders. He took also the flags of two regiments and more than two hundred prisoners. Meantime the supporting divisions were scarcely less warmly engaged. Williams halted within four hundred yards of the enemy's works, and Colonel Colgrove, his extreme right, advanced with his regiment, receiving and returning a deadly fire as he moved. When the lines drew near, the Twenty-Seventh darted forward, broke the Rebel ranks, and drove them back to their works, capturing fifty or sixty prisoners, and the colors of an Alabama regiment. Lieutenant Chapin was killed, and Lieutenants Stephenson and Bloss were wounded. Hovey's division, while supporting Hooker's left, made a brilliant charge on the enemy, moving on the double-quick and with loud huzzas through a hailstorm of lead.

During the struggle on the left, heavy skirmishing, with a close and continual encounter of sharpshooters, occupied every other position of both lines. General Willich was severely wounded.

The morning of May 16, Sherman entered Resaca in triumph, Johnston having retreated across the Oostanauga during the night.

"Camp Seventieth Indiana.

"We were nearly all night of the twelfth getting ready for the fight. Found ourselves next morning on a woody hill, and the Rebels just opposite. They were on a hill shaped, it seemed to me, something like an egg, and with an open space all round it, the strongest natural fortification I ever

saw. Then they had three or four lines of intrenchments. Between us and them, in the open space, was a deep, muddy ditch, so it would have been folly for us to make a charge there. We sent out skirmishers, who hid behind stumps in the open field, and shot and were shot at all day. One good thing, our hill was round, too, so we could get behind it. Bullets from Rebel sharpshooters kept flying past us all day, wounding a man now and then. General Ward couldn't keep still, he wanted to make a charge so bad. At last he ordered the brigade forward, so our regiment, the only one that advanced, went over the hill in about ten seconds, (no exaggeration,) and hid behind a fence at the bottom. In those ten seconds we lost two men killed, and ten wounded. What would have been our loss if we had advanced across the open field! It would have taken us three quarters of an hour, supposing the ditch could easily be crossed. We waited behind the fence till dark.

"Saturday we only skirmished and shot at each other. Sunday morning we were relieved, (some thought to rest.) We passed round the Rebel 'egg,' where the space was not so broad, formed into line, that is, General Butterfield's division, and made the wild charge, our regiment in front. This, I know, we, our regiment, the Seventieth Indiana, took the enemy's guns. That we were not fired into by the Rebels from behind their intrenchments for ten minutes after taking the guns, proves the statement of a prisoner that a whole Rebel brigade behind those works threw down their guns and ran, found we didn't follow, rallied and gave us fits.

What a sad mistake in not advancing! But we did not know, thought that all there was to be done was to take the guns. The guns neither we nor the enemy could get all day. The next day the Rebels were gone. But I must stop. I shall have plenty to tell you another time, among other things, how a shell burst near me when I was asleep in a fence corner! Oh but they are wicked sounding things! They have an awful, screeching, whining tone, and seem to say, 'You I'm after, nobody else,' or as the darkey said, 'Wha's dat nigga? Wha's dat nigga? I want dat nigga!'"

Sherman's loss at Resaca was more than four thousand.

The Rebel loss was about half as great, not including nearly a thousand prisoners.

The Twenty-Seventh lost twelve killed and fifty wounded.

During the charge, and in taking the battery from the fort at night, the Seventieth lost twenty-six killed, and one hundred and thirty wounded. An officer describes the burial of the dead: "The grave was six feet long and forty feet wide. We laid in it, side by side, with blankets for winding-sheets, the forms of those who had just died for their country. We tenderly dropped evergreen branches on the sleeping patriots to break the fall of the clods, and in token that their sacrifice should ever be green in our memories. We stood with heads uncovered while the Captains of the regiments cast in the first earth, and while the chaplain prayed that the sad tidings might not break the hearts of the widows and the orphans. The sinking sun closed the mournful day."

Colonel Lennard, of the Fifty-Seventh, was mortally wounded on the thirteenth, although his regiment was not engaged in the fighting. He was in the act of mounting his horse, when a shell shattered his leg. As he was carried past the regiment on a stretcher, he said to Major McGraw, "Now take good care of the boys, Major." He was carried to a cabin in the rear, and laid on a pallet on the floor. It was soon night, and pine knots were kindled in the fire-place. The surgeon was unable to amputate his leg, as his system did not react from the shock. He was told that he might die at any moment. "What, so soon!" he exclaimed. A smile hovered on his pale face, as he added, "It is necessary for me to make the sacrifice, and I make it cheerfully. Here I am in Georgia, away from my wife and my dear little children. To-night they don't know that I'm dying by the fire of these pine-knots."

His mind dwelt fondly on the home he was never to see, then turned calmly to the contemplation of the eternal home to which his spirit was flitting. A surgeon prayed with him, and encouraged him with assurances of the love of Jesus. He died in perfect peace.

Captain Peoples was killed on the thirteenth, a ball striking his head, and passing entirely through his body. When

passing through the woods from which the Twelfth emerged on making its charge, he expressed to a comrade one of those presentiments which are forgotten if they are unfulfilled, sadly recalled if they are realized: "I shall be killed in this battle, but," he added, "I am ready." He was buried at dead of night.

Lieutenants Boley and Caston, of the Eighty-Eighth, were killed. Of the Eightieth, Captain Showers, Lieutenants Archer and Craig were killed, and Captain Emery was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Colestock, of the Seventieth, was mortally wounded after the battle, as he was drinking from a spring in the rear.

The Eighty-Second lost twenty-five men.

A Lieutenant of the Sixty-Sixth, exhausted by heat, fatigue and excitement, lost his reason. He now wanders about the Soldiers' Home at Knightstown, hopelessly insane.

With very little delay the army pushed over the river on pontoon bridges. Davis' division moved down the northwest bank of the Oostanaula, to Rome, where it captured heavy guns, and destroyed mills and foundries. Thomas, having the direct road, was most frequently in contact with the enemy, whose habit was to fight for his trains in the evening, and hasten on during the night, but the whole army moved in the face of artillery, and with frequent cavalry encounters and picket skirmishes. A spirited contest at Adairsville threatened to become a battle. Before Kingston Schofield and Hooker engaged in violent skirmishing, which seemed nothing less than the opening of battle. At Cassville the enemy drew up behind fortifications of great strength, apparently bent on stopping, at that point, the tide of invasion, but only to disappear before Sherman's concentrated advance.

"Camp Eighty-Sixth Indiana,
"Cassville, Georgia, May 20, 1864.

"We march sometimes night and day, and our habits are so irregular and universally fatiguing that every one feels dull and tired. No advance was ever made by a very large army so rapidly as this. The people nearly all desert their homes at our approach, scared away by the idea that we are

Vandals, and will destroy them if they fall into our hands. I saw in the pretty little town Calhoun, a house, with all its nice furniture, its beautiful flower garden, standing empty, a temptation for the soldier's rough hands and feet. I stopped and got some roses. While I was in the town the owners, an old lady and her daughter, returned. When they saw their house was untouched, the old lady broke forth into exclamations of joy and thankfulness to the Yankees for their good conduct."

General Kimball, who had been summoned from his command in Little Rock, reported to Sherman on the twenty-first of May, and was assigned to the command of the First brigade of the Second division.

Passing beyond the Etowah river, and burning the bridges behind him, the enemy halted in front of Alatoona pass, in the Etowah mountains, in so formidable a position as to debar attempt at a direct assault. Sherman, however, lurked in his front and watched him until he was prepared to move out and strike him on the flank.

The Forty-Second was on picket duty seven days and nights, within fifty yards of the Rebel skirmish line, without being relieved. May 23, the railroad bridge having been repaired, and supplies brought up, the army with twenty days' provisions cut loose from the line of communication, and struck out over painful hills and difficult ravines to Dallas, a town about fifteen miles southwest of Alatoona pass, and eighteen miles west of Marietta. McPherson worked his way to Van Wert, nearly twenty miles west of Dallas, to come in on Thomas' right. Schofield moved over to connect with Thomas' left. Davis went down directly from Rome. The slow, toilsome and dangerous march met its first serious rebuff on Pumpkin Vine creek, near New Hope church, at the meeting of roads from Dallas, Ackworth and Marietta. Geary's division, following a sharp encounter of cavalry, came suddenly upon the enemy in force. Butterfield entered into the engagement. Williams advanced just before sundown, moving but a short distance, through the thick pine woods of the region, before his right, the Twenty-Seventh, found itself in close proximity to the enemy's works.

Its right was enfiladed by two pieces of artillery, while its front suffered also from a heavy fire. After losing fifty-six men it was compelled to take refuge behind a little hill. The Rebels also retreated, being pressed by the increasing Union force. They took shelter in their intrenchments, and threw back their assailants, inflicting a loss of six hundred. Howard hastened up, but, overtaken by night and storm, he was compelled to halt. Three days were spent in manœuvring, skirmishing and battling along the lines, which were discovered to stretch from Dallas to Marietta, and to be scarcely less strong than the position at Alatoona pass. Wood's division was engaged twenty-two hours. It marched early in the morning of the twenty-seventh, and at four o'clock confronted the enemy's right. At half-past four, Hazen's brigade made its way through innumerable obstacles, and under a front and enfilading fire, almost to the Rebel intrenchments. Unable to preserve the line, yet unwilling to retreat, the men sought shelter behind logs, stumps and rocks, and held their ground until they were relieved by Gibson's brigade. Gibson was equally unfortunate and equally resolute, not falling back until his withdrawal was covered by Kneffler, in command of Wood's Third brigade. Becoming engaged immediately, Kneffler's front line was thrown into confusion, but his rear, the Seventy-Ninth, gallantly came forward, and driving the Rebels, pushed through woods and across an open field within three hundred yards of the breast works. Compelled to halt in the edge of the field, the Seventy-Ninth covered its front with fence rails, and under this slight protection resisted the returning enemy until nine at night, when it fired away its last ammunition and fell back. The Eighty-Sixth guarded the left flank of Wood's division, and lay on the ground an hour under the fire of a Rebel battery. A shell burst at the feet of Colonel Dick, a piece of it glanced aside from his sword-belt, yet wounded him sufficiently to disable him a month. A part of Palmer's corps was also engaged in the fight at this point, and his left, the Thirty-Seventh, lost fifty-five men in killed and wounded. The next day Johnston desperately assaulted McPherson, striking him, as, protected by good breastworks,

he was reaching out to Thomas, with the intention of moving back to the railroad. Harrow's division had McPherson's right, with Williams' brigade on his right. A fearful cannonade announced the assault, and the troops, crouching behind their works, waited in awful expectation for the wild yell which introduces a charge. It rose, mingled with the closing artillery fire, and continued after that had ceased. Then the enemy rolled in billows toward McPherson's centre, sweeping over or breaking up heavy lines of skirmishers. He was himself broken under a terrific fire from the trenches, but reformed and returned, and returned again, each time weaker, and at last reeling back with a loss of more than three thousand. McPherson did not lose one thousand.

Sherman had failed in his effort to gain the enemy's right flank, and he now gradually moved his army to the left, at length overlapping the Rebel right, Stoneman's and Garrard's cavalry seizing Alatoona pass. Stoneman's division included the Fifth and Sixth Indiana. Garrard's included the Seventeenth and Seventy-Second. The Rebels withdrew their left from New Hope Church, and fell back slowly and sullenly to the mountains which cover Marietta and the Chattahoochie. Reinforced by fifteen hundred Georgia militia, they ridged the spurs with trenches and barricades, overtopped the summits with batteries, and crowned the lofty conical peaks with signal stations. The mountains were like grisly giants armed from top to toe. Polk had the centre and advance, Pine Mountain; Hardee the right, Kenesaw and Hood had the left, Lost Mountain. Fifteen thousand cavalry covered the flanks. The country lay spread out beneath like an open map. Sherman could hope nothing from concealment, and could find little encouragement for strategy. He waited to hear the railroad whistle, and was reinforced meantime by Long's brigade of cavalry, and by two divisions of Blair's corps, which had marched more than three hundred miles. General Gresham was in command of one division. Colonel Sanderson was in charge of Gresham's brigade, and Lieutenant Colonel Davis had command of the Twenty-Third Indiana. When the advance was resumed, McPherson was on the left, and Schofield was off toward

Lost Mountain, Stoneman and Garrard covered the flanks, and M'Cook guarded the rear. Thomas moved directly toward Kenesaw and Pine, and endeavored to break the line which connected the two mountains. June 14, during sharp cannonading, General Polk was killed. The following night his command abandoned Pine Mountain and retired to Kenesaw. Manœuvring, skirmishing, battling and assaulting, at one time throwing forward a division, at another depending on a single regiment, Sherman gained line upon line. In the morning of the seventeenth, Hascall's division, under a furious fire of grape and canister, captured an intrenched point, with many prisoners. At the same time the Eighteenth battery, with its division (cavalry), attacked the lines from the south, and after a sharp engagement of an hour, occupied the Rebel works. At last, Lost Mountain, with a long line of admirable works, which connected it with Kenesaw, was gained. The Sixth cavalry was the first to enter the works, and the first to raise the flag on Lost Mountain.

Sherman now drew up his lines, and prepared to storm Kenesaw. The rain rained every day during three weeks, flooding the camps and destroying the health of the new troops. Nevertheless advance was made inch by inch. Picket firing stopped only when it became skirmishing. June 17, the Thirty-Eighth, under Lieutenant Colonel Griffin, drove the enemy from his rifle-pits in its front to his main works, and gained a position six hundred yards therefrom. On the eighteenth the Fortieth, about three hundred and fifty strong, shot away over sixty thousand rounds of ammunition, and lost thirty-three men. The same day the Fifty-Seventh captured skirmish pits' and forty men, and, supported by the Twenty-Sixth Ohio and One Hundredth Illinois, gained a point in the enemy's second line. On the twentieth the Thirty-Fifth, while in the front line, was fiercely and unexpectedly attacked and thrown into confusion. It rallied and fought hand to hand, using muskets as clubs. Sixty-five men fell. Major Duffiey, in command, was killed.

"Camp Seventieth, May 30.

"Even if one has to remain quiet, the constant firing and

the continued waiting exhaust body and spirit. Scarcely a night passes without an attack, and no words coined on earth can describe the terrific nature of such affairs. One could hardly imagine that the bursting of all the fiends from the pit would be able to create so fearful a confusion. I thought I had been in some terrible thunder storms; but I feel now like David after he had taken the census, and was offered a choice of punishments; I should rather fall into the hands of God than of man.

"We are gaining very slowly. Indeed our regiment occupies the identical ground we siezed a week ago. S. M."

"Battle Field, Alatoona Mountain,
"Eighty-Sixth Regiment, June 5.

"Our regiment has been in the front for the past few days, and so near the enemy's works that we dare not put our heads over our works. It has rained, and made it very disagreeable to lie in the ditches. We have had to do most of the work by night. Our regiment was within three hundred yards of a battery of five guns, which opened on us last evening, and sent their infernal shells so near our heads that it seemed we should all be killed. D. T."

"Ackworth, June 8.

"We have just succeeded in getting the enemy out of another very strong position, but I expect to-morrow noon will find us pop, popping away again. It seems strange not to hear the bullets cutting through the leaves about my head. We fought the Rebels twelve days in their last position. They make all their positions so strong that it is impossible to take them by direct attack, so we have to flank them out. I hope we can go on with the good work until we get them out of these everlasting hills. An open field fight would be almost a luxury.

"We are about thirty miles from Atlanta. I presume the fight that is to decide the fate of the place will not be much longer delayed. I am anxious to get there, for I think we may get a little rest then.

"Shells have burst all about me, but no piece has hit me.

One burst near my head, burnt my face and tickled my ears. I can stand a good deal of noise, and a 'miss is as good as a mile.' "D. T."

"SEVENTIETH INDIANA,
"IN THE WOODS THREE MILES BELOW ACKWORTH,
"SUNDAY MORNING, June 12.

"Rain! Rain! Rain! I never saw the like. Thunderstorm after thunderstorm. Rain all night. It was nine o'clock this morning before it stopped long enough for me to crawl out (the only way to get out of these little tents) and make a cup of coffee. We were ordered to pack up the other morning at daylight; just as we got ready it commenced to rain, and we waited, and waited, and waited for further orders all day in the rain. The hardest rain I ever saw fell the other day when our regiment was on picket, but I'll give an account of the whole day. At daylight we were called up unexpectedly to be ready to march in ten minutes. We were ready, and waited two hours, couldn't take off our things to get breakfast. At dinner time we stacked arms, but couldn't leave ranks to get dinner. Resting about an hour, we went several miles further, and put up our tents for the night. Just got them up when an order came for the whole regiment to go on picket. Then the rain came down by the bucketfull, and constant firing was kept up all night. The supply train can't get up, and we are on half rations. I have seen fellows offer twenty-five and fifty cents for a hard tack. In passing a battery near us yesterday I saw a fellow from our regiment picking up a few grains of corn which a battery horse had left. We are having rough times, sure! It won't last long, though, and I don't mind it at all while I am well.

"We havn't been under fire now for several days, though we can hear cannon now and then on our right. We were under fire almost a month every day from the tenth of May to the first of June, skirmishing or fighting. We had over eight hundred men for duty at Wauhatchie, and now havn't four hundred,—one hundred and sixty-three killed and wounded, and the rest played out. And this I'm afraid is only the beginning. L. K."

"SEVENTIETH INDIANA,
"NOT FAR FROM MARIETTA, June 19.

"We started on our journey again after the Rebels, and got into a fight just before dark. We ran on one of their strong forts, and how we ever got out again is wonderful. They had eight guns playing against our regiment. The shot and shell were terrible, but only some forty were wounded, and a few torn all to pieces. Some had very narrow escapes. A bullet struck a spy glass in Major Ragan's pocket, and afterward a cannon ball cut his belt in two, and only bruised him. One man had his haversack torn all to pieces, another his gun bent like a hoop. After dark we went back for ammunition. The men had nearly all shot their sixty rounds. After midnight we went forward again, and built breastworks. All next day we fought behind our breastworks, and the Rebels behind theirs. The skirmishers out in front did most of the fighting. We lost several wounded during the day. I was making a detail, when a ball passed under my chin, and struck a man right by me. I have a ball in my pocket now that hit me. It was a spent ball, and didn't hurt.

"Toward evening the Rebels opened eight guns on us for about ten minutes, but did not hurt a man. Next day the Rebels fell back, and we followed, passing through the fort. This fort was the strongest thing I ever saw. The Rebels had cut down trees in front, and sharpened every limb, so that a rabbit could hardly have got nearer than ten feet. We flanked them, though, and they had to skedaddle.

"That day we had advanced in line of battle, but were not in the front line. Had a rest that night and all next day, though it rained in torrents.

"To-day is shower and sunshine, and we are encamped in an open field, the first time for nearly two months. Glad to get out of the thick woods, where we were nearly tormented to death by bugs, ants, scorpions, snakes, and creeping things of every description. A big black snake, two feet long, came crawling up by my side one day while I was lying in my tent. You better believe I jumped. One ten feet long was killed not fifty yards from our tent.

"LEWIS KETCHAM."

"HEADQUARTERS EIGHTY-SIXTH INDIANA,
June 20.

"I can catch but a moment to let you know that up to this date I still live. The enemy drives never so stubbornly, and we are yet three miles from Marietta. His right rests upon a large mountain, at which our cannon are thundering this morning. Our brigade is not now engaged, but probably will be this afternoon. At the last position our regiment was continually in front but our loss is comparatively light. It continues to rain unmercifully, and we are sometimes almost drowned."

"*Twenty-fifth.* We have had some sharp fighting and are now jam up against the enemy's works. Many bullets cut close to our ears inside the works and it behooves us to keep as quiet as possible. We tried to advance the lines even closer last night, but it was impracticable in front of our division, and all that was accomplished by the fight was the advance of the division on our right, thus protecting us from a coss-fire. Some of the battles that occur in these forests are very exciting. The last our division had that gave us the place we now hold so near the enemy, was brought on by our artillery, which opened on the enemy from unexpected points in the woods along our lines, and got them to running from their front line in great haste. We followed and kept them going, until almost to their main works, when we made a breastwork under a hot fire. We are now prepared to stay until the genius of Sherman causes them to fall back again, or suffer for not doing it. We have some heavy artillery fights on this line. I like it, but it is very dangerous except when we get close in the breastworks. Ten days ago our lines faced southward, and now the enemy's left and centre are pressed around so far that our front is directly toward the rising sun. The Rebels seem to be massing on our right this afternoon, and will probably try Hooker's strength again this evening. They charged him two nights ago, as he was taking up his position, but gained nothing by it. The Thirty-Third lost several in the fight.

"General Johnston is displaying great ability in this campaign, or he has many more men than is represented."

"*June* 25. This is a peculiar campaign. The Rebels take up a position which affords the best means of defence, and fortify it as if they intended to hold it to the last extremity. We fight right up to them and fortify as strongly as they do. Then General Sherman goes to work to flank them out, and sooner or later the morning dawns with no enemy in our front. The last two positions they abandoned were only abandoned by their left and centre, the right resting on Kenesaw mountain, which served as a pivot. Our line faces the east now, with Hooker on the right, then Schofield, Howard, Palmer and McPherson's army on the left—extending close round the foot of the mountain, and amusing themselves every day with shelling somebody. There has been more cannonading at this position than any other during the campaign. Our artillery holds some very fine positions, and masses upon the enemy so that some successful duels are fought. A few days ago a party of ladies came upon the mountain to enjoy the sight of their friends shelling the Yankees. The show began as usual, by the enemy opening eight guns in the direction of Palmer's corps; but to the dismay of the ladies, twenty Yankee guns that had been placed in position and masked, all opened immediately. It is feared some of the fair creatures had their crinoline disarranged, and perhaps worse, as some were seen carried away on stretchers.

"We have been here six days. The Eighty-Sixth has been in front all the time, but has been very fortunate, having lost only thirty-five wounded, none killed, during the campaign. D. T."

The assault on Hooker, to which allusion is made, occurred on the twenty-second. The enemy suddenly advanced over comparatively open ground, and furiously attacked Hooker and Schofield, directing his heaviest blows against Williams' division and one of Hascall's brigades. A single regiment met him and held him a few moments, then falling back, left the way open for the advance. The hastily prepared line stood up stoutly to the shock, repulsed repeated assaults, and in the end hurled the assailants, bloody and broken, back to their defences. The Rebel dead and wounded were left on the field. The next day, Howard's corps, after

severe fighting, made an advance, but faltered as the enemy skillfully directed his fire and a charge into a gap between the divisions of Newton and Wood. Wagner, who was on Newton's left, immediately threw the Fifty-Seventh into the gap. The regiment gallantly, but with much loss, checked the charge. The Thirtieth, Thirty-Sixth and Ninth gained the works in their front, and held them against column after column of the enemy.

June 27, Newton's and Davis' divisions, and a brigade from each of Logan's divisions, made an assault at two points south of Kenesaw. Logan's troops scattered the Rebel skirmishers on Little Kenesaw, gained the first line of intrenchments, and captured some of the retreating Rebels as they endeavored to gain the gorge between the two peaks, but were stopped by shot and stones from a perpendicular cliff thirty feet high, and after a short and severe struggle, were compelled to hasten back. Newton and Davis charged up the mountain in the face of a powerful battery, struggling through entanglements almost to the breastworks. Kimball's brigade even gained the parapets, Kimball, with that cheerful courage which never deserted him, leading it to almost certain death, over troops already defeated and discouraged. All were cast back with terrible destruction. Sherman had hoped to force a way to the railroad below Marietta, and thus cut off the Rebel retreat. But the only result of the assault was the slaughter of a thousand brave men and the wounding of two thousand. Our Fortieth, which, under Colonel Blake, was at the head of Wagner's brigade, lost in thirty minutes, one hundred and six out of three hundred men. The loss of officers in Kimball's command was in remarkable disproportion to that of enlisted men, being one to six. The dead were buried, the wounded were cared for, and no more assaults were made from our side.

"In the Midst of Battle, June 27.

"A terrible fight is raging all along the line, but as it is made our duty to hold the centre and prevent the enemy from breaking through, I can lie under the breastworks and beneath the flying balls and pencil a few lines to you. We

have rumors of our repulse on the left, but no dependence can be placed on reports here, as every soldier has his mouth and ears full of them.

"My experience is that about one-fifth of the Rebels fight as well as our best troops, making up in bitterness and desperation what they lack in manliness, but on an average our soldiers are much superior to theirs. In numberless cases we have carried their works, but I have yet to learn of one attack upon us in which they have been successful.

"It would be wise, however, to write little on this subject as we are in a position before which the enemy is supposed to be massing his forces, and we may not be able to hold our ground. It is hard to write, the battery we are supporting keeps up such an uproar, almost lifting one's scalp at each discharge. When the war ends I am going to retire to the wilderness every 'Fourth of July' to prevent myself from hearing the hideous noise made by exploding gunpowder.

"Just at this point I had occasion to call out: 'Put on your shirt and accoutrements, sir! This is no time to be looking for vermin.' One of the horrors of this kind of life is that the men's bodies and clothes are alive and nothing can be done to relieve them, as they have no change of clothing and seldom have any opportunity to bathe. The officer *can* escape the affliction, but the poor private drags his tormented carcass in utter hopelessness to the end of the campaign.

"Every man from Colonel to private is broken out horribly, and cannot enjoy a moment's rest for the intolerable itching. Such things may appear only disgusting to you, but I consider them as constituting the chief hardship of the soldier, and the man who endures them for his country is worthy of the highest respect. S. M."

The ignoble but pertinacious enemy to which the writer alludes, is generally understood to be beneath notice; but as it formed the pest of army life, the climax of the soldier's woes, the narration of our soldiers' doings and sufferings is not complete without a recognition of its existence. An officer in the Fortieth writes: "Shall I ever forget the shock I felt when, last fall, after wearing and sleeping in my clothes (often on the ground where their fellow graybacks

the Rebels had lain) without change for three weeks, and wondering at the strange and incessant irritation of my skin, I, when our baggage came up and I stripped for a change, discovered *myself*, yes, *I*, covered, alive with the most devilish and disgusting monsters? I stormed, and blessed the war and the Rebels left-handedly, and then ordering a pot of water put on the fire, I felt a sweet satisfaction as the clothes, every stitch I had on, gradually warmed with the water, in reflecting that they were enjoying the same slow torture they had inflicted upon me. I have had none since. Pardon me for introducing so low a subject; but, from one sort of gray-back to another is rather an easy transition,—both of a color, one preying upon the body corporate, the other upon the body politic."

"Camp of Eighty-Sixth, July 1.

"There is a fine duel, between their guns and ours nearly every evening, which affords us considerable amusement, especially when our guns get the best of the contest, which they have been doing in the last few days. Our shells seem to tear the top of the mountain terribly. We are two miles away, but we can see the clouds of smoke and dust. The most exciting features of this extraordinary campaign are the night attacks of the enemy upon our works. They burst forth in the stillness of these summer nights with a noise and fury that would terrify any but a soldier. The first thing you see on waking is the lightning-like flash of their artillery, as it opens along the line through the dense forest, and sends shell crashing and bursting through the tree tops. The great rattle of musketry, and the wild shouts of the enemy join to make it a fearful time. But our boys all know their duty, and quickly take their places in the rifle-pits, with their guns in hand, and a little pile of cartridges on the ground in front of them, ready for the word to fire! In all their night attacks the enemy has gained nothing yet, and has lost many men. * * * * *

"I regret always to write with a pencil, but can't get ink in this wooden country. Sometimes we don't see daylight

for weeks. If the cars did not whistle once in a while, we should think ourselves lost entirely."

"CENTRE OF SHERMAN'S ARMY, July 1.

"I had to laugh at Jane's prescription for my health, in which she tells me to have Jerry toast me a slice of bread, to take so much butter, and such a quantity of tea, and a little cinnamon, and, if approved, a pinch of ground cloves, mixed in a bowl. Bless her kind, suggestive heart! Doesn't she know that from bread to bowl we are lacking, and that she might as well prescribe ice cream, to be eaten from a golden goblet, three times daily? As for the pudding that we are to bake in a skillet, tell her that our only cooking utensils are a fruit-can for coffee, and a tin-bucket in which Jerry fries the meat. The bucket Jerry stole. He 'wasn't gwine to hab everything stold from him, and not have nothin' to cook in.'

"S. M."

While threatening the enemy's centre still, and demonstrating against his right, Sherman threw McPherson's army toward the Chattahoochie, on the left. It was enough. At dawn of July 3 his pickets were on the summit of Kenesaw.

Now began a race for the Chattahoochie. The Rebels had the road clean and clear before them, and intrenchments, previously prepared, at the bridge head, on the northern bank of the river, ready to receive them, while streams on each side of the road, and parallel to it, protected their line of march. Thomas, at their heels, took two thousand prisoners in Marietta. About three miles beyond Marietta his advance had a sharp fight. Captain Kirk, with a small body of skirmishers, stormed an outwork, losing eleven men out of eighteen. Kirk was wounded. McPherson and Schofield, urging troops who needed little urging, over the rough country east and west of the direct road, gained the river and connected with Thomas, to find two corps of the Rebel army streaming across on three bridges, and one powerful corps, Hardee's, turned at bay, with too dangerous a front, so few hours after Kenesaw, for assault.

"NEAR THE CHATTAHOOCHIE, July 6.

"The pickets of our division fire across the river at the enemy's pickets. We are nine miles from Marietta, and the same distance from Atlanta. Our division had the advance yesterday, and overtook the Rebels just as they were getting their last wagons over their pontoon bridge. A skirmish took place, and our artillery, on a high point a mile back of us, warmed up the tail end of their train as it switched about among the hills on the other side. From the hill on which the artillery is posted the Rebels are in full view, with all their fortifications and their large wagon-trains parked in the rear; and Atlanta, with its fortifications standing out in bold relief. We took a good many prisoners and deserters yesterday and the day before. The deserters hide in the brush until our skirmishers pass by them. One of these poor fellows, or at least one who had been accused of being a deserter at some time, had been retaken before we came along, and now hangs from a limb of a tree upon the top of the hill I spoke of. Johnston maintains a discipline that was never equaled in any army in our country, and hangs and shoots many of his men. At Dalton I saw seventeen stakes, to which that number of men had been tied and shot. To see a gallows in their camp is a common occurrence. Nothing less than such discipline would keep his army together. The picket line is so hot that it can be relieved only at night. Our boys make it just as hot for the Rebels. D. T."

A flanking movement, involving, as it must, the passage of the broad, deep and rapid Chattahoochie in the vicinity of the enemy, was scarcely less formidable than a direct attack. But Sherman was not now, nor indeed was he ever, to be deterred by formidable appearances. While his strong skirmish line carried the outer rifle-pits, and made demonstrations far to the enemy's left, south-west of the railroad bridge, his reserve, Schofield, moved rapidly eastward, crossed the river, his foremost troops, the Sixty-Third and Sixty-Fifth included, wading, though the water was neck deep.

Schofield effected a lodgment on high ground, on the southern bank, eight miles above the railroad, and made a

good, strong bridge. Garrard's cavalry then occupied Rosswell, a town seven miles farther up the river, destroyed woolen and cotton mills, which had supplied the Rebel armies, and protected bridge builders at that point. Howard threw a bridge across at Powell's ferry, but four miles above the railroad.

Meantime the demonstrations in front were hot. A fort was built and occupied by the Eighteenth battery. The Rebels erected two forts on higher ground, and within six hundred yards. Cannonading was incessant; July 17, while Hardee was withdrawing, it was furious; more than a hundred shells burst inside the fort. With Schofield and Howard south of the river, and the rest of the Northern army preparing to follow, Johnston could do no less than withdraw.

'CAMP OF THE FORTIETH,
"NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 16, 1864.

"We are on the south bank of the Chattahoochie, our camp about six or seven miles from Atlanta; other parts of our army somewhat nearer. We crossed on the thirteenth, and have been in camp quietly resting for three whole days, and with the charming prospect of at least another day of rest. I never felt so keenly the need of it before, for both body and mind are completely wearied out with the constant strain brought upon them during a campaign of over sixty-six days, sixty of which were spent under fire more or less intense. We were always, during the sixty days, not only within reach of Rebel artillery, but also within range of Minie balls, and could hear them at almost any moment whistling, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, all the notes of the scale, from highest to lowest, according to velocity or the more or less perfect smoothness of the missile. If a ball hits a tree, and glancing, is battered by the impact, it comes squalling along so much like a cat, that the boys constantly say, 'There, they are throwing another cat over here by the tail.' These glancing balls perform strange feats in the way of penetrating into apparently impossible places. For instance the Chaplain of the Ninety-Seventh Ohio was struck in the *back* by one, with his *face* toward the spot from

which it came. I saw a man have a hole put through his hat, and *it* knocked off, he sitting at the time with his back to a breastwork three feet higher than his head, and actually leaning against it. The ball had been shot from a lower point than the wall, and, striking a limb overhead at a proper angle, was deflected in such a manner as to quite equal the Irishman's shot round the hay-stack with a bent gun. There is no certainly safe place, and no possibility of providing against the vagaries of 'straggling balls.' On the eighteenth of June, a man standing talking with me, and at the same time cleaning his gun, and whose head was at least six feet lower than the top of the ridge *between him and the Rebels*, and they also thirty feet lower than that, and four hundred yards off over an open field, was shot through the head and fell as you have seen a bullock fall, an involuntary quivering of the muscles lasting for a few minutes, alone showing that there remained even a remnant of the vitality which had animated him a moment before. On the twenty-seventh of June, in the assault upon the enemy's lines, in which our regiment was so badly cut up, three men were wounded, (have since died,) all within less than a minute, and so near that two of them were in actual contact with me at the time, and the other not two feet off. I did not get a scratch. A small tree, about eight inches across, behind which I stood for half an hour nearly, after the attack had evidently failed, and the greater part if not all the regiment had got back to the works, I saw afterward, when the Rebels had retreated,—there may have been balls put in it before, or some after the twenty-seventh assault,—but it was, when I looked at it, actually torn into splinters by both canister and rifle balls. There was hardly a particle of bark left on it, from the ground up, on the side of the enemy, yet, as I said, I was untouched, while in a line of that same fire there were not less than one hundred men hurt, many of them killed outright. I fear you may think there is a touch of egotism about this. My intention was simply to give you an idea, if possible, of the strange freaks and unpleasant partiality these bullets display for entering the bodies of some men, while they avoid those of others. Happily, so far, they have avoided me. I continue

to hope they may 'keep on doing it.' But about the war, what shall I say? I cannot tell you anything of our movements, for that would, under present circumstances, be contraband news, and mere speculations are of but small account in the face of the events which follow each other with sufficient rapidity to satisfy any one not born in the country where everything is 'expected to be done in about twenty minutes.' We have come one hundred and thirty miles over mountains and rivers, gaining every inch by hard fighting with an army who have made 'spades trumps,' and held a handfull of them, too. The positions from which Johnston has been driven by force or strategy are each miracles of strength, both natural and artificial, and having accomplished the huge undertaking in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, we are now arrived at the *plain* country, and have left the mountains and their spurs and outlying ridges behind us. The Chattahoochie is crossed, and we can count the church steeples, and see the dwellings of the people of Atlanta.

"You will find when this campaign in all its parts has been carried to a conclusion, that there will only be a few of the outside corners of the rebellion to polish off. We are fighting it *now* in a way to either *annihilate* the *men* of the South, or compel the remnant to submission to the laws. It is a 'Kilkenny cat fight'—and we have a 'cat with the longest tail;' and the more desperate the fighting, the more terrible the loss, the quicker will peace return and the blessings that belong to it. In spite of our losses in this army, they have been at least made up by reinforcements. You may rely upon this statement. We are most likely stronger than when we started. The South are fighting their *last men*—without resources. We can lose man for man with them, annihilate them, and have a handsome balance to our credit to commence the business of building up a nation anew out of the reliques of the old.

HARRY LEAMING."

After crossing the Chattahoochie, Sherman rested until he heard the locomotive whistle, a sound which always enheartened the troops and set them huzzaing. When again in

motion, the army gradually assumed the form of an arc of a circle on the northeast of Atlanta.

July 19, McPherson's left was south of the Augusta railroad, while his entire force, as was also Schofield's, was west of Decatur, within the strong defensive lines of Nancy's and Peach tree creeks. Beatty's brigade in the morning of this day, made an admirable reconnoissance in Thomas' front, driving the enemy's out-post two miles. In the afternoon, the brigade, under the friendly shelter and concealment of a ravine, tall corn, weeds and willows, crossed Peach Tree creek on a hastily constructed bridge; and one hundred picked men of the Seventy-Ninth, "one hundred as good men as ever walked on ground," surprised and captured a point in the Rebel works, though Lieutenant Colonel Parker, in command, was wounded at the outset. The brigade and corps following closely, a foothold was gained on the south side of the stream. Before night, Thomas' army was south of Peach Tree creek. The Rebels were on strong ground, and strongly fortified. It would be hard to assault them and not easy to outflank them. Unexpectedly their policy underwent a change, Johnson being deposed, and Hood, who succeeded him, assuming the offensive. At noon of the twentieth, as Newton was following Stanley and Wood toward Schofield's line on the left, as Hooker, and Johnson on Hooker's right, were moving in the same direction, each body disconnected and unsupported, nearly the whole Rebel army advanced without skirmishers, from woods which had concealed it, and threw itself furiously on Newton's division, which at the moment was halting on a prominent ridge, with stacked arms and no other defence than hastily constructed earthworks, such as the troops made whenever they halted, and on Hooker's corps, which had not the slightest protection. Newton's troops sprang to arms, and met the assault with deliberate and deadly musketry in their front, and artillery on both flanks. Kimball, commanding two brigades and a part of a third, held the right unmoved. Geary swerved, but Williamson, on his right, stood with perfect steadiness, and Ward's division (formerly Butterfield's) on his left and rear, rushed to the front and beyond in a counter charge, relieving

both Kimball and Geary. Coburn's brigade was the first to come in contact with the charging forces of the enemy. The Eighty-Fifth was not more than fifty feet from their front when it opened fire. The Rebels pressed forward again, and repeatedly, suffering one bloody repulse after another with a terrible fortitude, and only seeking their intrenchments after a four hours' battle and to escape utter destruction.

"BATTLEFIELD NEAR ATLANTA,
SEVENTIETH INDIANA, July 21, 1864.

"We had a glorious fight yesterday. I don't know the results of the whole fight, but our division repulsed the Rebels and threw up works on the battlefield where they lay killed and wounded *two* to our *one*, that I know.

"At midnight we were ordered to get ready, and at daylight we pushed forward. Halted at noon in a cornfield and ate a cracker for dinner—the sun so terribly hot! Then we formed in line of battle. Our division was so fortunate this time as to have an open field. The Fourth corps, on our left, and the other divisions of our corps had woods to fight in. We were soon in line of battle, and waited for orders in the hot sun. The battle began at four o'clock and lasted until after dark. It began on the Fourth corps; they were a little in advance of the line and had all their non-combatants with them. Of all the skedaddling, running and confusion! I never saw the beat! It amused us at first, but when the firing began on our line amusement sobered into alarm. Then the hot work began on the left. Both right and left sent to Hooker for reinforcements—all the answer they got was 'Forward!' 'Fighting Joe' had his body guard (so I hear from Colonel Harrison) draw their sabres and push forward the skulking parties of those who asked for reinforcements. At this moment we advanced. On we moved in steady line—we couldn't see the Rebs yet—'Colonel Merrill will take that cedar knoll.' When we reached the top our lines wern't in so good a shape, the lines of our division I mean. But no wonder—some regiments had a steep hill to climb, to pass through a cornfield, through thickets, blackberry bushes, to cross a creek and a deep gutter, all of which our regiment did be-

fore we at last reached the top of the cedar knoll. And there were the Johnny Rebs on a ridge just opposite us advancing on us. The thickets, blackberry bushes and small but deep ravines, offered a good place for skulkers—one little *cus* stopped and commenced picking blackberries. A regiment on our right had nice ground to advance on and was ahead; the Lieutenant Colonel and a Rebel Colonel were in a hand to hand fight for a Rebel flag,—but strange to say, the Rebel Colonel got away,—limping. At this point our lines wavered. Some of our regiment, tired or excited, stopped on the cedar hill and commenced firing. Others were in the ravine in front and starting up the slope to meet the Rebels. Now! who would win? The Rebels advancing, our men faltering. We had nothing to fall back on but a muddy creek we had taken several hours in crossing on one small bridge. Had we broken how terrible would have been the slaughter—our men killing their comrades and themselves in trying to cross the creek! There was a desperate attack on our batteries on the right and left. Colonel Harrison's Adjutant came flying along the lines and shouting, 'Forward! they are driving us on our right and left!'

"But our artillery helps us. Canister shot is fired into them from the woods on our right, and we give them a volley. They halt, waver, lie down. Hurrah! They break and run. Our boys take steadier aim now, and advance with enthusiasm. They don't retreat without giving us several volleys. We gain their hill, passing over their killed and wounded, and lie down behind some fence rails the skirmishers have thrown up, and fire into them retreating. They made several attempts to rally and recross the open field, but without success. I got a gun from a wounded man, pocketed some cartridges and caps, and had several shots. We were at work nearly all night throwing up earthworks. We didn't suffer as much as we did at Resaca—other regiments, though, a great deal more. Our loss was five killed and twenty-seven wounded. Captain Matlock and Lieutenant Reed were wounded. Englehart was wounded and Spaulding killed. Lieutenant Lowe was killed. He was sick, and ought to have been in a hospital, but he wouldn't stay be-

hind. It is impossible to describe a battle correctly. Every one has a different story to tell. Some had very narrow escapes. Captain Carson had three bullet holes in his hat. Uncle S—— had a bullet pass through his coat sleeve. I didn't get a scratch. No one knows how many narrow escapes he has in battle. It was a sad, sad sight to see the dead and dying on the battle field. The Rebel wounded couldn't all be taken off till this morning. They lay from four o'clock in the hot sun. One poor fellow prayed for help, another, too far gone to pray for help from us, I heard uttering his last prayer. He was dead this morning.

"No doubt we made a good fight of it. It might have been better, to be sure. If we hadn't faltered we would have accomplished more, but if we had not advanced at all from the cedar knoll we would undoubtedly have lost the batteries on our right and left, and many prisoners, and perhaps been defeated.

"*July* 23. General Ward is proud of his old brigade. He rides a large, splendid looking horse, and is of pretty good size himself. When excited he pulls at his tremendous gloves. He was greatly excited when we commenced driving the Rebels, and jerking first at one glove, then the other, he called out to his aid, Lieutenant Harryman, of our regiment, 'Ha'yman! Ha'yman! Come hea'. Look how the Fust brigade, my old brigade, goes in!' Some one tells a good story of General Thomas. He was standing on a hill on the opposite side of the creek. He is always working at his short, thick whiskers. When satisfied, he smooths them down, when troubled he works them all out of shape. The Rebels advancing on us, and we on them, we met in a hollow between the cedar knoll and the hill we afterward occupied. The General could see neither party, and it was at that very moment, when our right and left, fighting in the woods, seemed ready to give way, he had his whiskers all out of shape. He gave orders to his body-guard to hold the bridge across Peach Tree creek, and cut down any armed soldier who attempted to cross. But when he saw the Rebels running, with us after them, he took off his hat and slung it on the ground, and shouted, 'Hurrah! Look at the Third

division! They're driving them!" His whiskers were soon in good shape again.

"I can hardly understand why the Rebels lost so many. They had a long way to charge, but it was a fair, open field fight. The most of them were shot after they started to run. Thirty-four Rebels were buried on the ground our regiment occupied. We lost only five killed. I think that is the proportion of the loss. L. K."

It was announced along Hooker's front that Sherman declared Atlanta won if Peach Tree Heights, on which the triumphant but exhausted troops now rested, could be held two hours longer. The message exalted our Seventieth, and doubtless other regiments, to a fierce enthusiasm. "We'll die right here!" cried the heroes. And they knew what it was to die, with death in every hideous shape about them, and hearts which had beaten in unison with theirs at the outset of the charge, already stilled forever. But the Rebels returned no more. Their repulse was so severe that it drove them into and beyond their fortifications on the hills of Peach Tree creek. Nor was Atlanta won. Its last and strongest line of defence remained.

Five thousand men left on the field attested the strength and desperation of Hood's assault. Sherman's loss was seventeen hundred and eighty-three, and largely in Hooker's corps.

The army pressed fiercely after the enemy, Thomas from the north, McPherson and Schofield from the east and northeast. On the twenty-second, a day of exhausting heat, Hood repeated the battle of the twentieth, flinging his army, except barely sufficient troops to hold the intrenchments, on Sherman's converging lines. At the first onset McPherson, "the brave, chivalrous and beautiful," was slain, and the rear of the extreme left was threatened. Six death-defying assaults on front, and right and left, of the Army of the Tennessee, followed. The Rebels leaped over the works. They forced back the defenders by companies. Their daring knew no restraint. But their success was not of long duration. They were cast back from the trenches with a resolve which

matched their desperation, and were forced by the coming of night to cease their efforts. Morning showed two thousand two hundred dead Rebels close before our lines.

Sherman was now within three miles of Atlanta. His long range guns fired into the city. The Twenty-Second battery claims to have sent the first Yankee shells into the streets. Reconnoissances, skirmishes, raids and fights along the close and heavy picket lines varied the regular approaches of a siege. New lines were constantly made. Troops were constantly shifted from one point to another.

"Camp of the Seventieth, August 5.

"I had to make details last night at nine, eleven, two and five o'clock, to work on a new line of trenches. We have just occupied them this morning. This makes the third, and in some places the fourth line of works. We are creeping in on them. Will dig our way either in or around the city. We were on the extreme right three days ago, are now near the centre. A heavy old siege gun sends a shell into the city every five minutes as regular as a clock. It has been firing about thirty-six hours. The shell goes screeching and howling. The boys call it the Atlanta Express. L. K."

"Near East Point, Georgia,
July 30, 1864.

"*Saturday.* The Rebels appear to us entirely heathenish, for they make no effort to remove their severely wounded, leaving them to fall into our hands after a day or two, and never exerting themselves in the least to bury their dead, who, when we find them, are most loathsome.

"*Sunday.* Just at twilight, the Thirty-Third band played 'Old Hundred' grandly. I am not often nowadays conscious of being immortal, but as that glorious tune swelled forth, the past, the present, and the future seemed to melt into one, and all our loved who have gone before were with me listening.

"Of late I have been touched with pity for our deluded enemies. It is very sad to read letters written by men just before they died, or to see a corpse deserted by every one except a howling dog. S. M."

"Behind the Logs, Sunday, August 15.

"A bullet just now went through my tent with force enough to have gone through me twice over. We had three men killed day before yesterday, and two wounded yesterday by what are called stray bullets. I was affected, as the boys carried Johnnie Newton on a stretcher to the rear to die, by his calling out, 'Good bye, Colonel!' S. M."

On the fourth, the Eighty-Seventh lost seventeen men in an attempt to wrest from the enemy a prominent portion of his lines. On the seventh, one hundred and five men of the Eighty-Second, while on the skirmish line, lost twenty-six of their number.

Meantime, Sherman's cavalry was engaged on the enemy's line of communication. Garrard's division made an extensive and destructive raid on the Augusta railroad. On his return, Stoneman, with five thousand, including Garrard's force, and M'Cook, with four thousand, started out, the one west, the other east, to meet at Lovejoy's station, south of Atlanta, pursuant to tearing up the Macon railroad and pushing on to the relief of our suffering prisoners at Andersonville. Stoneman forgot the duty of a subordinate, and of a party to an agreement, and audaciously followed the dictates of his capricious judgment. He went as far east as Covington, destroying the Augusta railroad, and as far south as Macon, fighting and driving a body of the enemy and tearing up the road in the vicinity of that place. August 31, on his return by the same route, he was attacked by Wheeler's cavalry. Perceiving that he was unable to extricate his whole command, with one brigade he absorbed the enemy's attention while two brigades escaped. He then surrendered, to the chagrin of the force he had detained. Colonel Butler, of the Fifth, made a solemn protest. Two officers, forty-seven privates and two guns of the Twenty-Fourth battery were also included in the surrender. The Sixth cavalry, under the lead of Lieutenant Colonel Matson and Major Smith, cut its way out; but was afterwards attacked at night near Athens, and defeated, and many of the men were captured in squads. Major Smith was wounded and taken while gallantly attempting to rally a small detachment. Colonel Matson was

also captured. The brigades which were so fortunate as to effect their escape, reached the army north of Atlanta, one entire, the other in pieces. Garrard had already arrived, having in the beginning of the raid returned from Flat Rock, whither Stoneman had sent him.

M'Cook's part of the expedition is described by a member of the Eighteenth battery, which belonged to his divison:

"July 27, we marched at daylight, and crossed the Chattahoochie on pontoons at Mason's Ferry. Our force consisted of the First and Second brigades, which last included the Second and Fourth Indiana of our division, a brigade of Stoneman's, and one section of our battery, numbering in all about twenty-one hundred. The command was superbly mounted and marched without baggage of any kind. After taking up the pontoons we went down the river, reaching Cartersville at dark. At two in the morning marched six miles further down, and threw the pontoons across the river. Leaving them in charge of dismounted men, we struck boldly for the railroad. At dark we reached Palmetto, a small station on the Atlanta and West Point railroad. We tore up the road for three miles, burned three bridges and the depot, destroyed a train of cars laden with provisions, and buildings filled with commissary and quartermaster's stores. We continued our march at eight in the evening toward Fayetteville, twenty-five miles further east, and a depot of supplies for the Rebel army. All night we passed almost noiselessly along, reaching Fayetteville just before dark.

"On the morning of the twenty-eighth we captured three hundred prisoners, with several hundred wagons laden with forage and commissary stores. Our march had been so noiseless, not a shot having been fired throughout the night, that we surrounded the Rebels, and were in their midst before they were aware of it. They could hardly realize that we were Yankees until daylight made apparent our arms and uniform. We halted here only long enough to complete the destruction of the train, and to replace our jaded horses by fresh ones from the Rebel train, when we moved forward in an easterly direction, to the Atlanta and Macon railroad. As we were but twenty-five miles south of Atlanta,

of course reinforcements from that point would soon be after our command, and it behooved us to be rapid. We struck the railroad at Lovejoy's Station, twenty-four miles from Atlanta, and sixteen miles from Fayetteville. During our march from the latter place we captured several more supply trains, which ran into our column to avoid a large body of cavalry, making for the railroad, from the east. The trains were burned. The prisoners we mounted on mules, and guarded near our centre. Two brigade generals and several colonels and lesser officers were among our prisoners. We remained four hours at Lovejoy's Station, and for the first time on that road fed our stock. We scattered several miles up and down the railroad, tearing up the track, and burning ties. When this work was completed our command fell into line, and retiring four miles, took a road leading south. All our column had filed past this cross road except part of the Eighth Iowa, when a large force of Rebel cavalry suddenly came upon it at the cross roads, cutting it in two, and capturing about twelve hundred. The First brigade formed and charged, but was driven back. The Fourth Kentucky then formed a strong rear guard. But the roads were literally swarming with Rebels; not less than five thousand were on our track and around us. They had captured all the bridges across Sweet Water creek, a deep, muddy stream in our front. Captain Hill, with a battalion of the gallant Second Indiana, secured one of the bridges, which lay two miles south of us. We hastened up, crossed and directed our course toward the west, but soon found a strong Rebel force in our front. We halted, threw out skirmishers, secured a negro guide, and retraced our steps two miles. It was now night, and we succeeded in taking a by-road to the left of the main road, and in passing the principal Rebel force. Through the intelligence and loyalty of our guide our entire command escaped capture. We marched rapidly all night, avoiding the main roads, and traveling nearly west. About three o'clock on the morning of the twenty-ninth we came upon another Rebel train of fifty wagons, which we cut down, but did not burn for fear of betraying ourselves to our pursuers. Our guns became entangled in the woods, as it was

intensely dark. General McCook ordered us to leave them, but actuated by the strange affection a soldier has for his arms, we refused, and after a half hour's delay we succeeded in getting them through, and on the road again. The excessive exertion of the two days and nights travel, without rest or food, overcame many. They gave out from sheer exhaustion. Our mules could scarcely be urged along, by coaxing or beating, when we crossed a stream of water, but orders were imperative not to stop for water or any other purpose. If a horse or a mule fell dead, the carriage was driven to the roadside, and a fresh animal put into the harness. The carriage must regain its place as it could. The column was ordered to keep well closed up. But it was impossible in the darkness, and the Rebel prisoners, of whom we had now nearly nine hundred, kept constantly escaping, and did all in their power to mislead the troops at cross-roads and by-paths. Many squads were led off in this way. About eight in the morning we reached Newman, on the West Point railroad, having marched forty miles since we left Lovejoy. Our advance made a dash at the town, but Rebel troops which had arrived a half hour previously from West Point, on the railroad, had possession of the works, and forced us to retire. Our negro guide had gone beyond his reckoning. It was two hours before we found another road. We passed south of Newman two miles, and struck for the river, which we hoped to cross at Lodi, eight miles west of Newman. We had proceeded but four miles when our advance regiment was cut off and captured. The Second brigade formed in line, and drove the Rebel skirmishers a mile, when our column was attacked simultaneously on our right and rear. We continued the unequal contest until near night. Our command had been whittled down on every side, until but twelve hundred remained. The cavalrymen used their last round of ammunition; we fired our last shell and our last stand of canister, when nothing was left us but to abandon our position. We chopped our gun carriages to pieces, spiked our guns, cut up our harness, fell in line, the cavalry, with drawn sabres, made a dash on the Rebel line, cut our way through, and traveled rapidly southward to Corinth,

twenty miles, and west to the river, which we reached near midnight, burning the bridges behind us. We found an old flat-boat, in which men and accoutrements were ferried over, while the horses swam. As the ferrying was slow and tedious, many built rafts of rails, and swam the river, pushing these before them with their saddles and arms. By eight the morning of the thirtieth the majority of the troops had crossed. Those who had not were captured. Our command moved up, took a westerly course, and marching forty miles, encamped at eight in the evening at Wedowee, Alabama. We started at daylight the next morning, and passing through a rough, hilly country, arrived at Marietta August 4."

The Eighth Indiana was the only regiment which preserved its organization in this unfortunate raid.

After the death of General McPherson several important changes took place among the officers of Sherman's army. Howard assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee. He was succeeded in the Fourth corps by Stanley, whose division was delivered over to Brigadier General Kimball. Hooker resigned, and was succeeded by Slocum. Palmer was relieved, and was succeeded by Davis.

On the night of July 26, Sherman began a general movement, by the right flank, to cut the railroad in the rear of Atlanta. Howard's army made the initiatory step by moving round the rear from the left to the right. It was scarcely in position before it received a tremendous blow. About noon of the twenty-eighth Hood once more madly assaulted. A heavy cannonade opened the battle as usual. The Rebel masses formed behind a swell of ground. They advanced in parallel lines, and with splendid assurance, up open, sloping fields, against Logan's corps, which was on Howard's right, expecting to catch it exposed. But Logan's well tried troops, standing on the crest of a wooded ridge, and behind trenches dug with bayonets and tin-plates, and breastworks of rails, piled up after indications of the enemy's purpose, with their right refused, and with Blair and Dodge ready to advance to their support, were masters of the situation. With a steady volley they broke the enemy's front, broke it again

when it was restored, and shattered it or cut it down at every return. At some points, as often as six times they hurled it back. They dragged over defences, or killed in their front, men and officers who were goaded to the top of the ridge, or who, confounded by terror, ran here and there, and round and round, not knowing whither to fly. Harrow's division, holding the right flank, was enveloped in a continual blaze of fire. Trees several inches in diameter were cut down by bullets. No artillery was engaged. At four the enemy, except six thousand dead, wounded and captured, disappeared. Sherman lost but five hundred and seventy-two, and suffered no delay in his flanking manœuvres.

Schofield followed Howard from the left and took up a position on the extreme right; where, however, his flank was constantly annoyed and threatened by a heavy Rebel force with artillery on two hills. Several unsuccessful attempts were made to clear the hills. At length, on the sixth of August, a brigade from each of his divisions pushed through a dense thicket of pines and oaks, and emerging into an open field, ran to the position under a rain of artillery and musketry, and carried it, though many fell in the woods and very many in the field.

Discovering that Hood had weakened his cavalry by sending Wheeler on a raid, Sherman was tempted to a deviation from his plan, as far as regarded moving in full force round Atlanta, and he sent Kilpatrick with five thousand cavalry to break the railroads. Kilpatrick made the circuit, but with so little success as to compel the resumption of the original movement. At night of August 25, Slocum, with the Twentieth corps, took all the sick and wounded, and the surplus wagons, and went back to the Chattahoochie to protect communications, also to give the appearance of retreat. The infatuated enemy saw the movement with delight, and Hood enjoyed a wild but short-lived triumph. Meantime Sherman's army, with fifteen days rations, Howard on the right, Thomas in the centre and Schofield on the left, marched round to the south of the city. Schofield being near the city, moved with special caution, but reached the Atlanta and Macon railroad at Rough and Ready the night of the thirtieth,

unobserved, and of course, unopposed. Thomas, also unopposed, reached Couch's station. Howard pushed back skirmishers throughout the thirtieth, and assured that the enemy was in force in his front, halted a half mile from the railroad and formed his lines to resist assault,—the Fifteenth corps advanced and on a commanding hill, the Sixteenth on his right, the Seventeenth on his left. He intrenched strongly. Early the next day Thomas and Schofield set to work at tearing up the railroad, a kind of destruction in which Sherman's troops were adepts, while Howard, relying upon his own strength, awaited attack.

The Rebel army had been divided in consequence of Kilpatrick's raid, half, under Hardee, having been removed to Jonesboro, whence it now advanced, without Hood's dauntless presence, but with an equally reckless courage. After repeated and unsuccessful assaults, Hardee at length submitted to be driven behind his intrenchments and held there, while Davis moved down from the centre, relieved Blair and began a vigorous attack. After a two hours' struggle, Davis stormed the works, capturing two batteries, one of which was Loomis', lost at Chickamauga, and many prisoners, but failing to hold Hardee with his main force. The Thirty-Eighth distinguished itself in the battle of Jonesboro, carrying the works in its front, but losing heavily. The color bearer was killed within the fortifications, and the colors were seized by Lieutenant Redding, who carried them the rest of the day. Captain Osborne was slain. The Twenty-Second also suffered severely.

At midnight the ground shook with explosions, which, coming from the direction of Atlanta, indicated that Hood acknowledged himself hopelessly outflanked and was preparing to escape. Sherman however, went on after Hardee, finding him intrenched seven miles down the railroad at Lovejoy's. In the afternoon of September 2, Wood's division assaulted, advancing a hundred yards over abatis, capturing skirmish pits and skirmishers, and pushing across an open field under a withering fire. The Seventy-Ninth, in the front line of its brigade, came within two hundred yards of the works. The troops of the division bivouacked

with their arms in their hands, and remained in advance till the fourth, when Sherman withdrew. The Eighty-Sixth, left on the skirmish line to guard the rear of its brigade, crept out of the ditches at midnight in the rain, under the constant fire of pickets, and with both flanks exposed, and made its way through woods and streams, overtaking the army at daylight. Sherman found at Atlanta, Colonel Coburn, who had advanced from the Chattahoochie on the first of September, the morning after the explosion. Thomas' troops encamped in the vicinity of Atlanta. Howard's army encamped at East Point and Schofield's found rest at Decatur. Never was rest more fairly won, never was victory more complete, and never did a more magnificent army claim the result of its labors. In number it was not less than at the outset of the campaign, one hundred thousand men. In character and also in aspect it was vastly finer. Four months of climbing mountains, threading forests, wading and bridging rivers, lying in trenches and scaling fortifications, under a fire so constant, so penetrating and so pitiless, that day was scarcely noisier than night, the front scarcely more exposed than the rear, and the battle hardly more deadly than the march and the bivouac, men being shot as they slept in their tents, and passing away with a single sigh,—four such months had embrowned the faces, toughened the muscles and sharpened the wits of the soldiers and had curiously, often nobly developed, their inner natures.

"You can't tell," says an officer of the Seventieth, "anything about a man, until he is tried. There was in our regiment a long, loose, gawky, open-mouthed, simple fellow, just the idea of a Hoosier, who was astonishingly changed by the thunder and blood of Resaca. He was a new man. His eyes were bright. His face was thoughtful. He even moved with a manliness, which you might call dignity. He continued to improve and develope until he fell at Peach Tree creek. I venture to say that man lived more in his last three months than in all the twenty preceding years. I've seen many another, fine at talking, good at understanding, right enough in feeling, lose command of himself, and slink to the rear, to be ordered with scorn and curses to the picket line in front."

The army had lost immensely. While a vast number had been killed outright, a very large proportion of the wounded had died, especially among the troops who had undergone the hardships of the East Tennessee campaign. Fevers also had carried away many of the best men. The figures which indicate the wounded and dead may be uninteresting to those who had no personal friends in the army, or, who are not blessed with the power of sympathy, but they represent infinite loss and grief. The aggregate loss of seventeen regiments,—the Twelfth, Thirty-Sixth, Thirtieth, Sixty-Third, Thirty-Fifth, Twenty-Seventh, Thirty-Eighth, Thirty-Third, Forty-Second, Sixty-Fifth, Seventieth, Seventy-Fourth, Eighty-Eighth, Ninety-Ninth, Eightieth, Seventy-First and Fifty-Seventh,—was two thousand three hundred and sixty-four. The regiment which suffered least lost thirty-nine. The regiment which suffered most, the Thirty-Third, lost three hundred. The other troops in the campaign, all losing at the same rate, were the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-Second, Thirty-First, Thirty-Second, Thirty-Seventh, Fortieth, Forty-Second, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Sixth, Seventy-Fifth, Eighty-First, Eighty-Second, Eighty-Third, Eighty-Fourth, Eighty-Fifth, Eighty-Sixth, Eighty-Seventh, Ninety-Seventh, One Hundredth, One Hundred and First, One Hundred and Twentieth, One Hundred and Twenty-Third, One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth, One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth, and One Hundred and Thirtieth, which were in the entire campaign, the Twenty-Third, Fifty-Third and Ninety-First, which joined the army June 6, at Acworth, and the Twenty-Fifth, which came in August 8, infantry regiments; the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, the Seventeenth, which included the veterans of the Fifteenth, the Seventy-Second and Klein's battalion of cavalry; the Fifth, Seventh, Eleventh, Fifteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-Second, Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth batteries. The Fifty-Eighth regiment was in the engineer department, and had charge of the pontoon trains, bridging the rivers often in the face of the enemy, and some of them as many as sixteen times.

Forty-nine infantry, seven cavalry regiments and ten batteries constituted the Indiana organizations engaged in the Atlanta campaign. With few exceptions out of Hovey's division, the regiments were mere remnants even at the beginning of the campaign.

In addition to the officers already mentioned as gone from the Twelfth, were Captain Huston and Lieutenants Alfont and Godown, who were in captivity, and Lieutenants Weaver and Waters, who were among the slain. On the twenty-second of July, Lawrence Parks was struck five times, twice mortally, while attempting to rally his comrades. He died on the field during the night, attended by his brother. David Vanskike, one of a small party who captured a skirmish post, was never heard of afterward. He was doubtless killed, as he had frequently declared that he never would be taken prisoner. William Curnutt died from exhaustion in the battle of July 28. Francis Martin, a hospital steward of excellent ability and character, was killed August 9.

The Seventy-Ninth was under the command of Captain Ritter, Colonel Kneffler being in command of the brigade, Colonel Oyler having been sick throughout the campaign, Major Parker having been severely wounded at Peach Tree creek, and Captain Dunbar captured while establishing a picket line at Lovejoy. William Johnson, a Sergeant in the Seventy-Ninth, was killed at Kenesaw. He was a young man of fine ability and fine appearance, and was the last though the oldest of four soldier-brothers; of whom Thomas was killed by a cannon ball in the battle of Stone River, Andrew died a month later in Murfreesboro, (they were twins,) and David the youngest died at Knoxville. Their mother, Mrs. Eller, lives, and is a widow.

Of the Thirty-Sixth, Lieutenant Fentress was killed at New Hope Church, Lieutenants Hendricks and Bowman were killed before Kenesaw, Lieutenant Willard was mortally wounded in front of Atlanta.

Captain Scott, of the Thirty-Third, was killed on picket, Adjutant Porter at Kenesaw, and Lieutenant Reed at Peach Tree creek.

Lieutenant Colonel Baker, in command of the Seventy-Fourth, was killed August 5; Captain Abbot was killed at Jonesboro.

Captain Homan, of the Ninety-Ninth, was captured July 2.

The Eighty-Second lost its brave Lieutenant Colonel Slocum in the beginning of the campaign, at Rocky Face. Near Atlanta, Lieutenant Walker was killed.

The Sixty-Fifth started out with Lieutenant Colonel Johnson in command. His health failing, he was succeeded by Captain Hodge, who died of typhoid fever in August, when the command devolved on Captain Hammond.

The Sixth lost Major McKeehan, severely wounded and captured, dying in the hands of the enemy at Atlanta. He was a brave and accomplished gentleman. The regiment lost also Captain Cummings, killed at Dallas, and Captains Conner and Newland.

The Ninth lost Captain Hodsden, died July 27, of wounds.

The Twenty-Second lost Lieutenants Runyan and Lindson, both at Jonesboro, and Captain Moss, killed July 1. Captain Bennet, of the Twenty-Fifth, was killed before Atlanta.

Captain Seifert and Lieutenant Hupfaup, of the Thirty-Second, were killed at Alatoona.

Lieutenant Spears, of the Thirty-Seventh, fell at Dallas. Captain Elliot, Lieutenant Sharp and Captain Kirkpatrick were killed at Kenesaw. Captain Holmes was mortally wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Jones, Lieutenants Smith, Gibson and Huston, Captains Matthis and Shively, fell July 22. Lieutenant Marsh was mortally wounded. Lieutenant White was killed at Kenesaw.

In the action at Sunshine Church, Captain E. W. Peck of the Sixth cavalry, a worthy and competent officer, was killed while fighting as a private, he being under charges at the time. He was honorably acquitted by order of General Schofield, before his death, but he was not aware of his acquittal.

Captain Stidham and Lieutenants Beitzell and Callaway, of the Fifty-Seventh, were killed at Kenesaw. Lieutenant Minesinger was mortally wounded at Jonesboro.

Major Patterson, of the Sixty-Third, was killed at Resaca, also Lieutenant Swank.

Colonel Spooner, of the Eighty-Third, lost an arm at Kenesaw, and was so disabled as to be forced to resign. His ability and amiability made his loss severely felt by the regiment. Lieutenant Colonel Myers was killed at Dallas. Lieutenant Hazen died of wounds.

Major Boyd, of the Eighty-Fourth, Lieutenants Robertson and Barret, of the Ninety-First, Captains Swain and Owens, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Third, and Lieutenant Cone and Captain Mitchell, of the One Hundred and Thirtieth, died of wounds.

Captain Young, of the Ninety-Seventh, was killed at Kenesaw. Lieutenant Jeffries, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Third, was killed at Dallas.

Lieutenant Colonel Neff, of the Thirty-First, was killed on the twenty-fifth of June. He had unusual fortitude and courage, and was possessed of the large heart and the delicate perception of character which enable a man easily to obey the Scriptural command, "Honor all men." As a consequence he was regarded with honor and affection, and could ill be spared.

Colonel De Hart was severely wounded early in the campaign, and was succeeded in command of the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth by Lieutenant Colonel Packard.

The Twenty-Second battery reached the front while the army was before Kenesaw. Captain Denning was wounded July 1, before he had fired a dozen shots. He died the next day. The Fifth battery lost ten, including the brave Simonson, who was killed while placing his battery in position at Pine Mountain.

Sherman's communications, during his advance on Atlanta, had been comparatively undisturbed. The only raid of importance was Wheeler's, commenced shortly after Stoneman's failure. But the damage committed by him on the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga was so slight that on the fifteenth the roads and telegraphs were all repaired, and cars were running with regular speed.

CHAPTER XLI.

GEORGE B. COVINGTON.

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee.—*D. M. Moir.*

"At the outbreak of the war George B. Covington, then not sixteen years old, was living at Newport, Kentucky. Although a garrison of United States troops has been maintained at that town during the present century, a strong and impudent Rebel sentiment existed there. Union people, and even the troops belonging to the garrison, were deliberately insulted by women claiming to be ladies, and who boasted of having been 'bawn in Kaintucka.' On the Monday after Fort Sumter was first fired upon, the streets of Cincinnati were fairly festooned with Union flags, while in Newport but few were displayed. Two of these few were tied, by young Covington, to the lightning rods at either end of his father's residence. They were *tied* because threats had been made that Union flags, if unfurled in Newport, would be torn down.

"When the first call was made for troops, George importuned his parents for permission to go to Indiana, his native State, and enlist in one of her regiments. His youth was urged as an objection, and he was assured that he would not, on that account, be received as a soldier. Knowing that General Morris was his friend, he felt confident that through his influence he would be received, and, yielding to the wishes of his parents, he waited until General Morris passed through Cincinnati on his way to Virginia, when he solicited

the privilege of accompanying him. The General dissuaded him, and while commending his spirit, assured him that he would be unable to bear the fatigues of a soldier's life, and might be a burden instead of an aid to the cause. George reluctantly acquiesced.

"In the Seventh Indiana, which entered the service at this time, were many of his friends, and they but so little his seniors, that he could hardly part with them, Lynn, Waterman, Jamison, Hayman, and other of these brave boys, George's school fellows, gave up their lives in the cause of their country.

"On the fourth of July, the Seventeenth Indiana, in command of Colonel Hascall, passed through Cincinnati on its way to Virginia. Relying upon a slight acquaintance formed with Colonel Hascall at the time he was a member of General Morris' staff, George asked permission to accompany the regiment to the field, and his request was granted. He was actuated by no boyish whim, no running after novelties, or pleasure in 'the pride, the pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' but by a deep-seated conviction of duty. He knew the sacrifices he was making. He was leaving home, where his every comfort and happiness were carefully studied; he was leaving school, where two years more would have completed his academic course; he was leaving friends, who would gladly have assisted and encouraged him in whatever pursuit of life he might have chosen; his future shone brightly before him, and promised abundantly. All these might be lost, but he felt that his country called him, and that he had no right to deny any service that he was able to render.

"Too young to be regularly enlisted, he accompanied the regiment as a volunteer aid to Colonel Hascall.

"During the following winter, the Seventeenth being then in Tennessee, parental anxiety, perhaps too often, suggested the undesirableness of being in the army, and set forth, probably in too glowing colors, the pleasures of home. It was no doubt in reply to a letter of this character, that he wrote from Murfreesboro, St. Valentine's day, 1863: 'As for coming home, much as I love those there, and as often as they are in my thoughts, I do not permit myself to think of it. I

like soldiering. If my present good health continues, I want to stay with this army till the Rebellion is put down. Upon the consummation of that object, I could come home and stay contented.'

"The feeling and determination of the army at that time is expressed in another part of the same letter. While at Nashville, a short time previously, he met a relative who was a resident of that vicinity, and a violent Rebel. This gentleman denounced Mr. Lincoln, and predicted the success of the Rebel cause and the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy by the United States, within six months. 'I told him,' he writes, 'that the mass of the army approved Mr. Lincoln's message and proclamations, each and every one of them; that it was the firm determination of this army to put down this rebellion or ruin everything in the South, and quite probably we would do both.' The dwelling of this same Rebel was between the contending lines of the battle of Nashville, which was fought afterwards. His family fled to gopher holes, and his beautiful and highly cultivated grounds were stripped of everything.

"Receiving a letter from home in which it was suggested that an effort would be made to procure a commission for him, he wrote: 'Few persons anywhere are satisfied with their condition. Here I am surrounded by friends, and, so far as I know, with nothing to make me feel unpleasant or uncomfortable. I confess I have an itching for a pair of shoulder straps; but if I ever do get them, I want them solely because I deserve them. I would accept them only upon being tendered on that ground, and would refuse them if obtained upon the application of friends, either at home or in the army, because of their political influence.'

"At another time, alluding to the gratification he received from the approval of his superiors, he said: 'I would rather be a first lieutenant raised from the ranks by my own merit, than a brigadier general appointed by political influence.'

"As for friends," he writes in one of his letters, 'I have never been without them. One of my reasons for so liking the service, is, that where friendship does exist, it is purely disinterested, and not sordid and grasping after money, such

as we see in civil life. I know that I am thought of and talked of at home, and that I will never be forgotten there! I know, too, that neither long absence from home, nor any associations I might form, would banish the daily thoughts of father, mother, brothers and sisters, from my mind. As for convivialities, let me say to mother that I have never yet taken a drink of whisky, and I hope that I may be able to truthfully say the same thing fifty years hence."

His letters from the front, as the army advanced toward Chattanooga, are exceedingly interesting, but unfortunately must be omitted for want of space. He describes the patriotism of East Tennessee, the shelling of Chattanooga, and the battle of Chickamauga, for the awful scenes of which all that he had ever heard or read had not prepared him; and speculates on the taking of Atlanta and the probability of a march to the sea.

"A majority of the Seventeenth regiment enlisted on the fourth of January, 1864, and returned to Indianapolis. Having been remounted, they returned to the field, reaching Sherman's army at Atlanta on the tenth of May, where they were immediately placed in active and constant scouting operations. At the reorganization of the regiment, George was appointed Adjutant.

"On the twenty-fourth of May, while the regiment was engaged in scouting, Adjutant Covington was wounded by a shot from a Rebel sharpshooter. The wound was necessarily fatal, but it was hoped that he would be able to reach his home before dying, and Colonel Wilder immediately took the necessary steps for that purpose. Some delay in setting out was incurred by reason of Wheeler's cavalry having made a raid in the rear, and he was not started until the thirty-first. He died on the cars, near Kingston, on the first of June, and was buried at Rising Sun, Indiana, the place of his nativity, on the ninth of June.

"As some evidence of the respect entertained for him and the cause in which he gave up his life, it may not be out of place to remark that on the day of his burial the Common Pleas' and Commissioners' Courts were both in session at Rising Sun, and both courts made record of the event in

their minutes, and adjourned during the time of the funeral ceremonies.

"The many letters from his comrades showed the estimation in which he was held as a soldier and a friend. Colonel Wilder's grief at his death could hardly have been greater if it had been his own son. Dr. Munford, surgeon of the regiment, who gave him a parent's care until he started home, wrote: 'He did not suffer much pain, was usually cheerful, and at all times perfectly rational. He desired to reach home, and often when dozing would breathe, 'Father,' 'Mother,' and very often when awake would repeat the first part of the Lord's Prayer, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.' I told him soon after he was wounded, that it was mortal. He desired to know, and implored me not to keep the real state of his case from him. He said he did not fear to die; that he had lost his life in trying to do his duty. He said to me the evening before we started him home, that he did not hope to get there alive. When Colonel Wilder asked him what message he would send his parents in case he should not see them himself, I was by his side, and heard his reply. It was in a firm, manly voice. 'Tell them I died a Christian soldier, trying to do my duty.' What more than this tells can be said of him?'

"While a resident of Indianapolis, George was a Sunday-school pupil of Wm. N. Jackson, Esq., and always entertained for that gentleman a feeling but little short of filial. Mr Jackson says: 'When last here, I saw him as much as his time or sense of duty to others would permit, and enjoyed so much his modest description of movements and events in the army, an account of which I had never had from other sources—incidents in which he had taken part, but that part never was mentioned by him. As we parted the last time, upon asking him to read his Bible and pray to God, and telling him that I would pray for him, he gave me the kindest, tenderest, saddest assent that I ever saw expressed. That look is so deeply impressed upon my memory that it seems to me nothing can ever efface it.'

"The lifetime of Lieutenant Covington was short, yet it was long enough to form many devoted friendships, and to

leave a memory to be cherished in many a fond and patriotic heart. Length of true life is not measured by years. Long years may be spent in uselessness. Even the full three score and ten may be but a blank in all that makes true living. Barely nineteen years were granted him on this earth, but nearly three of those were devoted to his country, and all of them were so spent that in the last hour he could say that he died a Christian soldier, trying to do his duty. What more could have been said or even desired, though the end of the full time allotted to man had been attained?

"A neat monument, upon which is carved a representation of the flag he loved so well, as if thrown carelessly over the top of the shaft, in the cemetery at Rising Sun, and upon the die of which is the record, 'Born in Rising Sun, March 28, 1845, entered the Union Army July 4, 1861, died of wounds received in action near Dallas, Georgia, June 1, 1864,' marks the resting place of Lieutenant George B. Covington, Adjutant Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers."

CHAPTER XLII.

SIX WEEKS IN ANDERSONVILLE.

David S. and George M. Whitenack, members of Company F, Fifth cavalry, were included in the troops surrendered by General Stoneman on the thirty-first of July, 1864. David gives the following account of their imprisonment:

"We were taken to Andersonville on the second of August, 1864, and introduced into prison life proper under the presidency of Prof. Wirz. After we left the cars we were placed in line, ordered to take off our clothing, and subjected to a rigid search. Everything of value was taken from us, money, watches, jewelry, many articles of clothing, and even the photographs of our friends, while we were threatened with being shot or hung, and were abused as thieves and robbers. After we had been deprived of what few comforts we possessed, we were driven, like so many hogs, into the stockade, where already thirty-two thousand souls were confined. There were four hundred and forty of us, the rest of General Stoneman's command having escaped. What a sight met our eyes! At least fifty dead were lying near the gate, waiting for the return of the 'dead wagon.'

"Starvation was apparent in almost every living man. Some were almost entirely destitute of clothing. Many were unable to walk by reason of scurvy, while hundreds were in a dying condition. The thought that we were to share a like treatment made the sight still more dreadful.

"We were left to select our own spot of earth where we might lie down and rest our weary limbs. Not a shed or building of any description was in the prison ground. The heavens were a covering for us, and the earth was our bed. Andersonville prison consisted of twenty-five acres of ground, which were surrounded by a wall of logs twelve or fifteen

feet long, put endwise into the ground. On the top of an embankment, thrown against the logs on the outside, the guards were placed. A branch ran through the southern half of the prison, taking up at least five acres, on account of the low and marshy ground near the stream, thus allowing us but twenty acres to occupy,—making sixteen hundred men to the acre, or ten to every square rod. During the month of August and the two weeks of September that I remained here, the deaths were, on an average, one hundred per day, some days reaching one hundred and fifty, other days falling below a hundred. To add to this fearful mortality, I have seen the Rebel guards shoot quite a number of prisoners who would thoughtlessly cross the 'dead line,' which was twelve feet from the wall of the prison. The 'dead wagon' came round every morning to remove the dead to their final resting place. The manner of loading the wagon was a novel one, at least so far as humanity was concerned. Two men would take hold of a dead body, one by the hands and the other by the feet, and, with a swing, would send it into the wagon in any way it might happen to light.

"It is impossible to give anything like a full description of what I saw and experienced without writing enough to fill a book of many pages. For the first three days of our imprisonment we received nothing whatever to eat from the hands of the Rebels, and if it had not been for a few crackers in our haversacks, we should have suffered much more than we did. We had been told by the citizens of Macon that when we got to Andersonville we would be made to feel the *power* of the Confederate States of America; and we did feel it, for they had the power to starve us to death, and they came well nigh doing it. Our rations consisted of one pint of corn-meal; and this was all we had to live upon for twenty-four hours. Occasionally we received a gill of beans ready cooked; but such a mess! Hulls, bugs, dirt and all manner of filth mixed together. We were sometimes compelled to eat our meal raw, as the wood given us was not enough to cook it. A stick the size of a piece of stove-wood was all we had to use for three days at a time. We had to split the wood with a pocket-knife into very small slivers, and use

them with the greatest economy. It seemed as if the Rebels were trying every means in their power to kill us off, for there was no excuse for not giving us plenty of wood. We were made still more miserable by an innumerable multitude of lice, more commonly called 'greybacks.' The very ground seemed to be alive with them.

"September 13, we were put into freight cars, seventy-five or eighty in a car, so crowded that we could not lie down, and started to Florence by way of Macon, Savannah and Charleston. We spent two days at Charleston, and reached Florence on the seventeenth. Here we received nothing but a half pint of rice for two days. It seemed as if they were determined to starve us to death, and I felt that something must be attempted. So I made a proposition to my brother that we should make a desperate effort to escape, to which he consented. We had not yet been placed in the stockade, as it was not quite finished, but were guarded in an open field. Having determined to take a northwesterly course, to Knoxville, a distance of three hundred miles, we resolved to make the hazardous attempt on the night of September 19, not forgetting, however, to offer up a silent prayer to God that he would shield us in danger. When night came on we approached the guard line, and when two guards were walking from each other I passed out, and made for a skirt of woods on the north of the camp, where I was to wait for brother George. I expected every step to hear the report of a musket, or the whizzing of a ball. After reaching the woods I waited in breathless suspense for the whistle which was to indicate George's escape; and great was my relief when he joined me."

The brothers wandered nine nights, then were recaptured, and after some delay returned to the stockade at Florence. They fared no better there than at Andersonville. They often saw Lieutenant Barry, of the Fifty-Fifth Georgia, deliberately and without provocation, fire among the prisoners. This is but one of the inhumanities which they record.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE NASHVILLE AND MOBILE CAMPAIGNS.

"He never yields his life too soon,
For country and for right who dies."

Sherman was no sooner encamped with a promise to his army of a long month's rest, than Hood turned his desires and devices northward. He crossed the Chattanooga south and west of Atlanta, and marched to Dallas, whence his cavalry went to Big Shanty and tore up the railroad, and a division of his infantry hastened to Alatoona. He proceeded unmolested thus far, having been fairly on the march before a report of his doings reached his weary antagonist. But, except Slocum's corps, which remained to hold Atlanta, the northern army was now on his track. On the morning of the fifth of October, Sherman looked out from the lofty summit of Kenesaw on long lines of soldiers pointing toward Dallas, and, in the far off distance, to Alatoona, begirt with the white smoke of the Rebel assault. He signaled the commander to hold out, and the commander held out until he was relieved by the approach of Schofield.

Hood pushed on threatening Kingston and demonstrating before Rome. Sherman pressed after him and saved both. Hood hastened down the Coosa and crossed it. Sherman hurried Garrard's cavalry and Cox's infantry up the Oostanaula and over it to threaten the enemy's right flank, while with his main force he pursued the rear. Hood halted before Resaca, summoned it and was refused, attacked it and was repulsed. Sherman having reinforced Resaca, made no delay in marching to the relief of his reinforcement. Hood went on to Tunnel Hill, destroying the railroad. Sherman sent Howard, with the army of the Tennessee, to Snake creek gap, and Stanley, with the Fourth and Fourteenth corps,

to Tilton and Villanow, in order to strike simultaneously the left flank and rear of the swift foe. Hood's rear-guard skirmished with Howard's front, but was gone before Stanley reached the appointed place. Sherman again divided his forces, after a rapid day's march again concentrated, but again grasped nothing. Once more he hastened on, following traces and rumors as far as Gaylesville, Alabama. Here he spent a week in inquiry and observation, the result of which was the permanent division of his forces. He sent Thomas to Nashville to assume command in Tennessee, and detached for the protection of Tennessee, Stanley with the Fourth corps, Schofield with the Twenty-Third, and all of his cavalry but Kilpatrick's division. He then turned his back on the north, and stripping the railroad as he went of the troops that guarded it, sending some to Thomas and absorbing others in his own column, he made a leisurely march to Atlanta.

Tennessee was in a turmoil, not only because Hood was on its border, threatening an invasion, but on account of the actual presence of Wheeler and Forrest. Wheeler appeared first, whisking about like a Jack o'Lantern, attacking small garrisons, and outlying detachments, and running away from large forces. After the arrival of Forrest he was bolder and less cautious. But at every point after the first few days, the invaders were confronted by swift and gallant cavalry. There were the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth Indiana, which, during the Atlanta campaign had guarded the railroads in Tennessee and Alabama, the Sixth, which, after M'Cook's raid, had returned to Nashville to be remounted and equipped, the Seventy-Third, which had lately picketed the Tennessee river near Triana, and a detachment of the Eighth, beside no small number of regiments from other States.

At first the Rebels avoided battle, but as their strength increased, and as the Union strength also increased, encounters became frequent. In an engagement with Forrest at Sulphur Branch Trestle, on the twenty-fifth of September, a detachment of the Ninth, but a small part of the Union force, lost one hundred and twenty killed, wounded and missing. On

the twenty-eighth there was sharp fighting before Pulaski, which Forest attacked just as Rousseau had succeeded in hastily concentrating a large force there. Colonel Jones, of the Eighth, with a command of twenty-five hundred men and a six gun battery, was in front of the town. At daylight Captain Fortner, with two hundred and fifty men advanced a half mile to a hill where he was attacked. Colonel Jones hastened to his assistance with the Sixth Indiana, the Fourth Tennessee and detachments of the Fourth Indiana and of two other regiments. He held the hill six hours, Rousseau sending him no reinforcement, then being over-lapped on both flanks, he took position under shelter of the fort in Pulaski. The enemy followed, but at night retreated and turned his attention to the railroad near Tullahoma. Being driven from the road, Forrest divided his force, taking three thousand men toward Columbia, and sending four thousand, under Buford, to Athens, which was held by Lieutenant Colonel Wade with the Seventy-Third Indiana and two pieces of artillery. Early on the second of October, Buford opened from four guns a lively artillery fire, which called out a telling rejoinder. After two hours of cannonading he demanded a surrender. Wade was protected by excellent defences, and he promptly declined. The artillery reopened and continued until Buford, toward evening, retired. Forrest was also rebuffed.

It was now Hood's turn to enter the lists. When he got rid of Sherman, he had forty-five thousand infantry and cavalry, but his number increased, and he approached the Tennessee at Florence with a large and sanguine army. To withhold attention from the crossing, he drew a considerable force off to Decatur, where he intrenched within five hundred yards of the defences. His lively advances were met by the forces under General Granger with an equal show of spirit. At noon of the twenty-eighth of October, about four hundred men of the Fourteenth United States Colored, under Colonel Morgan, charged an earthwork on the enemy's right near the river, capturing it and seizing a battery of four guns, of which they spiked two. They turned quickly to retreat, but the Rebels rallied, followed closely and forced a hand-to-

hand combat. The same day, the enemy's left was attacked and driven back with the loss of his rifle-pits in that quarter and one hundred and twenty men.

Lieutenant Gillet, of Colonel Morgan's regiment, was mortally wounded in the engagement on the left. Before he was carried from the field, he gave his watch and his diary to his captain, and said, "Good bye, Captain. Tell the men not to mind me, but to stand fast and do their duty."

The beautiful monument which marks Frank Gillet's grave in Crown Hill Cemetery, is the grateful tribute of his black soldiers. He had their warmest affection. And not theirs alone. "None knew him but to love him." "Not one painful memory of that boy from his babyhood to his heroic death at Decatur. Always gentle but brave. Sunshine in his heart and on his face. His honest gray eyes were ever to me suggestive of crystaline purity." These words of his mother are not more tender or more admiring than the language of his old comrades of the Seventieth Indiana, as well as of his late associates in the Fourteenth United States Colored.

Colonel Morgan's regiment consisted of men who bore on them the terrible marks of the lash, but who had shown themselves eager for knowledge, poring over their books not only in their school rooms, but at moments snatched from guard duty, and most eager for the battle-field on which they hoped to claim the dignity and the rights of manhood. Colonel Morgan and the larger number of his subordinate officers were the indefatigable teachers and friends of their men. "All I had, and was, and hoped to be, I staked in the success of my regiment," writes Colonel Morgan. He had his reward.

Finding his demonstration at Decatur somewhat costly, Hood withdrew rapidly and followed his main army, which, in spite of sharp opposition offered by Croxton's cavalry, had effected the passage of the river. Forrest and Wheeler co-operated with Hood.

The prudent General Thomas meant to fight Hood at Nashville, and was anxious only lest his fiery antagonist should force him into a battle below that point. Schofield

and Stanley, who had been temporarily separated, reunited at Pulaski, and waited there a few days for developments. Hood moved toward them, and they fell back. Colonel Packard gives some account of the retreat, including the battle by which it was interrupted:

"On the morning of November 24, daylight found us marching rapidly for Columbia. When within ten miles of the town, we left the Decatur turnpike, and crossed over to the Mount Pleasant turnpike. The sound of musketry warned us that the cavalry were engaged, and hastening forward we were just in time to see our cavalry rapidly retiring, closely pursued by the Rebels. My regiment happened to be in advance. Two companies, which were a little distance in its front, moved forward on the double-quick, deployed as skirmishers, and poured a scattering volley into the faces of the over-confident enemy, killing and wounding a number, among them a Lieutenant Colonel killed. The regiment took position in line with the Sixty-Third, and threw up a rail barricade, but the enemy did not advance.

"On the morning of the thirtieth, having reached Franklin at five o'clock, we lay down and got just one hour's sleep, then took position and went to fortifying. The Twenty-Third corps was on the left, the Fourth corps on the right of our line, with Wagner's division occupying a position in advance. There was a range of hills about two miles in our front, and on this the enemy showed himself soon after our force all got in; and a battery was placed in a grove midway between the two points, to annoy him and prevent his planting artillery on the ridge. The town of Franklin is situated on a bend of the Little Harpeth river, which flows around the north side. Our line on the south completed the circle, resting the left flank on the river above, and the right flank on the river below the town. The Third brigade of Cox's division held the extreme left, and the One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth was on the right of the brigade, connecting immediately with the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Indiana of the Second brigade. The line of my regiment passed through what had once been the yard of a

private residence, the house having been burned some time ago. The stone cellar was used in building the works, with from four to six feet of earth thrown against the rocks. Covering the whole front of the regiment, except the right company, there was a lot, of perhaps two acres, fenced with a heavy Osage orange hedge, which was untrimmed, and had grown up tall. The right company rested across a wide gravelled road. There being two lines of the hedge, one only a few yards from my works, and the other about fifty yards, a reasonable distance for abatis work, I had the closer line cut down, and the brush piled in the road on a line with the farther hedge row, so as to check an advance on my right company. So prepared, we rested, and the men got dinner.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon I was notified that the enemy was advancing, and every man stood to arms at the works. I should say that in our whole front there was an open field stretching away nearly a mile. At a few minutes to four o'clock their columns appeared moving upon our left flank, the object being to turn the left of our line, double us up in the town, seize the railroad bridge, and prevent us from crossing the river in case of defeat. Hood's troops came on in three lines of battle confident of victory and in splendid style. I never saw a more magnificent sight. The cannon from the fort on the north side of the river opened on them, leaving great gaps through their ranks, but they closed steadily up and moved on as firmly as if merely marching past us for review. As they came down upon the left of Wagner's division, his men fell back hastily behind our works. The skirmishers, two companies of which were from my regiment, stood till the last moment, delivering a rapid and destructive fire. My line bent in such a way that they struck the left first, and Major Healy caused the companies of the left wing to open fire, and as they came around in full view at about one hundred yards distance, I ordered the companies of the right wing to commence firing. Still they never flinched; but defiantly moved on until they struck the hedge, where they were balked as completely as though they had run against the Chinese wall. They made the most desperate efforts to penetrate it without avail. Human nature

couldn't stand the destructive fire that was rained upon them, and they began to move quickly by the flank so as to pass round the hedge. When they reached the road they tried to force an entrance through the brush that had been cut down. Seeing their exertions, I directed the fire of two companies full upon them right down the road, and they were compelled to flank again. Having passed the brush, they came back in one grand rush, and struck the regiment near the centre, closing up rapidly along my right, and down upon the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth. One color-bearer sprang upon the works, and was instantly shot. His death grasp tightened upon the flag staff and it fell outwards with his body. There was a section of artillery in my works, and the colors fell almost under the guns. At that moment both pieces were discharged, the smoke enveloped the combatants, and under its cover the colors were seized and borne away.

"Another color-bearer was shot in front of companies A and F, in the road, and the colors fell, but were also carried off under cover of the smoke. One daring fellow attempted to enter at the embrasure, and a battery man struck him full in the breast with a hatchet. He stayed outside. Another was attempting to climb the wall when Lieutenant Brown of company F dealt him a blow over the head with his sword, and he did not come in. Their field officers and several captains were either killed or wounded, and they broke and fled in confusion. It was a terrible assault, and most terribly was it punished. I never before saw such slaughter, nor ever heard such groans and cries as came from that field when the fight was ended. It was all over at dark on our part of the line, but continued at intervals till nine o'clock in the night. Altogether our victory was complete and decisive.

"I lost three captains, brave, noble men, all of them, and good officers. Captain James Bissell, company A, Captain James G. Staley, company F, and Captain Frank M. Henton, company K.

"The two first were shot through the head. Captain Henton was on the skirmish line, and never returned. I fear he was either killed, or too severely wounded to come in, and was taken prisoner. In other respects my loss was

wonderfully small,—only one enlisted man killed and three wounded."

Captain Henton was taken prisoner and held about a month, when he made his escape from the Rebels, and returned to the regiment at Columbia, after the retreat of Hood.

Toward the close of the day, Hood's assaults were directed against Kimball, who held the right. Near midnight, he drove off. Schofield, leaving his dead and wounded, resumed the march. He was not pursued until daylight. Forrest then fell in his rear, and dogged his steps to Nashville.

The Ninety-First and One Hundred and Twenty-Third Indiana reached Nashville at the same time. They had been guarding Duck river since the sixteenth of November, and had escaped the enemy only by a continuous march of sixty miles, much of it within sound and almost within sight of Forrest's cavalry. The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth in a fight with cavalry between Columbia and Franklin, lost a whole company by capture. December 2, Hood took his position before Nashville with his army reduced by exposure and battle to forty thousand, and proportionally diminished in courage. However, it was not yet a contemptible force; and on a series of hills, five miles south of Nashville, from the river on one side to the river on the other side of the city, it was defended by excellent fortifications. No immediate advance was made, but large detachments reconnoitred the vicinity, skirmishing with troops of Union cavalry.

On the fourth, a division under Bate attacked a block house which defended the railroad at Overall's creek, five miles above Murfreesboro. It made no headway, and was driven off by Milroy, who hastened up from Murfreesboro with three or four regiments. Reinforced by another division of infantry and by two or three thousand cavalry, Bate shortly after threatened Fortress Rosecrans; but was again discomfited. The Rebel cavalry then departed on an excursion toward the north, while the infantry halted on the Wilkerson turnpike. Here it was attacked and put to flight by General Milroy.

Meantime Hood, apparently under the delusion that he could starve Thomas out, would not be persuaded to venture an assault. Consequently Thomas took the initiatory steps toward a meeting. A. J. Smith's command, which had arrived from Missouri, was posted on his right; the Fourth corps, under Wood, because Stanley was wounded at Franklin, and Schofield's had the centre; Steedman, with his organization of white and black troops, had the left. The flanks, resting on the river, were covered by gunboats, and by cavalry. On the morning of the fifteenth Colonel Morgan, in command of a black brigade, his own regiment, the Fourteenth, deployed in front, and with a section of Osborn's Indiana battery, moved out upon the Murfreesboro turnpike, carried the advanced intrenchments, and pushed forward against heavy resistance to an impassable railroad cut, from the further and higher side of which a Rebel battery poured out a destructive fire. Under heavy loss his troops behaved with great gallantry. Steedman advanced the remainder of his force, but was compelled to withdraw his front. His object, however, which was simply to draw the enemy's attention from the right, was gained.

Smith went down the hills on which he had lain, up the Rebel hills, over the breastworks and upon the batteries with an impetus which defied equivalent action on the part of the foe. While he doubled back the Rebel left, Wilson's cavalry, on his right, approached the Rebel rear, and Wood and Schofield pressed upon the centre, Kimball's division gaining Montgomery hill. Hood hastened reinforcements to this endangered point, compelling Wilson to draw rein, and checking Smith, Wood and Schofield.

Endeavors to renew the forward movement were without success, though at dark Wood captured a battery.

During the night Hood withdrew two miles to a wooded ridge, which covers the Granny White and Franklin turnpikes, and which protected his retiring trains, compressed his line within three miles, straightened it, and arranged a formidable front.

Early on the sixteenth Thomas' army, preceded by clouds of skirmishers, advanced, passing over the abandoned works,

and only halting when it was close to the enemy. At this point hour after hour wore away in vain efforts at progress. At three, Post's and Morgan's brigades made an unsuccessful assault. The Fourteenth Colored, deployed as skirmishers in front of the artillery, (Osborne's and an Ohio battery,) allowed the disordered retiring column to pass through it without being shaken. "What regiment is this?" asked the Sixty-Eighth Indiana as it struck the line. "The Fourteenth," answered the blacks. "Bully for you!" cried the Sixty-Eighth, "we'll stay with you!" And they did. The batteries meantime kept up their fire.

At nearly four o'clock prolonged firing on the Rebel flank and rear indicated that the cavalry had gained ground. Instantly, Schofield and Smith, with fixed bayonets and with cheers, and scarcely later, Wood and Steedman, marched out in assault, up to blazing musketry and roaring artillery, and over the works. The enemy fled wildly, and continued all night in flight. A body of cavalry set out in hope of gaining Franklin in advance of the fugitives, but meeting with strong opposition, it made little progress. The next day all the cavalry and nearly all the infantry joined in the pursuit. Knipe's division captured four hundred and thirteen of a rear guard at Hollow Tree Gap. Wilson and Johnson put to flight a force which guarded the Harpeth, and captured the hospitals in Franklin, in which were eighteen hundred Rebel and two hundred Union wounded. Four miles below Franklin the cavalry had a sharp though short encounter. Below Pulaski occurred a severe fight, in which Forrest captured a gun from Harrison's cavalry brigade; although Harrison immediately regained the ground from which he had been driven. The weather was inclement, the only change being from cold and heavy rains to biting frost; the streams were swollen; the country was flooded; the bridges were burnt; and Thomas had no pontoons. The pursuit was no holiday affair, even though the pursuers were chiefly veterans, and the fugitive was Hood.

From Franklin, Steedman crossed to Murfreesboro, and went to Stevenson and Decatur, with the expectation of inter-

cepting, or in some way of annoying Hood, while the main army went on to Lexington, Alabama. But Hood escaped.

After all the fighting and racing were over the following letter was written:

"HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, FORTIETH REGIMENT,
January 9, 1865.

"You will readily pardon my long silence when you remember that since the last of October we have, save the short time spent at Pulaski, been constantly on the go. Besides it is but poor business writing letters when you are living in the open air, without shelter of any kind, in the winter at that, with the ground for a seat, and your knee for a desk, while your eyes have become fountains of tears, as the smoke from burning fence rails compels them to the outward show of grief for the destruction worked. Now, however, we have been in that Potomacian condition known as 'winter quarters,' for several days, (about three,) and having built a chimney to my tent, which has arrived, much to my satisfaction, from the hearth of said chimney there is dispensed a genial glow which, despite the warning winds and dashing rain, almost convinces one that he is enjoying 'comfort.' 'Tis true the ground on which my feet rest, is wet and cold, and occasional droppings here and there remind me that at best tents are leaky things, and not over warm, (except in the summer time,) but in that spirit of cheerful philosophy which urges one to be thankful, not that things are so *well* as they are, but that they are *no worse*, I accept the situation, and shall undertake, by most vigorous efforts of the imagination, to persuade myself that there might be something more miserable than 'comfortable winter quarters,' and therefore be most thankful that the unknown possibility had not fallen to *our* lot. As usual my good fortune did not desert me, and I came out of all the fights without any holes through my flesh. I had a horse killed under me as quick as lightning could have done it, and a ball cut a strap from my saddle, directly in my front, not two inches from where it *would* have hurt me, if it *had* hit, making the farther digestion of hard-tack and fat pork impossible.

"By the way, Hood was terribly thrashed in those same battles, but there can be no doubt that the greatest battle was that of Franklin. There his army was ruined. When we came back over the ground, we could see by the graves the fearful destruction of our fire. I met no prisoners of any rank who did not agree that their repulse there was most unexpected and disastrous. They largely outnumbered us, and our works were very hastily put up, and not finished when the attack was commenced; yet their loss was numerous, and their repulse complete. We fought three corps with three of our divisions. Our regiment captured a battle flag, the man who took it running the bearer of it through the body with his bayonet.

"At Nashville, where we outnumbered the Rebels, and they had the advantage of position and defences, we took them squarely out of their works, and completely routed them. 'Tis true they used but little artillery at Franklin, and we an enormous amount at Nashville, still it was not in the killed or wounded by cannon shots, or in their moral effects that the difference lay, but in the growing conviction in rebellious minds, that they are now paying for a very dead horse, and that a life as an individual concern is rather a big price to pay. Sixteen general officers and any quantity of smaller fry were killed or wounded at Franklin. It is well known that generals do not expose themselves usually on either side, save in some desperate emergency. General Adams was killed right on our breastwork, and so were some others. Do you not see how difficult it must have been to bring the *men* to the scratch, when it became necessary to urge them forward by the generals themselves leading them? When we assaulted their works at Nashville, and began to go over them, I never saw more abject terror than among those we captured. It was real, genuine fright. 'What would we do with them?' 'Would anybody hurt them?' 'Do give me a guard,' &c., &c., they were constantly saying—in fact a badly thrashed set of rascals.

"The country is now full of deserters. Hood and his army, who were to go to the Ohio river, are completely played out, and quiet reigns in Tennessee. Thus it happens

that we go into winter quarters. The men are now busy as bees, cutting and hewing logs for their huts. Soon the men will settle down to daily drills and the consumption of rations, and the officers to the reception of orders to do or leave undone this, that and everything under Heaven that somebody else can think of when having nothing else to do but to devise and issue orders. Reports, returns, tri-weekly, tri-monthly, monthly, weekly, daily and hourly, are called for, and the grand aggregate carefully filed away at Washington, never more to be seen by eye of man. The paper wasted on all these things would each day freight a large ship, and Satan himself would yield to despair at the task of making head or tail of them. The idea is beginning to force itself upon me that, as it is after eleven o'clock at night, I had better stop writing, and go to bed, 'To sleep—perchance to dream" of home, and wife, and chicks, and then to wake homesick beyond expression. Eheu!

"The war is playing out fast. There can be no doubt of that now. Sherman and Grant will prove too heavy for Lee; and the Rebel plan of arming 'niggers' will only give *us* so many more of that sort of soldiers. 'Tis folly in them, but so was the Rebellion an insane piece of folly. '*Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*'

"Harry Leaming."

The total Union loss in the battle of Franklin was two thousand three hundred and twenty-six. The Rebel loss was six thousand two hundred and fifty-two, including Major General Cleburne and four Brigadier Generals killed.

In Milroy's fight on the Wilkerson turnpike the Rebels lost four hundred and twelve men and two guns, while the Union loss was small.

In the two days battle of Nashville, Thomas took four thousand four hundred and sixty-two men, fifty-three guns, and nearly all the small arms of the Rebel army.

In addition to the Indiana cavalry already mentioned, twenty-one infantry regiments and seven batteries were engaged in the campaign, although some of these organizations were mere fragments. Lieutenant Baker, a very gallant sol-

dier of the Eighth cavalry, was killed, and Lieutenant Leftwich, of the Tenth, was mortally wounded at Pulaski. Lieutenant Cole was mortally wounded at Columbia. Captain Dunn, of the Fifty-Seventh, was killed, and Lieutenant Groenendyke, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, was mortally wounded at Franklin. The Twelfth, and half of the Thirteenth cavalry, were in the engagements on Overall's creek and Wilkerson's turnpike. Captain Leslie was killed. At Nashville, Captain Schell, of the Eighty-First, fell in the van of an assault on a hill east of Hillsborough turnpike, sacrificing a young and noble life to the country he devotedly loved. Captain Heckathorn and Lieutenant Rees, of the Eleventh cavalry, were killed, and Lieutenant Secrest, of the Hundred and Twenty-Third, was mortally wounded at Nashville. The Ninth cavalry lost at Franklin, in the pursuit, twenty-six, including Captain Hobson and Lieutenants Burroughs, Watts and Bristow, who were all killed.

Jacob Hoops, a private of the Thirty-First, one of those men who seem dogged yet never are daunted by misfortune, was severely wounded. He received a severe scalp wound in the siege of Fort Donelson. At Shiloh his leg was fractured, in consequence of which he was discharged. In less than three months he returned to his regiment, as a recruit. He went through the battles of Stone river and Chickamauga without hurt, except that in the last his old wound in the leg broke out in consequence of fatigue. He was in the pest house with small-pox during the Atlanta campaign. He was supposed to be mortally wounded at Nashville, but in less than three months he was on his feet again and with his regiment. Winter quarters were broken up long before the opening of spring, by the necessity of sending forces south toward Mobile and northeast to the Atlantic coast.

The defences of the bay of Mobile were captured by Admiral Farragut, seconded by General Granger with the Thirteenth corps, in August, 1864. In the following December, a demonstration was made against the city, Granger moving from Pascagoula with infantry, Davidson from Baton Rouge, and Grierson from Memphis with cavalry, but it was a mere demonstration, nothing being effected but destruction of Con-

federate stores and roads, by Grierson. No determined advance was attempted until the last of February, 1865. On the eighteenth of March, heavy rains having delayed the crossing of the Tennessee until that date, nearly fifteen thousand of Thomas' cavalry, under the command of General Wilson, set out from Eastport, Mississippi, on an extended raid, which was to serve as a diversion during an advance made by General Canby upon what was now almost the last Confederate seaport. At one time traveling in a compact body, at another with a widely extended and scattered front, Wilson's force rode rapidly through northern and entered central Alabama. At Montevallo, on the thirty-first, he met and routed Roddy and Crossland. Further on he met and routed them again. The next day he encountered Forrest with five thousand men, strongly posted near Ebenezer Church, with Boyle's creek on his right and a wooded ridge on his left. Long's division of Wilson's force arrived first, dismounted, and assaulted the Rebel left, breaking the line. Lieutenant Colonel Frank White, with four companies of the Seventeenth Indiana, then made a charge on the guns, capturing one gun and one hundred men, with a loss of twenty-six men, among them Captain Taylor, killed. Upton's division assailing the enemy's right, completed his defeat. April 2, Wilson met Forrest with seventeen thousand men strongly intrenched in front of Selma. Long assaulted on the right, going straight over the Rebel defences, while Upton had equal success on the left. Of the Seventeenth Indiana, twelve were killed and eighty were wounded at Selma. Colonel Miller, of the Seventy-Second, was severely wounded.

Wilson crossed the Alabama on the sixth, and building bridges and driving the enemy as he went, pushed on eastward through Montgomery. He gained Columbus and West Point after sharp fighting. Major Hill, of the Second Indiana, lost a leg while leading a charge at West Point.

On the twenty-first, Wilson received the surrender of Macon with three thousand prisoners.

General Canby's movements were not so rapid and sweeping, but in the end were also completely successful. His advance was made toward the eastern side of Mobile. Rain

falling in torrents added to the difficulties of the low region which his troops were compelled to traverse. Steele, with two brigades of the Thirteenth corps, two batteries, Hawkins' black division, and Lucas' cavalry brigade, made his laboring and devious way from Pensacola through Florida swamps to Blakely, pushing back bodies of the enemy the latter part of the route. Granger, with the Thirteenth corps, toiled through quicksand and swamp at the rate of two or three miles a day from Mobile Point, round Bon Secours bay to the mouth of Fish river, thence with A. J. Smith's corps, clearing the road of skirmishers and torpedoes, to Spanish Fort. The fleet moved up the bay parallel with the army. Torpedoes planted thickly in the river and on the land gave every movement a peculiar danger.

The siege of Spanish Fort opened on the twenty-seventh of March, the first artillery shot being fired that day by Morse's battery, about eight hundred yards from the works. It was pressed vigorously and steadily until the eighth of April, when a concentric fire from gunboats, from siege guns and field pieces in battery, and from skirmishers and sharpshooters, lasting from close of day until midnight, brought the stronghold to terms.

Forts Tracy and Huger fell as a consequence; and the gunboats, after picking up thirty-five torpedoes, were able to complete the investment round Blakely, before which Steele had lain four days. At half-past five the evening of the ninth, Garrard on the left, and a little later Smith in the centre, and Hawkins, with the black division, on the right, moved out to storm the works, which were immensely strong and manned by a force of three thousand. They struggled through abatis, scrambled over palisades, leaped a deep, wide ditch, and gained the defences, all under a tempest of fire. At seven the assault was ended, and the Union flag was flying over the works.

Mobile was evacuated the next day. Veatch's division was first to enter the city. The operations against Mobile required the exercise of every soldierly quality. The troops

acquitted themselves nobly. In the assault on Blakely, after they were once under headway, their ardor was irrestrainable.

The Twenty-First Indiana, or First heavy artillery, was engaged with its usual efficiency. Jacoby's and Ginn's, as well as Morse's batteries, were also prominent. The Twenty-Fourth, which included the Sixty-Seventh; the Twenty-Sixth, Forty-Seventh, Fiftieth, Fifty-Second, Sixty-Ninth, Eighty-Ninth and Ninety-Third infantry, and the Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth cavalry, endured the toil of the march, engaged in the fighting, and had each an honorable share in the victory.

Canby and Hawkins are Indianians, as well as Benton, Veatch and a long string of other noble names, which are written among the victors of Mobile.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHERMAN'S GREAT MARCH.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—*J. W. Howe.*

Sherman, on his return from escorting Hood to the borders of Tennessee, halted his troops at Kingston and Rome, while he prepared to cut off his dependence upon and connection with the North. He sent back to Chattanooga wagons, artillery, provisions, forage, stores, machinery, and all his sick and wounded.

On the twelfth of November, when the last train was gone, and the last message was sent, he cut the telegraph wire, and began such a work of destruction as no Union army had yet attempted, ripping the rails from the sleepers, and twisting them by the application of heat and wrenches, so that even a rolling machine could not have straightened them, and burning every building and every structure which was not private property. When the troops looked back, after crossing the Chattahoochie, the very river seemed on fire, pillars of smoke and flame from countless bridges and mills, marking its winding course as far as the eye could reach. The numerous and immense store-houses, machine-shops and depot-buildings of Atlanta were kindled on the night of the fifteenth, and having been previously undermined, were consumed with an unexampled fury, the sullen howl of flames drowning every sound but the roar of exploding shells and magazines.

Thus, while his sometime antagonist, far beyond the Tennessee, was promising Kentucky to his followers, the intrepid Sherman, in the heart of the hostile territory, cut himself off from tidings, from return, and from giving or receiving help.

Cortez, with his ships stranded on the Mexican coast, was not more isolated.

"We may safely predict that Sherman's march will lead him to the 'Paradise of Fools,' and that his magnificent scheme will hereafter be reckoned with all the grand deeds that never were done," sneered the Richmond Enquirer.

The London Herald said: "The name of the captor of Atlanta, if he fails now, will become the scoff of mankind, and the humiliation of the United States for all time. If he succeeds, it will be written on the tablet of fame side by side with that of Napoleon and Hannibal."

The London Times was tempted to admire: "Since the great Duke of Marlborough turned his back upon the Dutch, and plunged heroically into Germany, military history has recorded no stranger marvel than the mysterious expedition of General Sherman, on an unknown route, against an undiscoverable enemy."

The Twentieth corps folded the tents which had whitened the beautiful hills about the Gate City during six autumnal weeks, and joining the Fourteenth corps, formed the left wing of Sherman's army. The Fifteenth and the Seventeenth, between which were divided two divisions of the Sixteenth corps, composed, under General Howard, the right wing. The army numbered fifty thousand picked men, newly clothed, thoroughly armed, and as nearly unencumbered as it is possible for soldiers, in any circumstances, to be. Not a doubtful nor suspicious horse was in artillery or cavalry.

While the smoke of Atlanta darkened the sky, Sherman moved out toward the east and south of east, gradually diverging until his front spread over fifty miles, then sweeping on, slowly, steadily and destructively, his cavalry now on the extreme right, now on the extreme left, now covering the wings, the front and rear, until, within a week, Slocum's wing concentrated at Milledgeville, and Howard drew up at Gordon. The former had encountered but few and small bodies of cavalry.

Howard had met with considerable opposition, the troopers on his front and flank having skirmished with Wheeler from

the hour they left Atlanta. At Lovejoy's, at Bear creek and at Barnesville, they put him to rout. They held him at Macon to enable the infantry to cross the Ocmulgee.

Howard's rear, however, under Wolcott, was attacked at Griswoldsville by a force of five thousand. A sharp action ensued, in which the Twelfth, Ninety-Seventh and One Hundredth Indiana participated. Wolcott being wounded, Colonel Catterson assumed command. The Rebels were repeatedly repulsed, and the rear succeeded in crossing.

During a halt at Milledgeville two or three regiments were detailed to destroy public property. They found scarcely any but prisoners of war in the penitentiary, the Governor of Georgia having lately released a hundred criminals to put them in the Rebel army.

Resuming the march, the troops continued to destroy all property that appertained to the Confederate Government, that conduced to the advantage of the Rebel army, or that was apparently abandoned. They tore to pieces unoccupied houses in order to make fires to boil their coffee or cook their chickens. A brigade would demolish a big house in ten minutes. They lived on the milk and honey with which the land flowed. When they dug for potatoes they sometimes found gold, and silver, and silk, which they appropriated as lawful spoils, and which they then made the chief object of their search. Joyful negroes invited them into barn and cellar, and betrayed hidden stores.

Cattle trains were no encumbrance, as the wagons packed with provender served for the day, and inviting cornfields of a hundred or a thousand acres furnished both food and inclosure for the night. Mud-holes and swamps, of which there were not a few, were corduroyed by pioneer regiments, (of which our Fifty-Eighth was one,) often at the rate of a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour.

The cavalry had frequent skirmishes, chiefly on the left, Kilpatrick moving in force toward the northeast, and threatening Augusta. Near Waynesboro the engagements were severe. On the twenty-ninth, with his staff, the Eighth Indiana and Ninth Michigan, Kilpatrick was nearly surrounded apart from his main force, but was extricated from his dan-

gerous situation by the gallantry of the two regiments. Wheeler shortly after made an attack in force, but found, to his disappointment and loss, that Kilpatrick was also in full force and behind earthworks. During several days, Baird's division supported the cavalry, and the latter continued to make demonstrations toward Augusta, partly in the hope of deceiving the enemy into a neglect of the prison pen at Millen, and partly in order to concentrate and retain his forces at the important point threatened.

Meantime, infantry and artillery quietly pursued their way, passing from fertile farms into comparatively sterile, but majestic savannahs. Between the lofty pines, whose straight trunks are eighty or ninety feet without a branch, wagons and troops moved easily in double lines.

Could the haughty Hood, now before Franklin, lavishing upon his army golden promises, have cast his eye backward five hundred miles, to Sherman's winding columns; or to his spreading encampments, lighted up by pitch-pine fires; or to the night crossing of the Ogeechee, where each soldier, as if in a triumphal procession, bore a flaring torch, his heart would have died within him.

Eight days after leaving Milledgeville, the army, except the cavalry, concentrated at Millen, to find, with deep and universal grief, that the prison pen was empty, and to see, with futile indignation, proofs of the inhumanity to which the prisoners had been subjected.

December 2, the march was continued, and directed toward the southeast, between broad rivers, which, serving as a defence for the flanks, rendered cavalry unnecessary except in front and rear. On the seventh, the Fifteenth corps crossed to the east bank of the Ogeechee, near Eden. The next day Corse's division pushed on to the canal which connects the Ogeechee with the Savannah, and after bridging the canal, intrenched on the south side. On the ninth, a detachment moved forward to the Savannah and Gulf railroad, captured a train of eighteen cars with many prisoners, and, destroying the track, cut off all communication between Savannah and the South. The Fourteenth, Twentieth and Seventeenth corps meantime moved through forests which

were intersected by swollen creeks, swamps and quicksands. They made miles and miles of corduroy road, the labor increasing as the woods gave place to a naked country, where swamps were relieved only by low rice fields.

One day, General Davis was obliged to wait for a bridge, the construction of which was supervised by a slender, pale-faced young Captain. The General became exceedingly impatient, and at length, with curses on his laziness, ordered the superintendent to pull off his coat and fall to work with his men. The young Captain, looking in the face of his commanding officer, said slowly: "I have known a Major General shot for using such language to a subordinate." Davis' eye, an eye which knows little of fear, quailed. He turned his horse and waited at a distance for the completion of the work.

The left wing struck the Savannah and Charleston railroad where it crosses the Savannah river, and destroyed the track from that point southward. The Fourteenth and Seventeenth corps sustained some loss in skirmishing, and by the bursting of shells and torpedoes concealed in the road. December 12, the army formed a semi-circle from the Savannah river to the Savannah and Gulf railroad, about ten miles long. The Twentieth corps, on the left, was three miles from the city; the Fifteenth corps, on the right, rested on the railroad, eleven miles off.

Savannah was defended by a strong line of earthworks, by four forts, and by wide stretches of flooded swamps and rice fields. Fort McAllister, the strongest point on the line, and situated on the right bank of the Great Ogeechee, about six miles from Ossabaw Sound, commanded every approach. Along its front extended a ditch forty feet wide, of great depth, and driven full of palisades. Outside the ditch was a formidable line of abatis. Beyond the abatis the ground was thickly planted with torpedoes. Two hundred and fifty men held the fort. The whole force in Savannah was fifteen thousand, and was under the command of General Hardee. At daylight of the thirteenth, Hazen's division crossed the Great Ogeechee, on a bridge eighteen hundred feet long, which had been built during the night, and invested

Fort McAllister. It advanced to assault in single line over an open space of six hundred yards, the greater part of which was a rice swamp. Regardless of torpedoes at their feet, and artillery in their faces, the assailants surmounted the abatis, cleared the ditch, swarmed over the parapet, shot or bayonetted the gunners who refused to surrender, and planted their colors on the rampart, without a waver from first to last. They lost one hundred men. The Rebels lost a little more than forty. The Eighty-Third and Ninety-Ninth Indiana were in the assault.

Sherman immediately went down the Ogeechee in a row-boat to the fleet in Ossabaw Sound, and concerted measures for the co-operation of the fleet with the army; but before these were completed, on the sixteenth, he demanded the surrender of the city. Hardee refused, declaring that he could stand a siege; but when a substantial corduroy road traversed the swamps and rice-fields between King's bridge and the city; when heavy siege guns were in position, and the causeway which crossed the swamp between Savannah and Charleston was threatened; when the Ogeechee, the Savannah and the sea swarmed with armed vessels; he changed his mind, and taking advantage of a dark night and a roaring wind, to which he added the clamorous fire of two iron-clads, he transported his troops by boats to the causeway, whence he hurried them to Charleston.

On the twenty-first, Sherman sent a dispatch to the President, "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." A later and more careful computation showed that he underestimated his captures.

While Sherman's stalwart army was entering the city by the sea, followed by all the laborers of the region, nearly three hundred miles in extent, through which it had passed, the troops of Hood, having come to grief at the hands of Thomas, were fugitives in the mountains, dismayed, forlorn, and scattered, never again to be united.

The sun of the Confederacy was fast sinking into everlasting night.

"CAMP SEVENTIETH, FOUR MILES FROM SAVANNAH,
December 15, 1864.

"A month ago to-day, we pushed out from Atlanta into the enemy's country, entirely ignorant of our destination. Our night-long journey was gloomily enlivened by the flames of burning houses, and the distant explosions beneath the ruined city in our rear. Nothing I have ever seen, but this terrible night, is worthy of being compared to that

> "Day of Wrath, eventful day,
> When heaven and earth shall pass away."

"Dies iræ! Dies iræ!" filled the air, and fell upon the hearts of the inhabitants of doomed Georgia. As we had only three days' rations, our subsistence had to be taken entirely from the country; and as the region through which we passed was a wealthy one, we obtained meal, flour, pork, beef, chickens, turkeys, honey, preserved fruits, sweet potatoes, rice, and indeed everything you can think of.

"I think I have eaten more fowls and honey in this trip than in all my life before, and sweet potatoes—well, I've almost had enough.

"As we passed along the road near Madison, the men found an outhouse containing several casks of molasses. Hungry stragglers swarmed round like bees, swearing and pushing and overturning the barrels. A beautiful black-eyed boy of four years sat on the gate-post, calling out, 'Come out of there, you old mean Yanks, you! Oh goody! goody! you can't get the chickens, for they're under the house!'

"While we were entering Milledgeville an old black woman cried, 'God bless you! You've come at last. We've been waitin' for you all for more'n four years!'

"The usual invitation of our boys, 'Come on, Sambo!' 'Come on, Dinah!' was responded to in one case by an ebony female rushing into the ranks with a, 'Yes, I'se gwine, but some of you uns must marry me.'

"A fat old fellow stood by his lady on the fence. As his eye caught me, he cried out, 'Oh, dar's de Capting!' winding up with a locomotive yell, and a backward tumble from the fence.

"A woman greeted us with, 'Lawsee, Massas! I can't larf enough, I'se so glad to see you!'

"It was very touching to see the vast numbers of colored women following after us with babies in their arms, and little ones, like our Anna, clinging to their tattered skirts. One poor creature, while nobody was looking, hid two boys, five years old, in a wagon, intending, I suppose, that they should see the land of freedom, if she couldn't.

"Babies tumbled from the backs of mules, to which they had been told to cling, and were drowned in the swamps, while mothers stood by the roadside, crying for their lost children, and doubting whether to continue longer with the advancing army.

"The houses of the wealthy in our route were pillaged, their clothes and beds torn to pieces, their barns and gins given to the flames.

"An old planter was walking back and forth, wringing his hands, and exclaiming over and over, 'Oh, I'm a ruined man! I'm a ruined man!' when one of the soldiers, weary of his noise, consoled him with, 'Who in —— said you wasn't?'

"It was melancholy to watch the books disappear from the shelves of the State library, recalling the Vandalism of the Arabs in Egypt. Ghost of Hannah More! Think of my stealing Cœlebs in search of a Wife!

"In many of the houses the ladies sat amid the ruins of their furniture, and the tattered contents of their drawers and trunks, smiling as if they took all things joyfully. Yet now and then an old lady would have to be reproved by her calmer daughter, 'Please Mamma, don't rar so!'

"A General Harrison was accosted by one of the men: 'Well, old man, they're handling you rather roughly!' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'they have done about all they can.' 'No,' said the other angrily, 'we'll burn your house for you, and make a desert of your plantation!' The discovery of blood-hounds, which always exasperates the men, and the fact that his son had charge of a prison pen, occasioned special vindictiveness.

"Our men showed more sympathy for an unfortunate dog, which appeared underneath a burning house in Springfield,

sending forth most dismal howls. He succeeded, by the help of the flames, in breaking the strap which bound him, but only to find himself caged by blazing palings that fringed the basement of the building. The boys stood breathlessly watching the frantic efforts of the poor fellow, and burst into welcoming cheers as he seized the red bars with his teeth, and tore his way toward them. One of the boys in Company K found five thousand dollars in Confederate money concealed in a well, beside gold, silver and clothing of the finest quality. I have no doubt that fifty thousand dollars worth of silk dresses were found buried, and exhumed, and torn to pieces by the men. Vast amounts of silverware, hid away in the ground, fell into their hands through information derived from the negroes.

"Now and then stragglers were guilty of outrages, such as hanging a citizen until he would confess where his silver was, but such disgraceful acts were of rare occurrence. I gave orders to our foragers, and doubtless other regimental commanders did the same, to shoot down anything in the form of man engaged in unsoldierlike deeds.

"On a plantation about seven miles above Savannah is a magnificent forest of live oaks, festooned with Spanish moss. Some of the trees are ten feet in diameter, and the distance across from tip to tip of the branches is nearly two hundred feet, far surpassing in grandeur anything of the kind I have ever seen. The English oaks are but dwarfs, and that elm at home, near Virginia avenue, dwindles in my memory until it assumes a size not a third as large as these glorious creations, each one in itself a forest and a temple.

"A little incident at a river crossing made me laugh, perhaps it will amuse you. Three of us, Charley Cox, my man Jerry and myself were going from our camp on Hardee's plantation, to Savannah, with the remains of the regimental banners, which were to be sent home. Jerry carried the flags, which, notwithstanding all our care, are reduced to a few tattered stripes, a tassel or two, and broken staves. Flags couldn't look more forlorn. 'What regiment's this?' said a sentinel who kept solitary guard at the head of the pontoon bridge. 'The Seventieth Indiana,' answered Charley.

'My God!' exclaimed the man, raising his hands, 'and this is all there is left of you!'

"Before Savannah, Monday, December 19.

"All the boys seem to be in excellent health. It could scarcely be otherwise, as the march has been easy, the food excellent, and the weather delightful. The days are as sunny and the air as mild as if it were summer instead of winter. The favorite hymn with the men is, 'December's as pleasant as June.'

"Savannah, Saturday, December 24.

"All the way from Atlanta to the ocean without a fight. Some portions of our army have had skirmishing, but our regiment has not lost a man.

"Before daylight on the twenty-first we discovered that the Rebels had deserted their lines, so we immediately pushed into the city, finding over three hundred pieces of artillery, beside thousands of bales of the king of the South, and vast quantities of rice and corn.

"It was a glorious sight, the entering of our steamers into the harbor day before yesterday.

"The city is much more beautiful than either Atlanta or Nashville. Almost every other square is a park, ornamented in many instances with beautiful monuments and sparkling fountains. I had a delightful ride a day or two ago along the river to Fort Jackson, some four miles below the city. Our horses went like the wind along the dikes, which separate rice fields; under brave old oaks snowed over with Spanish moss; through thicketed ravines, more beautiful than Scotland's lovely Hawthornden; over the drawbridge, across the moat, beneath the arch, and into the fortress so lately deserted by the foe.

"One of the streets of the city is very wide, adorned with four rows of shade trees, and bordered with magnificent residences, calling to mind the loveliness and grandeur of Unter-den-Linden. S. M."

Incessant rains detained Sherman south of the Savannah, and he was not fairly on the march again until the first of

February. Rains, swamps and swollen streams, the opposition of a hostile people and the gradual concentration of large forces in his front, kept him long on the way, and he did not arrive at Goldsboro until the last of March. The campaign, however, was a complete success. Sherman's policy remained unchanged. Covering a wide extent of country, he kept the enemy anxiously divided between distant points. Attacking the front of opposing forces, he made them retreat by moving on their flanks. Systematically demolishing public property, especially railroads, in order to keep supplies and troops from Richmond, he ruthlessly laid waste the estates and farms of men who sheltered partisan rangers, or who in any way showed active hostility. South of Columbia, which both the right and left approached, Howard, by fighting and flanking, gained Rivers' bridge over the Salkehatchie, Binnaker's bridge over the South Edisto, the Orangeburg bridge over the North Edisto, and the Congaree bridge across Congaree creek; while Slocum, having no opponent but Wheeler, allowed Kilpatrick to do all his fighting.

After leaving the vicinity of Columbia, Sherman again spread his wings, and swept on until he approached Fayetteville, where, on the twelfth of February, he again concentrated. Meantime Kilpatrick had much ado to keep out of the enemy's hands. At Soldmon Grove, while trying to accomplish a surprise, he was himself surprised. He barely escaped capture, but, though on foot and in a swamp, he rallied his men, and recovered all that he had lost.

After resting three days at Fayetteville, the army moved with a less divergent front, as forces, which had been gathering from Tennessee and North Carolina, from Charleston and Columbia, now forty thousand strong, and under Johnston, threatened serious resistance. Near Averysboro, Ward's division met a brigade of Hardee's behind works on a swampy neck of land between Cape Fear and South rivers. The brigade withdrew on being outflanked. The meeting was the precursor of a sharper and equally successful engagement between larger forces.

Near Bentonville a sanguinary battle occurred between Slocum and Johnston. It was with the utmost difficulty

that the former held his ground. His left wing withstood six heavy assaults, and made the enemy suffer severely under artillery. At night Johnston was compelled to decamp by the approach of Howard toward his flank and rear.

Sherman's loss was sixteen hundred and forty-three. He buried two hundred and sixty-seven, and captured sixteen hundred and twenty-five of the enemy.

Captain Moser of the Twenty-Second Indiana, Lieutenant Deweese and Captain Low of the Thirty-Eighth, Lieutenants Rutledge and Steele of the Forty-Second, Lieutenants Seeleye of the Eighty-Eighth, and Lieutenant Webb of the Nineteenth battery, were killed at Bentonville. Captain Sherman of the Twenty-Fifth was mortally wounded. He was a scarred veteran. In the Mexican war, at Chapultepec, he was wounded. He also received wounds in the battle of the Hatchie and at Snake creek gap. Captain Lennan, of the Eighth cavalry, was killed at Averysboro.

Nearly all the Indiana troops in Sherman's army were engaged in fighting during some part of the campaign, and many of them were efficient in road and bridge-making, to say nothing of destroying. The Eighty-Fifth boasts that it could thoroughly destroy a half mile of railroad in forty minutes.

Sherman met with no further opposition. His troops tired, shoeless, hatless, ragged, and swarthy with the smoke of the pine woods, in which they had so long marched and encamped, found rest and clothing in Goldsboro.

A broad, black belt marked the course of the army through the Carolinas, the blacker because tar being the chief production of much of the country, tar factories were often a prey to fire. The devastation was, of course, chiefly effected by our troops, to whom South Carolina, as the originator of secession, was peculiarly obnoxious, and who were provoked by the lively enmity of the inhabitants. But Confederate authorities did not hesitate to apply the torch. Hampton set fire to Columbia, and Hardee kindled the flames which burned Charleston.

One of our officers, who had occasion to visit the latter city, writes the following in regard to its appearance:

"Here I am, Marius like, sitting amid the ruins. At least half the city is in ruins. The stillness and dreariness surpass anything you can imagine. Block after block of magnificent buildings, without an inhabitant, and square after square of roofless edifices, ruined by fire. We roam through fallen Babylon, or sit musing in some crumbling palace, in mournful semi-satisfied mood, such as Macaulay might have ascribed to his New Zealander, viewing the ruins of the great city from London bridge.

"Ravens, whose dolorous voices and sable wings are in harmony with the desolation, look down from unfallen chimnies on deserted hearthstones, sagely shaking their crests as if they meant to impress the dreaming stranger with the evanescent nature of homes, built by wringing the hard earnings from widows whose husbands are still toiling a thousand miles away, from childless parents, whose offspring are shackled, God only knows where.

"Sunday, Captain Culver and I attended service at the Methodist church, and as it was communion Sabbath, and the invitation did not seem to exclude us, we went forward with the members, and kneeling round the altar, partook of the sacrament. The members appeared fearfully broken down, as if the Heavens were clothed in sackcloth and their hearts were crushed beneath the blackened embers of their blasted homes. I think they were glad to have us there, and yet, clad as they were in mourning, and overwhelmed by the thought that all they valued in life was lost, they seemed to personify woe. Some may rejoice in the desolation of this people, but I feel as the Israelites did over the extermination of Benjamin.

"On our return we went into an empty house in search of something to read. After finding a book that suited me I remarked to a lone African who had gladly welcomed us, 'My man, it's rather hard to be stealing things this way, isn't it?' 'La, Massa, dat's not stealin.' Dey's yours. If dey hadn't fout you, dey wouldn't loss nuffin'.

"The negroes furnish a comic side to the melancholy picture, though there's tragedy enough in their comedy.

"Yesterday, while we were singing, a gray-headed darkey,

with saw and buck on his shoulders, as he passed by, struck up a dance in spite of age and encumbrances, inspired by the music, or the thought of broken chains.

"'God bress you!' 'God bress you!' is the language of every crooked-legged, wrinkled-faced, white-haired, black ragamuffin as he pulls off his hat and paws the ground with his right foot, 'I'se been prayin' for you dese many years, and I knowed you's gwine to come, and now you's done come, thank the good Lord.'

"Everywhere you hear old women muttering, 'O how I love 'em!' 'But dey is purty! Dey isn't yaller, scrawny little fellers like dem Rebels.' 'God bress you, dear.' 'He opened de door, He take de yoke off our necks, He turn us loose!' 'O Lord! Massa, my young missus tole me de Yankees had horns on der head, and dey would bore holes tru our shoulders for de ropes, and hitch us in wagons, and all dose what couldn't work dey'd send off to Cuba.'

"While we were singing 'John Brown' and the 'Year of Jubilo' this morning, a great crowd of tattered women gathered from the streets into the hall, waving their hands, shouting, throwing their arms round each other, kneeling and praying, 'God bress you, and take you, Massa, and all dat you love to Heaven, whar you will shine like a star in glory! We owe it all to you! Bress God!'"

CHAPTER XLV.

IN EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Heaven lays upon some the burden of yielding their lives for the great interests of humanity.—*C. H. Marshall.*

Fort Fisher fell into the hands of General Grant in January, 1865. It is situated on the point of a sandy and swampy peninsula formed by Cape Fear River and the Atlantic ocean, and was the main defense of Wilmington, which was the main seaport of the Confederacy. A failure under General Butler, in the preceding December, had shown that the position was one of extraordinary strength.

January 13, under cover of a heavy bombardment from Porter's fleet, about eight thousand troops under General Terry effected a landing through a heavy surf, the sea rolling upward in what sailors call the "breathing of the ocean," and breaking in foaming billows over the beach. Two miles above the fort, they threw up two lines of defensive works from sea to river, one line facing north to prevent reinforcements from Wilmington. Sunday the fifteenth, while five thousand troops held the works, a simultaneous advance was made by a body of sailors on the north-east bastion, and Ames' division on the western half of the land face. The sailors, rushing along the beach, attracted the chief attention of the enemy, but were able, under the protection of the fleet, to reach the fort, where they were cut down in windrows and were signally repulsed. Preceding Ames' division were a hundred sharpshooters and diggers from the Thirteenth Indiana, half carrying shovels, the other half with two guns to a man, in order that at every halt the digger might become a combatant as soon as he had a hole large enough

for himself and his comrade. The rest of Curtis' brigade followed, moving through quagmire and marsh, under an enfilading fire, slowly at first and cautiously, then swiftly, and regiment by regiment, until the troops were all on the run. They gained the palisades, and the parapet between the fort and the river; fired from hollows in the sand, behind ruins of barracks and storehouses; made their way at last within the wall, and after three more hours of furious fighting gained the whole series of fastnesses which form Fort Fisher. The Rebels sought shelter in Fort Buchanan, but only to delay surrender. More than two thousand prisoners were taken, including the commander, General Whiting, who was mortally wounded. The next morning the chief magazine exploded, killing and wounding three hundred Union troops. The following night, Fort Caswell and other works on the further side of the river were abandoned and blown up.

A young Lieutenant in the Thirteenth, writing from Fort Fisher a day or two after its capture, gives some additional details:

"Sunday, about noon, we packed up and started in the direction of Fort Fisher, while the gunboats kept up a lively firing. About a half mile from the fort, we laid off our knapsacks. Previous to this, the Spencer rifles had been called out to go forward and skirmish. This took away every one of the old soldiers but Captain Stepp and me, the orderly and one file closer, leaving none but drafts who had never before been under fire, and who had not been drilled. You can hardly imagine how I felt at the idea of starting on a charge upon a fort which mounted any number of guns, each one easily throwing a half bushel of grape. Our brigade formed about a third of a mile from the fort, the Thirteenth occupying the post of honor, the right. I was standing on a stump, looking at the fort, when a grape-shot came singing along and struck me over the left eye, knocking me off the stump in a hurry. It raised a bump on my forehead, about as big as an egg, and was at first painful. I sat down, and a spent ball struck the top of my boot. It took the skin off and brought the claret, but did not cut my pants. I

picked it up and shall keep it as a memento of the charge on Fort Fisher.

"When the signal to charge was given we started in good order; but ditches, ponds and bushes soon destroyed every sign of a line, and we rushed on pell mell, a regular mob. Nobody could have kept line. When we got to the fort, I tried to form as many of my company as I could find. I had just got ten files together, when Stepp's 'Forward, Company E!' sent them all ahead in a pile. I gave up all hope of keeping a line, and directed my attention to getting the men up to the front.

"The fort is very formidable. Neither gunboats nor infantry alone could take it in a thousand years. There is any number of bomb proofs in it, with sand thrown on top, about thirty feet high. The more iron thrown on them, the stronger they are. Inside of them the gunners were as safe as if they were a thousand miles from the scene of action; but, as the guns were not sheltered, it was almost impossible to work them. Toward us there was a palisade about fifteen feet high, made of logs stuck in the ground. There was but one way of getting in, and that was across a bridge which led to a gate. But the planks had been taken up, and several pieces bore directly on it. The grape more than whistled as we passed here. Every man fought to suit himself. To add to our confusion, the gunboats kept up a fierce fire on the centre of the fort, so that it was impossible to advance, while it was almost impossible to stay where we were. Shells were exploding right in our midst. Colonel Zent, who was the senior officer on the ground, sent word to General Ames, that unless he had the firing stopped, we should be compelled to retire. Had it not been for this, we should have entered first, and the fort would have surrendered to Colonel Zent.

"After we got into the fort, we found a great number of mounds, which served the purpose of breastworks. At the foot of these, between them and the palisades, was a space of some twenty to forty feet, raked by, probably, a half dozen guns, from twelve to one hundred pounders. Two fine brass pieces, which were about a hundred feet from me, I thought

would be better in possession of Uncle Sam than of Mr. Whiting; so I proposed to a half dozen soldiers that we take them. They were getting ready to charge on the mounds; so Lieutenant Kinnear, of company B, and I got as many of our men together below as we could find, and when they started on the mound, with a 'Forward, boys!' away we went. I was so intent on the guns, that I didn't look back. I was within about twenty feet of them, when out stepped about a dozen Rebels. On looking back for my support, what was my horror to find myself almost alone. The party charging on the mounds had stopped. My support was nowhere to be seen. I dropped into a hole made by the explosion of a shell at the foot of the palisade, and Kinnear dropped into another on the side of the mound. I was quite overjoyed to find this shelter. But my hole was barely sufficient to screen me from the Rebels in front of me. Every time I raised my head I could see one or more Johnnies standing at the mouth of the bomb proof, with his gun pointed at me; and an occasional bullet within an inch or two of my head would warn me to keep silent. To add to my dismay, my gun was full of sand, and wouldn't work; and every now and then a gunboat shell would cover me with sand. While I was thinking over my prospects, which looked gloomy enough, I heard voices near me, and thought our men were coming up, but on looking back I saw a number of Rebels not over twenty feet from me. They did not see me, but were likely to do so any minute, and could shoot me like a dog, without exposing themselves in the least. To attempt to retreat was certain death. For a while I could do nothing at all. But I thought, 'while there's life there's hope;' so I took my big spoon out of my haversack, which I fortunately had with me, and went to work for dear life to try to bury myself. I got my hole dug deep enough at last, then took my gun apart and took out the sand. I soon made my friend Johnny go in his bomb-proof and stay there.

"Then came another charge on the mounds. Lew. Morrill, Kinnear, Sherrow and I started for the guns, and took them and thirty prisoners out of the bomb-proof. After

that it was pretty easy work. We took mound after mound with scarcely any opposition.

"Among our prisoners was a little boy not over ten years old. I asked what they were doing with such things as that in the army. 'O,' said one, 'they have to take everything they can get, but I reckon we are about played out now!'

"The explosion of the magazine the next day came very near covering us up in the sand. It was perfectly horrible; though our regiment, being separated from the rest, did not suffer. The next night we were lying asleep, when there was an explosion at Fort Caswell. It was about half-past two. So intensely frightened were we by the other explosion, that this one, though miles away, woke men who can sleep soundly under the worst kind of shelling. The first I knew I was fifty yards from where I had been sleeping, looking around to see what was the matter. My hands, arms and legs were all scratched up getting over the stockade. How I ever got there is a mystery to me. But pretty near all the regiment was there too. You can't imagine the terror. Men who think it only fun to face the grape, canister and musketry in a charge, were for days afraid to go in the fort.

"We are now encamped on the beach, within a few hundred yards of the sea. The solemn roar is heard at all hours. I tell you it is grand. I love to lie awake at night and listen to it.

"WILLIAM KETCHAM."

Colonel Zent took possession of two naval flags, which had been abandoned near the foot of the parapet by the sailors at the time of their repulse. The Thirteenth had long been without a flag. When the splendid charge of the night of the sixteenth of June, 1864, was made on the Rebel works at Petersburg, as the line stood ready to make the rush, General Curtis gave the order, "Unfurl your colors!" For six months the colors of the Thirteenth had not been shaken out from the flag staff. "It is impossible," rejoined Major Zent, "they are in tatters." The reply thrilled his men, and they proudly followed their furled and faded, but illustrious banner. Shortly afterward, an officer whose term

of service had expired, took the old flag home, promising to send back a new one. But through many a hot day, and until the capture of Fort Fisher, the Thirteenth fought without colors.

The arrival of Schofield, with Cox's division of the Twenty-Third corps from Tennessee, raised the forces to twenty thousand. Schofield assumed command, and pushed out toward Wilmington on the ninth of February. Failing in an attempt to flank the Rebel left, by the aid of navy boats and pontoons, he essayed to flank the right, and envelope Fort Anderson, which was west of Cape Fear river and was held by a large force under Hoke. He accomplished the movement, but found the fort deserted. He followed the enemy rapidly, attacked him front, flank and rear, on Town creek, and routed him. Still advancing, and the Rebels still receding, the army marched into Wilmington unopposed on the twenty-second of February.

Schofield's total loss was about two hundred. Hoke lost about a thousand men.

Schofield was now ordered to advance to Goldsboro. Accordingly he dispatched Cox to Newbern, to move out with forces which had landed at that point; and directed troops, which, as they arrived from the north, had disembarked at other points, to take up the line of march and concentrate on the way. He also sent forward Cox's division, under General Reilly, and Couch's division. On the eighth of March, he joined Cox, who, having just received an unexpected blow from the enemy, was drawn up at Wise's forks, near South-West creek, waiting for further developments. The enemy advanced in force, and Ruger's division checked him. After a day spent in skirmishing, the enemy again advanced, and with great spirit Ruger s division again effected a repulse, and inflicted heavy loss. The enemy's loss was sixteen hundred, and Schofield's was not more than three hundred. Captain Neff, of the Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Indiana, was killed in the battle at Wise's forks.

Schofield was not able to cross the Neuse until the fourteenth, the enemy having burned the bridge in his retreat. On the twenty-first, he reached Goldsboro, where he wel-

comed Sherman two days later. Sherman's smoky veterans in their toil and time-worn blue, or, more questionably arrayed,—in high old hats, swallow-tailed coats and butternut pantaloons, or something equally unmilitary,—looked with good-natured but undisguised and unrecognizing contempt on the neat warriors whose new clothes had not yet had the shine taken off them. They hailed their old comrades of the Atlanta campaign with the laughing query, "Well, boys, do they issue butter to you, regularly, up here?" "Oh, yes," was the ready rejoinder of the Twenty-Third, "but we trade it off for soap."

Shortly after the capture of Wilmington, more than nine thousand paroled prisoners arrived, and were immediately consigned to hospitals. They were mere wrecks of men. "I could not keep from crying when they began to come in," writes one of our Indiana soldiers. It was not possible to imagine them the robust soldiers they had been. Their begrimed, blackened and stiffened skin hung loosely, like parchment, upon their bones. Their putrid sores, and the disgusting rags which could not cover their nakedness, polluted the air. Some had lost their feet by freezing. Some had lost their minds in long-continued suffering. Providentially, a large amount of supplies which had been shipped from New York for Sherman's army, and were not needed for their original purpose, were already in Wilmington. A deputation from the Sanitary Commission was also at hand. Mrs. Eliza E. George, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was included in the deputation. March 9, she writes: "We read of the condition and sufferings of our brave soldiers in Southern dens, but like the Queen of Sheba, we now say the half hath never been told us! To realize it, you must see what I have seen. If you were here, I doubt not we should agree in our views of Southern chivalry. Since the capture of Atlanta, our prisoners have been marched and driven from one point to another, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, starved and bayoneted when they could not keep in ranks. When the Rebels were so closely pressed by Sherman, that it was impossible to keep them any longer, they hastily paroled and turned them loose. Now, I will tell you

the condition of these men." But here Mrs. George's letter ends. Her sympathy and her strength were engrossed by her patients, and she seems to have had neither time nor heart to write, even to her family, a word more than was necessary. Her time was indeed short. The poor, piteous objects of her tender care, soon missed her from their bedsides. She was ill five weeks with typhoid fever. She lay as patient as a lamb, saying, when attentions were offered her, "Wait on the rest; I am very comfortable; I do not wish to trouble you." She grew better. She became able to walk about and ride out. She even made arrangements to return home, under the care of Dr. Wishard, who had been sent from Indiana to attend her. But on the ninth of May, the day before she was to start, she gently closed her eyes and fell asleep in Jesus. So passed away from earth a sweet, true, brave life.

Mrs. George was an army nurse two years and several months, serving most acceptably to soldiers and surgeons, in the hospitals of Memphis, Pulaski and Nashville, and with the Fifteenth corps on the Atlanta campaign. Many a night she was too tired to undress herself; and on the march over the mountains she more than once bivouacked under a tree, with a blanket around her. She was the only woman in the force which advanced to Jonesboro. After the battle, as she was at work in a field hospital, a shell exploded within a few feet of her, killing two men who were beside her in the hospital; yet she calmly remained at her post.

She fed the hungry, relieved the suffering, soothed the sorrowful, consoled the dying, admonished the living. Her gentle voice often hushed the hospital with prayer, or rose on the hillside in exhortation.

While she loved all mankind, she bore two great loves in her heart: her country and her children. A few very short passages from her letters may show her character better than words of description:

"Memphis, May 18, 1863.

"My dear ones, it would make your hearts ache to go through the long wards, and see the pale faces, the sad and sorrowful eyes that follow you every step."

UNIV OF CALIFORNIA

"MARIETTA.

"Our soldiers are becoming exhausted physically, but their spirit is stronger and more defiant than ever. I am perfectly astonished to hear them talk, even while they are writhing with the pain of crushed and amputated limbs."

"My dear children, strive above all petty considerations, to make your home happy, to make it what it should be, a holy, happy place."

"I want you should kneel down together every night, and pray for your absent mother and your suffering country."

"NASHVILLE, December 8, 1864.

"The wind is whistling round the house, the cannon booming in the distance, and my heart is aching for the houseless, homeless, destitute women and children driven in by Hood's army,—women whose husbands are in the Union army, fighting for their country's life. Oh, my children! turn your thoughts away from every vain and superficial wish, that you may have at least a mite to give to the needy. Suffering is no name to apply to the many I see destitute of home and place where to lay their head."

"You know how like a cool draught of water to a thirsty soul, is a letter to me from home; and you know I would write, if I could, but my time is not my own."

Passages showing that she was easily moved to mirth might be quoted. She laughs at the mules, and the negroes, and at herself, with her old bonnet, on the Atlanta campaign. She has had "such a handshaking as General Harrison had, without being killed by it."

This fresh, happy, loving, untiring worker, was sixty years old when she died.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST DAYS.

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

The Twentieth Indiana, in Mott's division of the Second corps, accompanied the Fifth corps early in December, in an expedition the object of which was to destroy the Weldon railroad; and pushed out in February with the whole of its own and the Fifth corps to Ream's Station and to Dinwiddie Court House. The first expedition, with little loss, was but partially successful. The second necessitated hard marching in cold and stormy weather, brought the enemy out in force, and occasioned the loss of two thousand Union men to but one thousand Rebels; nevertheless, by the brave persistence of the Second corps, it accomplished the permanent extension of the line to Hatcher's Run. With these exceptions, the winter passed in quiet, as Grant's object was now to defer action until the approach of Sherman from the south-west, and of Sheridan from the north-west, should enable him, by encircling the Confederate forces in Virginia, to cut off from them all hope of salvation or escape.

Activity was renewed by Lee, who looked toward the abandonment of Richmond, a union with Johnston, and either a combined attack on Sherman or a retreat to the mountains. March 25, he made an assault on the centre of Grant's front, at dawn, the hour for surprises, hoping to cut the army in two, and by compelling a withdrawal of the left flank to the centre, to open a way for his retreat southward. For the first hour he was successful; but, as usual in surprises, the reserves, twenty thousand men massed in the rear of the storming force, by delay lost the advantage. The

surprised troops had time to comprehend the situation. They rallied and rushed upon the intruders, capturing and killing nearly five thousand. At the same time, Grant's left, instead of hastening to the disturbed centre as Lee had anticipated, seized the opportunity for advance, and wrested the first line of works from the now confused enemy. The Twentieth Indiana was prominent in this movement.

Two days later, Sheridan, with his cavalry, joined Grant. He had ridden swiftly up the valley, and demolished Early, whom he found still clinging to the mountains; had spent two days at Charlottesville, destroying roads, bridges and manufactories; had continued his destructive course to the James, whence he had been impelled by high waters in a north-eastward direction; had crossed the North Anna and the South Anna, followed the Pamunkey to the White House, where he had rested four days, and had then moved on across the peninsula.

March 29, long before break of day, the Army of the Potomac set out on the first march of its last campaign, leaving in the intrenchments before Richmond and Petersburg but a show of force. The cavalry, under Sheridan, on the left, reached Dinwiddie Court House with little opposition. Warren's corps, on the right of the cavalry, was obliged to fight part of its way, but drew up at night in front of Rebel intrenchments which covered the White Oak road. The Second corps, on Warren's right, marched through a difficult and puzzling country, but met only skirmishers. Rain during the night rendered movement the next day impossible, except on the part of Lee, who succeeded in throwing fifteen thousand infantry into the intrenchments on the White Oak road. On the morning of the thirty-first, Warren endeavored to seize the road directly beyond the termination of the works; and Sheridan tried to get hold of Five Forks, four miles west, an invaluable position, being the focus of several roads, and commanding the whole region which Lee was trying to cover. Warren was assailed in such numbers and with such impetuosity, that his two advanced divisions were thrown into disorder. They were saved from destruction, only by the firmness of his rear division and the readiness of

Humphreys, who hastened to the scene of disaster. Counter charges drove the enemy within his works, where he was in vain assailed by one division after another of Humphreys' corps.

Sheridan's troopers gained Five Forks without much trouble, but they were scarcely within the intrenchments when they were driven out. They were pursued to near Dinwiddie Court House, but, being there reinforced, were able to gain slight intrenchments already prepared, and to check their assailants. The next day, being reinforced by Warren's corps, they pushed their late pursuers back, and appeared again before the works at Five Forks. Sheridan skirmished lightly until four, then began a series of assaults which gained the position, with five hundred prisoners.

The battle of Five Forks was a mortal blow, and Grant was warranted, if only as a demonstration of triumph, to open all the guns in his army. He had another purpose, however, as was evidenced by the stir which prevailed throughout his lines. At dawn of the next day, the clamor and the blazing of artillery ceased, while the army from the Appomattax to Hatcher's Run advanced to a general assault. Despair offered a fierce but short resistance. The whole length of the outer line and a hold on the second line were gained. Every outwork was captured. Two divisions of Humphreys' corps, the Twentieth Indiana included, stormed a redoubt. At ten the last sally made in defence of Richmond was beaten back, and A. P. Hill, its leader, was shot dead.

It was Sunday, April 2, a calm, bright, still day in Richmond, which was beyond the sound of battle. At eleven o'clock, as the President of the Confederacy sat in church, he received from Lee a dispatch, and read: "My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening." Davis went out without a word. The congregation seemed to understand that the end had come; it followed in silence. Afternoon and night witnessed the flight of the Rebel government and forces from the capital; the burning of stores, shops, ships and dwellings; and the quarreling and cursing

of an exasperated rabble, which had believed until this moment in success.

The next day, a black brigade was the first Union force to march into the fallen citadel of the slave power.

Sheridan threw his troops across the Danville road at Jetersville. He was not in time to prevent the escape of the Rebel government, which fled to Danville; but he swept the country, north and south, of Rebel cavalry, stopped the march of Lee's hungry army, whose rations coming up from Danville, had gone on to Richmond, and had there been consumed in the conflagration, and captured succeeding trains of provisions. On the evening of the fifth he was joined by Meade with the Second and Sixth corps. That night a strong cavalry reconnoissance struck Lee's train moving directly before his infantry, and captured a large portion at the expense of a spirited fight. The next morning, April 6, another body of cavalry, facing eastward, charged into Lee's marching column at Deatonville, and detained it, though repulsed in the end. Meantime, still another cavalry force struck the column at another point, made large captures of wagons, guns, and prisoners, and held Ewell until the Sixth and the Second corps, which were close at hand, were ready for attack. A severe battle resulted favorably. The Third Indiana cavalry captured five stands of colors. While Sheridan, Wright and Humphreys were thus engaged, a squad of cavalry and two infantry regiments under General Theodore Read, threw themselves on the head of Lee's army at the crossing of the Appomattox, determined to detain it until Ord's corps could come up. A short but bloody conflict hurled the handful of assailants out of the Rebel road, with the loss of their gallant young leader. The next morning the Second corps followed so close in the rear, that it saved High bridge over the Appomattox, and crossed it at the enemy's heels. Four or five miles north of the river, Humphreys came in front of Lee, strongly intrenched on the crest of an open slope of half a mile, and extending right and left. Humphreys extended his right, and threw three regiments against the enemy's left. They were inadequate, and were thrown back with loss. The next day pursuit was vig-

orously continued, Humphreys and Wright moving close behind the enemy, north of the Appomattox; and Sheridan, the Fifth corps, and the Army of the James, south of the river, making all speed to gain, in advance, the narrow neck of land between the Appomattox and the James, the only outlet for Lee. At Appomattox Station, Sheridan captured four trains just arrived from Lynchburg with food for Lee's starving army. Five miles further on, at Appomattox Court House, he confronted Lee. In the ensuing fight many wagons, guns and prisoners were captured, the Third Indiana capturing two pieces of artillery, and the Rebel van was driven back on the main body. About daylight the next morning, Sunday, April 9, just a week after the evacuation of Richmond, the Rebels pushed forward to cut their way out. Sheridan's troopers fell back, but in their place appeared a wall of infantry,—the Fifth corps and the Army of the James, which had reached the ground barely an hour before. The cavalry retired from the front, to take position on the Rebel right. The Rebel army was surrounded. It could do no less than display the white flag.

During the last few days of the flight and pursuit, Grant and Lee had been negotiating. Lee, on the seventh, in reply to a note from Grant, said: "Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood." On the evening of the eighth, while his army, now dwindled down to ten thousand, staggered on toward the mountains, though hopeless of gaining their shelter, and men and horses fell dead and dying from fatigue and hunger by the roadside, and he was hemmed in, with no loop-hole of escape, he wrote: "To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for a surrender of the army." However, without waiting for such an emergency, he condescended, on the morning of the ninth, to deliver up his arms and flags, and to disband his melancholy and heart-sick followers.

The delight of the widely-scattered forces of the United States on the announcement of the fall of Richmond, and so soon afterward of the surrender of Lee, was beyond intelligi-

ble expression, and surpasses description. The words Richmond, Lee, Peace, Home, however they might be spoken, called out cheers, which again excited cheers, swelling up at each renewal, with the vivacity and vigor of the first shout.

The assassination of the President was like night upon noon, defeat upon victory. Grief pierced every heart. Silence fell upon the clamorous camps. "Our joy is changed to sorrow; our friendship toward the vanquished to bitter hatred," writes a soldier, who yet doubts if so black a deed can have been committed. "If our beloved President *is* thus cruelly murdered, it seems to me that Providence permits it because he has been, and would be, too lenient to these proud, overbearing, *ignorant* Southern 'gentlemen!' and that Johnson will crush their cruel, wicked spirit, with his iron heel. I must confess, I begin to hate the scoundrels for the first time."

"Alike in the joy of triumph," writes the chaplain of the Sixty-Third, speaking of the men of his regiment, "and in their deep, unutterable sorrow at the death of our beloved President, they manifested a sense of dependence upon the Almighty Ruler of nations and of men, which astonished as much as it gratified me. Nor was the feeling peculiar to my own immediate circle of comrades and fellow-soldiers. The whole army seemed to ascribe to the Lord the glory due unto his name, and even in that valley of the shadow of death to still trust that a light would arise."

A private in the Tenth cavalry writes from Fort Blakely, "We were almost crazy with joy, when suddenly and to our horror, it was whispered that our President was murdered." And he goes on to tell how the men sat in groups and talked low, and how some muttered deep and bitter curses. From the Potomac to the Rio Grande the swift wave of grief followed the tumultuous joy.

The Confederacy was not quite dead, but its epitaph was written: "Robbery of the Public Treasury, and Violation of sacred Oaths; Cruelty to the helpless Captive, and Assassination."

General Thomas found much occasion in Tennessee for activity during the latter part of winter and in the early

spring. In January, he attempted to send a cavalry expedition from East Tennessee, to cooperate with Sherman in the destruction of railroads in South Carolina, and to release the prisoners in Salisbury, North Carolina; but it was under General Stoneman, and he could not get it started until March. The expedition effected immense destruction of Confederate property, in which was included the last railroad remaining to Lee and Johnston, for supplies and retreat.

Sherman, already advanced from Goldsboro, was pressing Johnston from different quarters, at the time of Lee's surrender. That event added weight and speed to the pressure, and on the fourteenth of April, Johnson was driven to make overtures. Sherman accepted the propositions of his antagonist, but, the Government requiring more stringent terms, the surrender was not formally completed until the twenty-sixth.

General Taylor surrendered his forces to General Canby on the fourth of May, at Citronelle, Alabama.

Generals Roddy and Polk surrendered to the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth Indiana, which garrisoned Decatur. The One Hundred and Forty-Ninth regiment was one of fourteen which were organized for one year's service, in January and February, 1865. They were numbered from One Hundred and Forty-Three to One Hundred and Fifty-Six, (the last was a mere battalion,) and were under the command of Colonels Grill, Riddle, Adams, Welsh, Peden, Ruckle, Fairbanks, Taylor, Healy, Griswold, Carey, Wilcox, Wilson, and Lieutenant Colonel Smith. They did good service in post, garrison or guard-duty in Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, the Shenandoah valley, in Maryland or Delaware. Companies D, G and H of the One Hundred and Fifty-Third were at different times engaged in fighting guerillas in Kentucky, and lost five men in killed and wounded.

Kirby Smith, in Texas, determined to continue hostilities. Sheridan was sent with a large force to that quarter, but, before his arrival, the last engagement of the war had been fought. Colonel Barret, with several hundred men, including two hundred and fifty of the Thirty-Fourth Indiana, went out from Brazos Santiago fifteen miles, and captured and burned a camp at Palmetto Ranche, driving the enemy,

who, however, rallied under cover of artillery, turned the pursuit into a retreat, and killed, wounded or captured eighty-two men of the rear-guard, companies B and E of the Thirty-Fourth.

The engagement occurred on the thirteenth of May. At dawn of the same day, in the woods near Irwinsville, Georgia, the fugitive President of the dissolving Confederacy fell into the hands of a detachment of Wilson's cavalry, which had set out from Macon in search of him. At the moment of his capture, he was dressed in a long gown, with a shawl over his head, and was going from the tent, in which, with his family, he had spent the night, down to a spring, to get a bucket of water. He was the chief of a Rebellion which had cut down the flower of the land; which had brought poverty and ruin, mourning, desolation and ashes upon the southern portion of his country, and sorrow and sighing to all the North; and it was a strange freak of retributive justice which led his blind ambition, his cruel lust of power, to a farcical end. It is not possible to describe the ecstacy of mirth with which the tale was heard, nor the shrieks of laughter which greeted engravings and photographs of "Jeff Davis" in woman's attire.

On the twenty-sixth of May, the chief officers of Kirby Smith's army capitulated to Canby, the troops having already, for the most part, betaken themselves, with such Confederate property as they were able to appropriate, to their homes.

The armies of the United States now began to turn their faces homeward. Sherman marched from Raleigh to Richmond, two hundred and forty miles, in six days. The defences of the Virginia capital did not seem to the army of Georgia more formidable than the works round Atlanta.

"Our way led us," writes an officer, "through the Spottsylvania battle-ground. Everywhere were visible the terrible signs of the struggle,—trees mowed down by artillery, lowly mounds with nothing to testify whose was the resting place, and, sadder still, unburied remains. Bones lay by the roadside; and in a yard where a woman stood and discoursed

about the struggle to inquirers, lay two skulls, silent evidences of her inhumanity. In a thicket near by, where the appalling stillness seems never to have been broken, except by owl, or bat, or raven, lie hundreds of skeletons. Some had collected, as they lay wounded, such sticks as were within their reach, and had striven to erect a barrier to protect them from further injury. Some had taken the straps from their knapsacks to bind a severed artery, and now the leather lying loosely about the bone told pathetically of the vain effort.

"We encamped on the field of Chancellorsville. Orders prohibiting rail-burning have been very strict; but in this vicinity, where contending armies have destroyed everything, they are superfluous. A former member of the Twenty-Seventh, now of the Seventieth, amused his comrades by informing them that, for old times' sake, he meant to boil his coffee that night by a rail fire; for, two years before, he had crossed a little stream by the aid of a rail. Sure enough the rail was found, the coffee boiled, and listeners gathered round the blaze to hear once more the oft-repeated story of Hooker's victory and defeat.

"Some of us visited the Wilderness battle-ground, and saw there the same sad scenes. The commingled bones of horse and rider, all the possessions of the soldier, from the envelope with its faint address in a woman's hand, to the broken gun, lie scattered over the ground. Knapsacks, placed together by companies before they made a charge, and for which the owners never returned, remain in decaying heaps. 'Tis a gloomy sepulchre, where the trees, in tenderly covering with leaves the remains of the patriots, alone perform the last sad offices. The wind moans through the pines, tears fall at home for them, but they sleep on, unconscious of a weeping nation.

"An old gray-haired man leaned upon his hoe-handle, trying to quiet his trembling head, as he said, 'Ah, sir, there are thousands of both sides lying unburied in the Wilderness.'"

On the twenty-second and twenty-third of May, the stalwart Army of Georgia, which had never known defeat, and which had made the "grand rounds" of the country; and

the stately Army of the Potomac, which, only by defeat, had mounted to victory, and which had scarcely marched beyond the limits of Virginia, passed in review before the new President. It is not probable that a single soldier's heart in all the vast assemblage failed to pay a silent tribute to the memory of the good and gentle Lincoln.

On the second of June, 1865, peace was formally proclaimed. The troops returned, and were mustered out, regiment by regiment. The last to leave the field was Colonel Packard's regiment. It was mustered out in January, 1866. The summer and fall of '65 were a continued jubilee, each body of troops receiving, on its arrival at the Capital, a sort of ovation. Yet while warm hands were clasped, and beaming eyes were met, cold hands and ashy lips, and dim eyes were remembered.

As the Forty-Eighth marched up from the Union depot in Indianapolis, along Illinois street, an old man stood on the corner by the Palmer House, with his eyes fixed upon the fluttering flag, and tears pouring over his furrowed face. Deaf to the shouts of welcome, blind to the crowd, to the respectful glances which fell upon him, and even to the returning soldiers, he saw a shadowy figure following the flag, or, it may be, a pale hand clasping the staff. When the regiment had passed, he dropped his head and walked slowly away.

Indiana troops took part in three hundred and eight battles. The first regiment to open fire on the enemy was the Indiana Seventh, at Phillippi, the third of June, 1861. The first man who fell on the field was an Indianian, William T. Gerard, of the Ninth, killed at Laurel Hill, West Virginia, the seventh of July. It is believed that John J. Williams of company B, Thirty-Fourth Indiana, killed at Palmetto Ranche, was the last man slain in the war.

The total number of troops furnished by Indiana, for all terms of service in the United States armies, exceeded two hundred thousand men. In addition not less than fifty thousand were called from time to time into active service, to repel troops of invaders and to defend the southern border. The number includes drafted men, who made as good soldiers as volunteer recruits.

Twenty-four thousand four hundred and sixteen Indiana soldiers died in the service. Their death was reported. Thirteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine disappear from the records, unaccounted for. What their fate, or where, or how they met it, will be known only in that day when the southern swamp and prison-pen, jungle and gorge and river, shall give up their dead.

According to the reckoning of the eminent statistician Dr. B. F. Gould, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the Indianians were the tallest soldiers in the army; and native Americans are the tallest soldiers in the world. They had not only a fine physical development. They were men of marked intelligence and excellence of character. In all respects they were the best stuff in the State. They returned to their homes vastly improved by the stern teachings of experience—graver, stronger, wiser men. Yet they lacked to an unusual extent the acknowledgment of promotion, and the distinction and prominence which high position gives. Ohio and Illinois boast more than ten times Indiana's number of Major Generals. But our soldiers need no titles. Highest honors and priceless memories are theirs.

One who died at Stevenson, Alabama, the tenth of June, 1864, and who had been but twenty days in the service, Charles W. Moores, in uttering his own noble sentiments, a short time before he left home, unconsciously spoke for all loyal hearts:

"When I was a boy, the books I read at different periods kindled a flame, an enthusiasm, an ambition to be a great general, orator, poet, scholar. The increasing cares and happiness of life dissipated or modified these ambitions till place and honor came to be esteemed wonderfully lower than desert, and no man's success disturbed me.

"Now, there is but one man I envy. I meet him on the street, his armless sleeve hanging by his side, or a wooden leg replacing the one he left at Vicksburg or Antietam. I esteem that mutilation a more honorable badge than all the stars, garters and crosses of the old world's nobility. It is the badge of Nature's nobleman. It tells, and will always tell that he loved his country, and gave so much of his happiness to preserve her existence. I envy that man."

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